

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES

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Winnipeg, Man.

February, 1919

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The Western Home Monthly

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The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat With Our Readers

NOW of all times in the year is the proper season to get up a club for The Western Home Monthly. Mid-winter is the time when people are interested in subscribing for periodicals, and as The Western Home Monthly is conceded to be the best magazine published at anywhere near the price, it is a very easy matter for any one in any neighborhood to get up a club of subscribers.

For such efforts in our behalf we give very liberal rewards. Some of these offers were described in recent issues of the journal, but our Complete Premium List, which all who contemplate getting up a club should have, will be sent free to any address on application.

If you have not already sent for it, do so at once. It is the most attractive Premium List we have ever issued, and illustrates and describes articles in which everyone will be interested.

The Western Home Monthly is willing at all times to render as great a service as possible to its readers. The editors of the different departments will answer any question that may be puzzling you. If you are in doubt regarding anything that comes under the following headings, write to the Editor. Ask only helpful, practical questions:

Care of Children.
Fashions and Dressmaking.
Knitting, Crocheting and Embroidery.
Home Building and Decorating.
Food and Kitchen Problems.
General Information.

From a Well-known Writer and Regular Contributor

Gore's Landing, Ont.

Your Christmas issue best ever.
Let me wish you and your good paper a Happy New Year.

Bonnycastle Dale,

December 26th, 1918.

Battle Ridge, Alta.

Dear Sirs:—The Western Home Monthly is the best story paper I have ever read.

Yours truly,
Herman H. Smith

Woodnorth, Man.,
December 21, 1918

Dear Sirs:—As a good, clean Western paper I think The Western Home Monthly stands second to none in its class, for it is all good reading from cover to cover.

Wishing you a very happy Christmas and a bright New Year, I remain,

Yours very truly,
Fred Milburn.

Sedgewick, Alta.

December 27th, 1918.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:—I wish to tell you that I received the tray which I was to have as premium, and I can't explain how beautiful I thought it was, and how well pleased I am with it. I do hope I can serve you again in the future.

With compliments of the season,

Yours sincerely,
Tilda Falla

Goodwater, Dec. 28th, 1918.

The Western Home Monthly.

Just a few lines to let you know I received my dishes and must thank you very much for such a nice gift. I wish your paper every success. I think everyone got a copy this month. I will try again to win a prize by getting subscriptions.

Wishing you a prosperous year.

Delrose Lemon.

From an Octogenarian

Saskatchewan No. 2 R.R., Alta.

December 24th, 1918

Dear Old W. H. M.—With thankfulness I renew my subscription, thankful to God the war is over and the victory is ours and our allies. Please find \$3.00 for two years' subscription. Just got Christmas number and it is good. I am 83 years old, but I long for The Western Home Monthly as I used to long for a letter from my best girl. Wishing The Western Home Monthly a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and all the success it deserves, and that is more than any other magazine in Canada.

Ever yours,
John Flukre.

Lancer, Sask.,

January 8th, 1919.

Dear Sirs:—I received the prize set of dishes and thank you very much for them. They are certainly a fine reward for the small number of subscriptions required to get for them.

Yours truly,
Mrs. McCafferty.

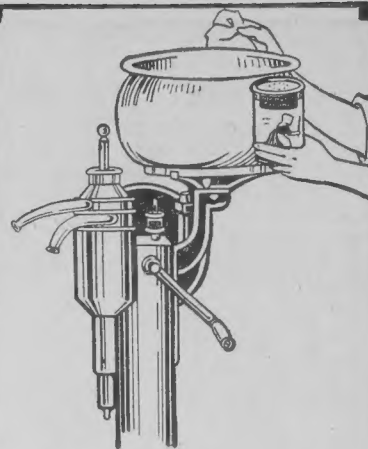
Carlton, Sask.,

January 14th, 1919.

Dear Sirs:—I have always found the Western Home Monthly very interesting, especially the Farm Pages, as they are just what a farmer likes to read, also the short and interesting stories.

I extend my heartiest wish towards your success in the future and trust that the business with the Western Home Monthly will be even greater than 1918.

Sincerely yours, Fred Bavidge.

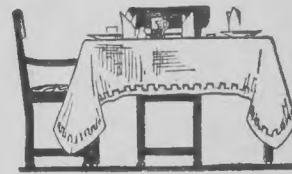


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Editorial

The League of Nations

PEOPLE the world over are troubled to know how the "League of Nations" will affect nationality. To take an illustration, they say: "If a league is formed, and then one of the strong members breaks through and forms a combination with some other members, what is the league going to do about it?" Is there to be an international police force abroad in the world, and if so, is it to be stronger than that of any and all of the nations? In case of disagreement within the league, who will direct this police force? In the end, does it not mean the rule of the strongest? Because of this, will not nations continue to protect themselves by building huge fleets and raising standing armies? Is there any way out of it? These are the questions that the man unlearned in world politics is asking, and it is not easy for him, nor for the great company at Versailles, to give an answer to them all.

In the limit, a League of Nations is based on good faith. Just as selfishness, and mistrust on the part of husband or wife will lead to family discord, just as denominational jealousies in a neighborhood will lead to ill-will and misunderstandings, so in a League of Nations, nothing will keep peace if the units are selfish in their aims and ambitions, and unwilling to subscribe to the great law of unity—"Each shall love his neighbor as himself." This law is the condition of abiding peace everywhere, and there is no group large or small which will not work harmoniously if the precept is followed in thought and action.

Nor will it be necessary for Britain to do away with her fleet. As a member of the league she will continue to use her contribution for the safety of the nations and the protection of the smaller peoples. Her fleet will be at the service of the league. So, too, of the armies of France and Italy. It is just as if in a family the father used his knowledge of business to win bread for his children, or just as if in a community some particular church freely gave of its ministry for the public good. The stronger any individual is in his own line the better—provided his heart is right. And that, after all, is the crux of the matter.

The practical bearing of this is that the one important thing for men and nations is the development of character—the cultivation of unselfishness and brotherly love. This and this alone will solve labor troubles, political rivalries, national jealousies and family discords. So one may say in all surety, and without cant or hypocrisy, that the only hope of the world is Christ and His message.

In order to be a good member of the League of Nations, no country is asked to forget its nationality. Strong nationality is an asset. Just as the man who is true to himself makes the best member of the family, just as the best-trained and most prosperous family is the greatest gift to a neighborhood, just as a prosperous city brings credit to the whole state, so a happy and well-ordered nation will contribute most largely to the success of the league. Loyalty in the smaller field is the condition of success in the larger. The league cannot welcome into its fold very gladly any member that has not some contribution to make. And power to contribute depends upon individuality. It may therefore be expected that from now on there will be an intensifying of national spirit; but this may well be without any feeling of jealousy, rivalry and ill-will. If these persist the league will be a failure. If they persist, civilization without a league will be a failure.

Bolshevism

THERE is a Bolsheviki element in every land today. In Russia and in Germany the great body of the people are more or less in sympathy with this misguided class. It is because they have been so robbed and so ill-used by the men in authority. In good old England, it is different. The people are anti-Bolshevist because they feel and know that they have had fair treatment, that the few are not permitted to tyrannize over the many, and they believe Lloyd-George will fight the thing through. In the United States the whole effort of late has been to curb the power of the big interests. The railroad trusts, the oil trusts, the meat trusts are in turn being subjected to scrutiny, and at least one of them brought under federal control. And so we may believe that America will be triumphant over this new power which makes for anarchy. In Canada there is no doubt where the sympathies of our people lie. It is for those in positions of power to act so that every man will be a supporter of organized government rather than a dangerous sympathizer with rampant Bolshevism. The greatest calamity that could befall any democracy is that people should lose confidence in their own government. In the end it is an admission of their own moral failure.

Now all of this implies that the government of a country is able to regulate prices if it only cares to do so. Where a real grievance exists and a government fails to take action, then it is untrue to the people. No man and no group of men, however wealthy nor however powerful, should dictate policies inimical to the body of the public.

This whole matter has been summed up by a writer in the Atlantic Monthly in these words: "There is a dangerously narrowing limit now to the confidence of the common man in the intelligence and good faith of those who direct his affairs." Unless something is achieved to prevent the very possibility of another great war, "systematic force, overstrained and exhausted, will give place to chaotic force and general disorganization will ensue. Thereafter the world may welter in confusion for many generations, through such ruinous and impoverished centuries as close the Roman imperial story, before it develops the vitality for an effective reorganization."

Aliens

THERE is one good thing about the speeches of the men who have returned from actual warfare. They talk to the point, and their speech has snap and "pep." One of the best of recent speeches was made by Col. A. W. Woods at Brandon. In it he pays his compliments to Canadian Bolsheviki in these very choice terms: "We have fought the war in Europe, and now we have to fight the war at home at close range; and we do not want any fire-brands from other countries to come telling us what to do." That is good enough, and we can let it go at that. And by the same token there are some British-born people in Canada who individually or through their class-organizations, are living so close to these fire-brands from other countries, that when the time for cleaning comes, the trains may take away more than aliens.

The Favored Classes

ONE of our good friends writes complaining that our editorial utterances are not to his liking, that the cause of the farmers is not championed and that profiteers are not hit hard enough. We were under the impression that we had been a little too emphatic in our denunciation of the big interest of Canada, but in reply to the challenge would simply reprint the following from the editorial page of November 1916. This is only one of many references to the favoritism bestowed upon the moneyed classes of Canada:

The Rule of Wealth

During the last three years, as never before, Canada has been in the grip of the moneyed interest. Appointments in and out of the government have gone to those who possessed gold, or who were willing to fall down and meekly worship the golden image. The possession of wealth has been to those in office a sufficient recommendation for leadership. Think of the last appointment to the Canadian Senate, think of the chairman of the most important of our commissions. Think of all the other appointments that meant so much to Canada during the war, and of the character of the men who have had at all times the ear of the government. If ever a country was ruled by a small coterie of men rather than by the representatives of the people that country is Canada. If ever there was a disgusting aristocracy it is the aristocracy of dollars that has the ascendancy just now. It is a small satisfaction to see the common people come into their own in England, Russia and other European states, and to find that right here we are in subjection to a few men, most of whom have acquired wealth as the result of special legislation, or because of donations from the public treasury. We can have no true democracy until the directors of our national life are true representatives of the people, rather than creatures of special privilege or worshippers of the money-chests.

Anything could go so long as the money-kings were left in possession of their plunder. The militarism of Germany is bad, the moneyed bureaucracy of Canada is worse, because in this case we are responsible for the evil.

The Remedy

How shall we get things right? There is only one way. The people can rule just as soon as they make up their minds to do so. No one need fear chaos and confusion. There could be no greater blundering and injustice than we have had during these last three years.

There is only one thing stands in the way. An old philosopher has told it all in a parable. Would you

hear it? "Once upon a time the fishes of the streams and lakes waited upon King Pike and complained that he was too rapacious, that every year he swallowed too many of their number. King Pike, after careful deliberation, replied that there was, perhaps, some ground for the complaint, and that he would improve matters by allowing one of the little fish each year to become a pike. Then they all left perfectly satisfied, for each one hoped to become that pike."

The cure for all our ills is public spirit. There are public-spirited individuals in every community. Let us entrust them with authority. These are the only men and women who can be trusted. After all it is a question of moral worth. Canada will not be great, prosperous, happy, so long as dishonest, unscrupulous, blinded partisans control its destinies. Nor will it be any better if its policies are shaped, and its interests administered by men who represent special interests. A man who is a grain grower and nothing more, a trade unionist and nothing more, is just as unsuitable for public office as a man who is conservative and nothing more, or liberal and nothing more. In public office men must rise above their private affairs, they must cease to be partizan, they must be men.

"God give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess a conscience and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking,
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife—lo, Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps!"

As to the matter of tariff. The Western Home Monthly has probably been more extreme than any other paper in Canada, arguing that absolute free trade and direct taxation are the soundest policy for any country, but that our people are unfortunately not yet ready for it. The Monthly sympathizes with farmers in their long struggle for free implements, not only on the farmers' account, but because it should mean cheaper food for the poorer classes, and because the whole system of taxing the people to foster special industries or favored classes is unpatriotic and indefensible. Naturally the Monthly was silent on this question during the war period.

* * *

Canadian Talent

THE following letter received from a soldier at the front voices a thought that is common to many correspondents, and it explains why The Western Home Monthly has endeavored to cultivate Western talent. It is comforting to note what is said. It may be an incentive to some with literary ability who have not yet made themselves known.

Dear Sir:—

I have had the pleasure of receiving a few copies of your magazine at varied intervals during the past year and am very enthusiastic over your pages as a real representative of Manitoba. The one province of "God's Country" to us here on our task in Europe.

I feel that as a Canadian I have been guilty of the universal fault of having placed a great deal too much confidence in American magazines and it is only when I find myself longing for a real Canadian story, or find myself eagerly turning the pages of the Home Monthly and such papers that I feel myself taking more pride in our own literature.

Do you not think that our own authors have been forced to a back seat by the inroads of the popular trashy novels from New York—and that it will be a great improvement when our public discovers in our Canadian literature a moral soundness; a general note of higher standards and ideals which has enabled the little Canadian fighting force to become in General Currie's words—"that powerful hitting force which has won the fear and respect of your foes and the admiration of the world."

Do you not think that the literature of the people whose midget army has become—"the hardest, most successful and cleanest fighters of this war"—should take its proper place in the world's literature? Why not? It is for us to ask the question and consider the answer.

Sincerely yours,

Geo. H. Hambley, 115644,

B. E. F. France.

"A" Squadron, Canadian Light Horse.



BEFORE shampooing, rub the scalp with the tips of the fingers (not the nails). This stimulates the blood that feeds the roots of the hair, and loosens the particles that clog up the pores

NOW dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a toothbrush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rinse thoroughly



The Right Way To Shampoo

HOW THIS TREATMENT HELPS YOUR HAIR

DO you think your hair grows from the head like a plant? No, indeed. There is a fundamental difference.

For your hair does not breathe as does a plant. No vital fluid circulates through it as does the sap in the plant. Except at the very tips of its roots, hair has no more life than a silken thread.

The whole beauty and lustre of your hair depend upon your *scalp*. Here the hair forms. Here a network of blood vessels feed and nourish the roots. Here lie the color-supply pigment cells. Here thousands of tiny fat-glands supply oil to give your hair its glossy, life-like appearance.

This is why caring for the hair is, in reality, exactly the same as caring for your skin.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant you must, by the proper treatment, keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous, on the same principle as you give your skin the proper care and treatment in order to have a lovely complexion.

Which of these is your hair trouble?

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous.

Is it greasy, oily? Or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which

prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Is it constantly powdered with dandruff? Or does it come out in comb-fur? Begin at once to keep the pores of the scalp as free and clear as you keep the pores of your face.

Keep your scalp healthy

To keep your scalp healthy and vigorous, use persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap, formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

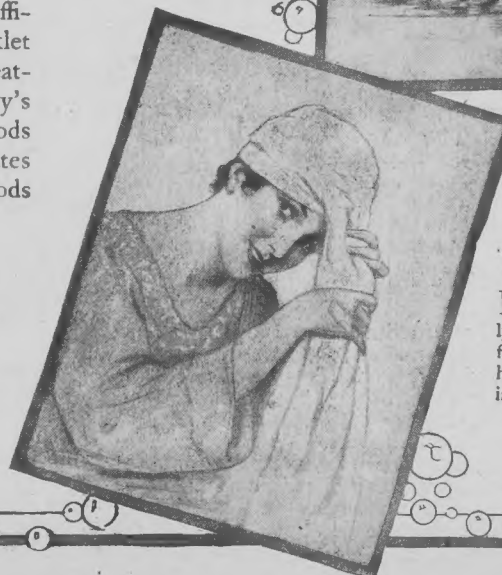
Use the soap treatment given on this page as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For ten or twelve shampoos, or for a month or six weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, you will find the 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake today. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada — wherever toilet goods are sold.



NEXT apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes

CLEAR off with fresh warm water. Wash all the soap out carefully and finish by rinsing in tepid water



DRY very thoroughly. To make the hair fluff out prettily, dry it hanging over the face instead of down the back

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder



Send 6 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Or for 12c we will send you, in addition to these, a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 6202 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

The Unbuilt Altar

Written for The Western Home Monthly by M. V. Hughes



VELYN dear, will you please bring me Ken's picture?" The speaker turned a clouded face full of selfish sorrow toward the girl reading at a table on the opposite side of the room.

"Yes certainly, Mrs. Haslam," replied the girl and left the room.

Margaret Haslam continued to lean on her elbows at the open window gazing toward the clear blue jagged ridge silhouetted against the sky. Below the ridge, rosy fans of September sunlight were brightening the foothills that rolled like giant sea waves against the mountainous horizon.

When the girl reached the mantel where stood the picture, she loitered a moment, and her eyes filled. She well knew what was coming when that picture was asked for! Nevertheless she hastily wiped the corners of her eyes and the next moment stood by the mother's chair saying kindly:

"Here it is, Mrs. Haslam," in a voice that sounded singularly free from emotion of any sad type.

The girl much dreading what was to follow, instinctively entrenched herself in a big chair on the opposite side of the room.

The mother held the picture up before the window. The slanting rays of the evening sun illuminated the face of a boy of eighteen. It was an interesting face. A decidedly happy, daring expression was delineated by every line of the rugged countenance.

She gazed intently at the picture; a longer silence than was usual accompanied this not infrequent performance. Evelyn began vaguely to hope that the picture might be returned to its place without the habitual outburst of rebellious feeling on the mother's part. But not so.

Finally she again looked out over the indistinct serpentine trails that wound down and up through the hills, then the gathering doldrum broke:

"Never again, never again shall I see my own laddie cantering happily over the hills in the long summer evenings. Yes he's gone—no he can't be!—yes he is." And her voice sank beneath a whisper.

Kenelm Haslam, the only child of Henry Haslam the wealthy old rancher of the foothills, had gone "over seas" and now he slept peacefully in the cradle home of the race; while the flag of the insolent Turk was still retreating from the troops of the western world, till now their fulminating ordnances had been softened by distance into a faint mellow boom which chanted a fitting requiem over the sleeping heroes from the new world.

Evelyn Winters had been Ken's playmate and school chum from earliest childhood. When Ken passed over, his mother tragically implored for the companionship of the girl, so Evelyn had been a member of the Haslam household for several months.

This particular day which was drawing to a close had been one of those subdued corn yellow days such as are rarely seen anywhere save among the Albertan foothills. The grassy hills were golden, golden seemed the very air; the herds of sheep on the hills looked like golden patches of light on the still deeper golden landscape. In the late afternoon a band of Indians dressed in bright red and yellow and brown had meandered down across the hills—and they too seemed like a constituent part of all the goldenness of the day.

On many another such a golden day had the mother heard the voice of her son singing in rollicking happiness as he galloped wildly over the hills. And his song invariably was:

"The white moth to the closing vine,
The bee to the opening clover.
And the Gypsy blood to the Gypsy blood
Ever the wild world over.
Ever the wild world over lass,
Ever the trail held true.
Over the world and under the world
And back at the last to you."

And with a chilling whoop he'd dash up to the door, knock with his whip and when his mother opened it he'd say with all the severe seriousness imaginable:

"Would you like to have your fortune told madam?"

"Oh you young scamp! bringing your mother to the door for nothing!"

A loud boyish laugh would follow the mother's expostulation then—

"No, not for nothing mater; I'll leave as soon as you give me a piece of pie—please." And the pie was there in short order.

On one occasion his mother inquired: "But Ken, why do you always sing that particular song, The Gypsy Trail, when on horseback?"

"Well mother just listen the next time that you see me galloping over the hills singing it, and you'll notice that Pinto's canter swings perfectly to the rhythm of that song. In fact he has got so that now he won't canter well unless I sing it to help him along. He's completely spoiled! I simply have to sing it to keep him spurred up. So it has come to be my share of the locomotion job."

But those days were past.

The mother still sat by the window; her eyes constantly roaming fretfully over the hills as she busied herself with reminiscences of her son's short life.

The deepest edge was gone from the goldenness of the day before she left her seat, and dried her eyes and went into the living room to replace the picture. In replacing it she drew from a sacred drawer another much worn picture of a cross above a mound in a far Eastern land.



REMARKABLE GROUP OF ALLIED HEADS TAKEN AT PRELIMINARY PEACE CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

This photograph was taken on December 7th in the courtyard of No. 10 Downing Street, London, the home of Premier Lloyd George, where Marshall Foch and some of the Allied heads gathered at a preliminary peace conference to discuss the terms of the Allies, to be proposed at the Peace Conference at Versailles. From left to right they are Marshall Foch, Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies; Premier Georges Clemenceau of France; Premier Lloyd George of Britain; Premier Orlando of Italy and Baron Sonnino, the Italian Foreign Secretary.

The mother's one determination in life manifestly was to keep the fires of anguish burning in her heart. And keeping her eyes hovering so constantly over those two simple pictures made fuel to feed those fires.

She gazed devotedly at the cross and mound murmuring to herself with a fanatical devotion:

"Brave, brave laddie! Thy mother named thee aright: Kenelm, meaning a defender of his kindred. But my hero you are not forgotten! Your deed of sacrifice shall be remembered and worshipped by your kindred!"

Then a wild agitated look flashed across her face and she sank into a deep chair as if some great weight had pushed her down. Presently she again broke feverishly into speech:

"Yes his deed is worthy of it. I will build an altar to his memory!" She bent over the picture for a moment then added conclusively:

"Yes I will! And with my own hands I will build it; beginning to-night."

She left the room instantly. As she passed Evelyn with her head bent over her book she exclaimed:

"Come with me Evelyn dear, come! I'm going to build an altar to Ken's memory."

Evelyn amazed, yet quite accustomed to conforming to the older woman's erratic notions, got up and followed asking no questions whatsoever.

Down through the garden plot they hurried; around a small pond that flanked

the garden fence and up to a large stone pile banked by a poplar and elm clump; a favorite spot of Ken's and Evelyn's when they were children.

The mother began her labor of love repeating softly "I will build an altar to his memory—the memory of his generous boy life."

At that point she observed a small heap of stones somewhat apart from the main pile. Some that Evelyn and Ken had pulled out years before and built into a fire-place, and where the playmates often coaxed the mother to the delightful task of coming out on summer evenings and sharing the supper they had prepared at their camp. As she looked at the dismantled fire-place, reflections of other days crowded in deflecting her mind from its course.

During that moment she realised for the first that she had kept Evelyn following her movements in comparative darkness; so she roused herself to an explanation.

Evelyn listened in awed silence, save for an occasional polite "yes" which served something like punctuation marks in the mother's impassioned speech.

In the midst of her speech she sprang up and began the carrying out of her plan; deciding that here she would erect the altar; a tangible signification of her love for him.

She began work again, Evelyn assisting; while she still roamed in articulate thought over all of her son's past doings and her own loss. That loss made im-

helplessly. But all unavailingly she covered her eyes and averted her face; the ghostly scene shifted with her every move.

At length she peered agonizingly, yet voluntarily over the field, then uttered a shrill scream as she recognized Ken's recumbent form.

At that unendurable point the panorama of horror vanished and Ken stood before her in all his radiant boyhood. The old ingeniously winsome smile played over his face making it realistic as life.

The mother was riveted to the spot; paralyzed with an unknown, unanalyzed fear. But the chimera form spoke words of assurance.

"Little mother mine, do not fear your own son."

The mother strove to reply, but her parched lips emitted no sound. So without further noticing her agitation the son continued in cadences as sweetly rhythmic as the winds among the hills:

"Mother dear, what are you building?" he interrogated inclining his head toward the partially constructed altar.

The mother regained her voice sufficiently to burst forth: "Oh, my boy! Defender of your kindred I'm—I'm building an altar to your memory."

When she finished speaking she timidly endeavored to approach him, but the unnamed fears possessing her held her back, and she threw a hasty furtive glance toward the altar; then again turned to face her son but saw only his evanescent form in the deepening dusk. She cried out "Ken! Kenelm!"

"Yes, mother," returned the boy clearly and again distinct before her, "what is it?"

She was utterly at loss to reply and still ached to catch him to her heart.

After a moment of oppressive silence the boy again linked up the severed chain of thought.

"An altar did you say, in memory of me mother?"

"Yes, little son."

The smile went out from the lad's face and for a time he seemed absorbed in deep thought, then slowly as if threading a maze continued:

"Mother mine, erect not an altar of dry stones to perpetuate my memory, if you will perpetuate it, let it be in a monument of kind helpful deeds for the restoration of Canada's wounded sons." He paused, adding somewhat as an afterthought: "Your own Ken might have been with you to-day had there been ample supplies—but there was not, accordingly we went into battle minus sufficient life saving necessities,—so I passed over."

The mother staggered forward with outstretched arms moaning: "Oh, my boy—and I have done nothing—nothing to help the wounded men live—live."

With her outstretched arms the mother now faced only an ethereal mist in the dusk. In an instant it too was gone. The big stone lay at her feet and the half built altar gleamed through the mournful darkness. But the veiled hills caught up the words "help live" and echoed and repeated them from hilltop to hilltop till the lone mother felt as if they were bombarding her brain and engulfing her soul with the inimitable strength of giant sea waves.

With a clutching pain she shrank into herself, and with a haunting fear glanced around her. Then her eyes rested on Evelyn sitting on the ground, her head buried deep in her arms and shaking with sobs.

At the sight of Evelyn she collected her scattered faculties enough to ask:

"Evelyn, did—did you see him?"

"The girl lifted a tearful awed face. "See whom, Mrs. Haslam?"

"Why Ken, Ken was here!"

And the mother wilted down beside the girl.

A silence followed during which a gentle breeze began to roll lazily in intermittent waves among the hills.

Presently the mother spoke again:

"I almost fancy I hear Ken's voice on that breeze singing:

"Follow the Romany patteran
West to the sinking sun
Till the Junk sails lift through the
homeless drift
And the East and the West are one."

The very winds seemed to have learned that wild song."

Evelyn signed as if preparing for a task and said:

"Mrs. Haslam, I do so long to be a comfort to you; but I much fear you are thinking too much about Ken. Don't you think it would be better if you endeavored to think of something else? I—I fear for you." She hesitated and

unconsciously a wild look of suspicion leapt into her eyes.

Mrs. Haslam did not fail to catch her meaning.

At times the mind has the faculty of compressing by a great effort, in one moment all the incidents of a life-time into a panoramic like re-enactment. So it is that a drowning man in a flash of time, sees all the sins of his life marshalled in legions before his mental eye.

A like re-enactment of the incidents of her life had flashed before Mrs. Haslam and she replied:

"You are so good to me dear. I appreciate it, too. I can see it all now, Evelyn! All the mistakes I have made since Ken left us; yes all the mistakes in my whole life. So my boy had to come back to be my teacher, to guide my feet into the right path.—But look child, it is quite dark, did you not notice it?" She jerked out irrelevantly, springing nervously to her feet as she spoke. Taking Evelyn's arm she started for the house.

On reaching the garden gate she turned and gazed back at the unfinished altar a moment, then dropping the girl's arm retraced her steps and knelt before it.

When she returned to Evelyn, bright lines of contentment on her face were in conflict with the dark lines of trouble.

Evelyn glanced at her changing face with relief.

The mother threw her arm about the girl exclaiming:

"You poor dear, I have been so selfish in my sorrow; I know you have suffered too—but dear will you forgive me now my past selfishness!"

"Mrs. Haslam I have nothing to forgive in you! You have been very kind to me. I continually strive to remember that we are only two among multitudes of bereaved ones. So it does not seem quite so hard to me."

During Mrs. Haslam's and Evelyn's absence Mr. Haslam had come in from outdoors and inquired for his wife and Evelyn. No one knew whither they had gone. Accordingly he proceeded to light his pipe, search out his favorite magazine and settle himself to read. Soon however he began musing on the absence of his wife and Evelyn. Where could they be? They were not accustomed to going for walks after dark, and besides, since Ken's leaving home Mrs. Haslam had shut herself up, going nowhere, not even among her most intimate friends.

In the midst of the man's questioning thoughts the objects of his concern returned.

"Where have you two been? I've been growing anxious about you!" And with the exclamation he had thrown down both magazine and pipe.

A weak feeling and a terrible fear engulfed the mother's heart as she thought "I must tell him about it."

For a moment the man did not observe his wife's drooping enervated countenance. Then as she sank wearily into the nearest chair without replying he noticed her, and was instantly seized with panicky anxiety: "Margaret, Margaret what is it? Are you terribly ill?"

She laid a silencing hand on his arm and faltered:

"Calm yourself, Henry—no I'm not ill—and I'll endeavour to tell you all."

So amid many breaks and sobs and tears she related the story from the beginning of her resolution made in the house to the son's appearance and message to her. When she reached the point dealing with her son's coming to her, the father's control gave way and for a long time he sat his lips dumbly framing his son's name.

As turning the light of reflection inward upon a sore point in one's life but aggravates it, so it was that Margaret and Henry Haslam every moment of every day focused the keenest light of their reflections on their loss, till as the days dragged into the weeks and the weeks into the months that loss had attained in their eyes, to the vastness of a world tragedy. And the light from their selfish reflections had shrivelled and burned all their feelings for others into ashes; and now they sat down in their mental ruin and material wealth and lifted not a finger to help those "other boys" live.

Already Ken's short message to his mother had been sufficient to fan the charred coals of love for others in her heart, into a lambent flame which gave promise of becoming a bright and steady light.

But the thought of helpfulness had not as yet been reborn in the father's heart; and he moaned again and again:

"Oh Margaret, to think that our own

Ken died from neglect inevitable because we ourselves failed to do our duty." And each exclamation served to engulf him in a hurricane of emotion.

At length Mrs. Haslam said:

"Henry, please calm yourself. We are not left without a great hope. I clearly see not mounds, but illimitable hills of happiness springing up in our lives. Yes and more than that, I see the smile of God mirrored upon those hills of happiness and its light reflected in our hearts. Yet I have not told you quite all: I dedicated myself and my all at Ken's altar to the work of relieving wounded Canadian men. What little I can do I will do. For my one son's life I shall endeavour to restore twenty others. Ken's place in my heart shall be filled with love for the motherless men from the battlefields. Henceforth this shall be my work and my monument of remembrance to our Ken."

In the silence that followed the father still sat like one stupefied. Nevertheless his wife's words of hope were seeping themselves in. After some time he said:

"Yes you were right in your consecration. I never thought of it that way before, but I'm beginning to see it plainly now. We have been most inhumanly selfish in our grief, allowed it to bury our better selves. We have forgotten the part we should have acted in the life drama, and consequently we have miserably failed where we should have succeeded. So Ken had to come back to be our prompter."

"Yes, Henry, we've slept at our work long enough; we must strive to make up for our past failures."

"Yes," continued her husband following his own particular thought, "Ken's ideals while we admired them, yet they have not permeated our lives. His whole thought was for others, we have thought only of ourselves,—to the exclusion of everything else; absolutely forgetting the thousands of other homes in our land as equally shattered as ours."

A wild song of happiness was singing in her heart as she recognized a spirit of helpfulness beginning to leaven her husband's mind.

And the man when once fairly started upon his self analysis continued to mount in intensity the scathing invectives against himself.

"Margaret I've lived a cowardly life—yes cowardly. I've always sort of congratulated myself on myself. Now I'm sure I was mistaken. I've lived a coward's life. Ken forgot himself even unto death, while I rested in craven idleness. But thank heaven it's not too late to right about face."

"Oh no," interposed the mother, "no! it's not so terrible as all that. We didn't realize what we were doing. Let us forget our past; cast our failures behind us and live only in the present and for the future."

"Yes, and let us begin at once," fervently responded the father.

The mother rose saying: "Come let us go out to Ken's altar and confirm our consecration there."

So they passed out to the mound of stones shining beaconlike beneath the moon.

As they neared the altar the father paused:

"Margaret, I feel we are treading on holy ground."

"Yes, Henry, it is holy ground." She took his hand and they knelt beside the altar.

Then a long deep silence fell on them. The air was as warm and humid with dew as a night in July. The soft yearning calls of the night birds were hushed in the worshipful silence.

At length the sacred quietness among the hills was parted by the voice of the father in prayer. A prayer for forgiveness; a prayer of consecration to his God, to mankind and to his king.

When they rose from the altar the crushing grief that had lain with such a stifling pall over their hearts seemed to have been lifted by an invisible hand and borne away; the jangling chords of their existence modulated into perfect harmony. So they passed into their home a new man and a new woman.

* * *

Another September month of aureate splendor had come, and down through the foothills rolled a motor car of people on their way to Kenelm Lodge, a home for returned soldiers.

"What a beautiful sight," exclaimed one of the occupants of the car, "that rambling yellow bungalow I mean, for

returned boys—and boys who have no other home which they may truly call their own. It is so charming and so peaceful out here. The lodge itself seems like an essential element of the golden smile that is always upon these hills. I just pray that I'll be able to sing better at their concert than I've ever before sung."

"It may not be such a wonderful treat for them to hear good music, Edith, because you know their foster parents frequently engage troops of entertainers and singers from the city to amuse those men;—but one never tires of good music, so sing your very best."

"Yes," returned the first speaker, and just to think that this rancher and his

wife who had so much to give, had never before given anything. Their only son had to be taken before that home of beauty flowered in that lovely spot. Now they spill all the luxuries their money can buy over those twenty maimed boys that home shelters for life."

"Yes it is all so fine!" returned her companion.

At that moment they drew up at the lodge and Mrs. Haslam came out, with the pleasant informal manner of all westerners, to greet them.

And Margaret Haslam! Can that sun-beam face belong to the same woman who a short year before had looked like a doomsday cloud. But mothering the boys had wrought it.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Laddie Jr. and the Loon ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

By Bonnycastle Dale

LOOKIE!" screamed Laddie Jr. "It's the Loon!" For weeks, ever since the great ice shove had cleared Rice Lake, in April, we had hunted all along the shores and bays, the drowned lands and marshes, for the nest of the pair of loons that nightly called about our island—called, indeed, many a time I stilled my very heart beats, if that were possible, to listen to the echoing wild call, always fearing I heard that dreadful word "help!"



A baby Loon.

with which we poor sons of man cry out when in the water struggling for our lives. No! every time I could drop back on my hard pillow and say, "Only the loons," and get away to the "Land of Nod" again.

We had so thoroughly searched every tiny cove and muskrat hummock, every flag filled bay and rarer dry rush-edged bog with never a result, that this day I was paddling steadily past the southern edge of Rainy Bog when the lad in the bow cried "Lookie!" Even then it took a trained eye to see the big bird on the nest. He thought we were going right past the tiny bay, and he stretched his long neck, and white striped and checkered body, out flat like a long black and white and grey and green snake—I just had time to raise the camera to snap him when he decided he was seen, and that we were going to stop, and off he splashed in a shower of spray and dived and swam out beneath us.

"Well! wouldn't that rattle your canoe!" broke out Laddie Jr., "to see that big bird fool itself into believing it was hidden when it was stretched out like a big white and black flag all over the bog—I just wonder what those big 'longe thought of that diver, eh?"

As that thought struck me I wondered too. You see the Maskinonge were coming in along the bog edge to later spawn in the shallow water, and the great pair finning and balancing there had splashed wildly away as our long green, log-like canoe, with paddles waving like arms, came along. What did they do when this great white looking bird, with its legs kicking and its great wings waving along (not so great as they would be if they used them more—remember that our descendants will see the loon and the grieve totally unable to fly on account of them nearly always swimming and very rarely flying)? I do not think the big spawning Maskinonge would attack the loon. I know they

would attack and catch and eat baby loon and ducks and grieve, but this old chap was too big—anyhow I am not going to do any of that mawkish writing telling you a fairy story about what I think it did—for the loon emerged just a couple of hundred yards out, and filled his lungs good and full, and told all the countryside for a couple of miles around just what he thought of us anyway; and the more cowardly female joined him at this moment and added her testimony to his that we were very bad medicine indeed.

The nest was exposed, no effort having been made to cover the eggs, as the grieve do—in fact, in all my travels I have never seen a male or female loon cover the eggs or leave them covered. One big olive green, buff and red spotted egg, lay on the wet billfuls of weeds the pair had gathered, the weight of their bodies and the careful nipping, tucking work of their bills, had made a fair nest.

"Take the picture; all the people will think we are murdering something by the row," laughed Laddie.

I snapped the nest, just as the lad had lifted the egg up in his hand, then off we swung to picture the big birds, but they would not come within fifty yards of us, and I never picture them more than three away; so we paddled off and left them for that day.

A heavy nor'-wester with rain was blowing next day and the day after, the big waves breaking right onto the bog where the nest was, and we wondered greatly how even that great water bird, the male, could sit out and keep the precious egg warm, as he was completely covered with flying spray and drenched

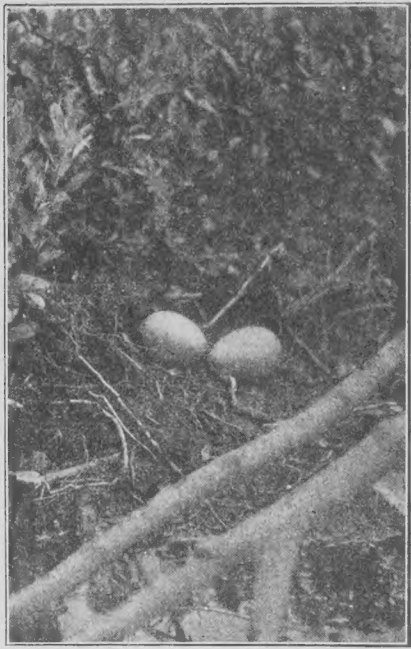
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with cold water—about 45 degrees—and to add to this, the edge of the floating bog let water seep up into the nest. The average man would have given long odds against that youngster ever hatching out alive.

"Sun's up!" called the boy from his bunk; "Oh, do let's hurry and get that loon's picture."



Loons nest and the two eggs of the great Northern Diver in Rice Lake, Ont.

"No hurry, Laddie, I can't snap him until eleven o'clock without pointing the lens dead on to the sun, but you may hurry and get up and get a picture of a boy washing himself in a nice clear, cold lake." (Laddie Jr. looks over my shoulder as I write this and says I take a base advantage of him, as I never tell when I get up late.)

After breakfast and a few lessons we pushed the dear old canoe out, and I took the bow seat.

"We'll fool that wise old loon this morning, Laddie; I'll have both cameras ready, and you will shoot her silently and swiftly right past the wee point and stop in the middle of the bay, and I'll get him sitting and coming."

"Yes, you will," he called unbelievably. Silently we swept down the long bay and silently I shipped my paddle and set the small box camera on top of the big reflex. Silently as a ghost the canoe slid along, as the lad was muffling his strokes by sliding his thumb along the gunwale—one long, swift stroke and we passed the little point that shut in the tiny bay—and there sat the big bird within fifteen feet of us. He had not heard us. Instantly he threw his head forward; out as flat as any snake he lay; the canoe came to a dead stop. "Snap!" sang the "bullet"—down I passed it—up came the reflex; "Clang!" sang the focal plane shutter, just as the great bird leaped in a smother of foam and splashing water and dived beneath us.

"I said you would, didn't I?" laughed the boy.

"Yes, I heard you say it; it's easy, my lad. I don't want to blow my own bugle, but if you had to picture your brant and then shoot it for the pot; or to make it a bit harder, shoot it and then picture it, and find you could do either in the space of one second, you would laugh at using two cameras. We could even set the cameras here and make the loon take its own picture, but I fear risking the machines in this uncertain climate, and we have a full life of the loon in the negative box anyhow."

"Two eggs this time," he answered. Yes, not only had the big birds sheltered the one precious egg, but the female had added the second one, and this makes a full clutch, as we never found more than two eggs in a nest—more often one.

"Look at the old fellow prancing," called the boy. True enough, like a big white animal, the infuriated bird splattered along the surface of the lake on its outspread feet, balancing cleverly on its wings at times, but usually doing wonderful turns with body and neck straight erect and wings tightly folded.

Again they refused to let us get within a canoe's length, so I did not snap them. Another day, and we disturbed about a thousand singing bluebills gravelling on

the island's shore as we passed along—we shot the canoe across the tiny bay. This time the female, sitting far out in the lake had given one low call—I heard it; so did the male—and he slipped off the nest and was away outside us when we peered at the nest—one egg and one downy black youngster. Laddie pushed the canoe close to the nest and fondled the babe, coal black, soft and silky; eyes, down, feet, bill, all inky black, save a white spot on the breast. He lifted the unhatched egg and I snapped him.

It was a glorious sight to see this nest-tired male take to wing. He could not do so if it was dead calm without an intense effort; often defeated; but there was a sweet little May wind blowing, and he started by spattering the water with the tips of his wings and kicking it with his feet. After about fifty yards of this hard work he got his big body clear of the surface and fanned heavily with his wings; another fifty yards and he cleared the lake and rose into the air; then off he went at a good thirty miles an hour for a breather. Much later we saw him coming back—with the wind—fully sixty miles an hour this time. He wanted to settle in a clear place of about a half mile square, and he came about in a great curve with shrieking pinions, and swept back on his own course like a flash of light. Around he went in a full circle, ever lowering, with a noise as of a mighty wind sweeping through the trees. Down, down he comes—right about to the wind he heads again, and strikes the small waves of the lake like a great white ball. Bounce, bounce, bounce—a canoe length each time—then he cuts ahead in a great furrow of white water and stops, shakes his big wings, throws his big iridescent head up, and fills his lungs good and full and says, "A-Loo-oo-o—A-Loo-oo-o." No wonder the boy says, "Oh! some bird that, eh?"

For yet over two weeks the handsome pair sat on that bog edge or swam with the youngsters (for there were two now) alongside, never swimming afar off, as big, snapping turtles and passing hawks and sliding, wriggling black snakes and mighty fish were all hungry for such dainty morsels. Whenever we passed, for we were after other pictures now, the parents called softly to the young and swam off, coaxing them along with calls as sweet as any dove or song bird ever gave. It is wonderful the number of calls these big, savage birds have; calls so soft and low and quavering—down the wee black chaps would "plop," then down the big ones would sink as if drawn silently from below. Or, if we dared to approach, they would start screaming wildly, evidently some dire meaning in the calls, too, for other loons from other hatching waters, would come swiftly and join in and tell us collectively just what they thought of us. Finally, about September, we saw one of the young birds



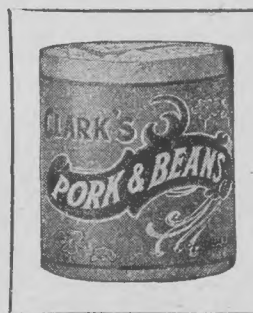
Lifting Loons eggs out of the nest.

awing; they look much like the big western grieve then, but they are ahead of the grieve, for these were only learning to fly when the October migration was on.

The wild, cold days of November drew near and still the loons stayed; ice came at night, sealing the wild rice beds and the smaller bays, and they all took wing for the south, save one adult bird. I presume he could not take wing on account of the calm air or some slight injury; anyhow he was seen next morning



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swimming in the only patch of open water in all that drear lake scene. He had kept this open all the night by swift, hard swimming, and it was now or never for him, as the morning was intensely cold and the hole getting narrower and shorter. It was then only about two canoe-lengths by a bare yard wide. The wise old bird backed down into the lee end at the first faint breath of wind from the north; soon it blew harder and mimic waves formed on his tiny pond, now a mere ribbon of

blue water in all that icy scene. Now the wind rustled and bent the wild rice straw that stood above the newly formed ice—Splash! splash! splash!—along that narrow swimming strip the great bird fanned and kicked, rising on to the ice at the north end and gradually lifting into the air, soon disappearing in the southern sky, and leaving Laddie and I just that much lonelier on our ice-bound island in Rice Lake.

The Routing of a Ghost

By John J. A'Becket

WHY, nothing in the world could be better," exclaimed Miss Buchanan with decision. "If they'll only take us, Mina!"

The two young women who regarded with such approbation Farmer Paine's house, had just arrived in this glorious Virginia valley. Their artistic souls were enchanted with the countless pictures which caught their eyes on every side.

But their primary need now was to find a farm-house where they could board. Paine's had been mentioned as a very desirable one, if he would take them. He was a well-to-do farmer with a family.

The house was, in truth, an ambitious one. Built of brick, two and a half stories high, it had a white wooden porch in front, covered with royal masses of wisteria. In the rear, another porch ran the whole length, and a trellis, covered with honeysuckle, screening its occupants from the sun.

Standing high up on the mountain side, it overlooked the village, nestling a couple of miles away in the valley below. The view of the broad slopes of richly varied farm lands with the wide river sweeping majestically through them, was superb. "Just as Claude Lorraine-ish as can be," Miss Buchanan said. But it did not demand a highly artistic temperament to find delight and delicious repose in this widely stretching landscape.

The young women, opening the gate, made their way to where a woman was sitting on the back porch. The sunlight sifted through the honeysuckle screen and made patterns of light over her comely proportions, while the summer breeze was fragrant with perfume.

"Is this Mrs. Paine?" said Miss Buchanan ingratiatingly.

"We are artists from Boston," continued Miss Buchanan. Her companion had come to a halt a little behind her. "We expect to spend two or three months in the valley and are looking about for some place where we can stay. We thought that perhaps you might let us come here and board with you."

"I never do take boarders," returned Mrs. Paine sententiously.

"I don't think we would be much trouble," persisted Miss Buchanan. "We would fall right into the ways of the house. All we want is to be fed and have a room to sleep in."

The young woman had the air of waiving many of the points which boarders usually insist on. But barring heat in winter, the most self-denying boarder could hardly ask for less than she mentioned.

"I don't think I can," Mrs. Paine slowly replied, still calmly eyeing them, as if to see whether they revealed reason for any different view.

"In this great, big, beautiful house there must be some room you could let us have," returned Miss Buchanan persuasively. "Do take us in! We are in love with the place and the house."

The little Paines had successively grouped themselves about their mother. They took a keen interest in the parley; and presently it was developed that there was a vacant room, one of the largest and nicest in the house, but Mrs. Paine seemed loathe to let the women have it.

"Mar, tell her," burst out one of the children at last, as if weary of cross-purposes.

"Well, you see," said Mrs. Paine with a querulous touch of irritation, "we jas' don't use that part of the house much. There's queer noises, and—and—goin's on there. Naturally, people don't like that."

Miss Buchanan's eyes twinkled with delight. She exclaimed with great animation: "Oh, you mean that you have a ghost? Why, we'd like to come all

the more for that. We'll pay board for ourselves and the ghost, too. I've always wanted to live in a house with a ghost."

She was evidently perfectly sincere, and her companion, for the moment, betrayed no more emotion than a fly on the wall. Miss Buchanan didn't believe in ghosts one bit, and the thought of one in this homely, comfortable, modern farmhouse, basking in a flood of sunlight, which the grass hoppers made resonant with their chirps, seemed ridiculously incongruous.

In the end they got the room, a large, bright, corner one, in the front of the house. Beds were located in the diagonal corners, and the women bestowed their belongings about in a home-like way. They were delighted with their success.

There was an outbuilding, too, which seemed specially designed for their need as a studio. It had once been a country store, but Mr. Paine took out the counters, and they were able to set up their easels there.

During their first evenings in this pleasant farm home there had been laughing conjectures about their ghostly cotenant—"Our Brother-Boarder," as Miss Buchanan gaily dubbed him. Would he come round? And how would he come round? There was no doubt the family believed in the ghost. There was a sullen disinclination on their part to discuss him. The Paines, one and all, shunned that end of the house after nightfall.

But nothing more ghostly befell the girls than the ripping, shrieking winds



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which sometimes swept down on the house from the Devil's Gap, a narrow pass high up on the mountains. They would hear the distant roar of the wind gathering there, and then the crescent rush of it, as it shrieked like a demon down the slope and grappled with the sturdy farmhouse, tearing on again with shrill screams down the valley. This was creepy and exciting.

The girls also learned that the forest, which began just above the house, was believed to be haunted with ghostly troopers of the Blue and Gray, whose souls had left their shattered bodies there in war-time.

Three weeks had passed away. The two artists had grown indifferent to these local preternaturals, inasmuch as they had been favored with no corroborative evidence of their existence.

One night, however, Miss Buchanan awoke to feel her bed oscillating. It pitched about till she felt as if she were in a steamer crossing the Channel. She lay wide-awake, wondering what could be the cause of this. Suddenly, out of the darkness, she heard Miss Gorner slowly rumbling into speech: "M-M-Molly, is your bed rocking?"

"Yes. Doing a hammock act," replied Miss Buchanan. "Has yours rocked, too?"

her part to even jar the massive mahogany structure.

"Perhaps it's the ghost—" ventured Miss Gorner tolerantly.

"Nonsense," interrupted the other woman, with a little sharper denial than was necessary. "You know as well as I do that there aren't such things as ghosts! Well, I don't know anything to do except go to bed again. The door's locked, there's nobody in the room but ourselves, and we can't do anything to make the beds any more solid. The strange thing is that there isn't a breath of wind to-night. Though any wind that could make that bed rock," she added with a short laugh, "would blow us through the side of the house. You don't feel nervous, do you?" she asked with a slightly superior air.

"No," replied the good Gorner, with the simplicity of perfect truthfulness. "Only a little upset in my stomach."

To the credit of the young women, they not only went to bed, but also promptly to sleep. There was no more disturbance and they dismissed the matter from their minds.

Two or three evenings later they were sitting in their room about half-past ten. Miss Gorner was busied in the not very exciting task of knitting a bright red wrist, while her companion was absorb-

■ ■ ■ A Few Questions ■ ■ ■

To be sure, no one ever asserted that the English language was logical, but readers may enjoy the amusing enumeration of some of its inconsistencies that Life gives in these verses:

If a female duke is a duchess,
Would a female spook be a spuchess?
And if a male goose is a gander,
Then would a male moose be a mander?

If the plural of child is children,
Would the plural of wild be wildren?
If a number of cows are cattle,
Would a number of bows be battle?

If a man who makes plays is a playwright,
Would a man who makes hay be a haywright?

If a person who fails is a failure,
Would a person who quails be a quailure?

If the apple you bite is bitten,
Would the battle you fight be fitten?
And if a young cat is a kitten,
Then would a young rat be a ritten?

If a person who spends is a spendthrift,
Would a person who lends be a lendthrift?
If drinking too much makes a drunkard,
Would thinking too much make a thunkard?

But why pile on the confusion?
Still I'd like to ask in conclusion:
If a chap from New York's a New Yorker,
Would a fellow from Cork be a corker?

"Yes; for half an hour. I'm almost seasick," Miss Buchanan's companion, Miss Gorner, was not a facile soarer into the realm of the imaginative, and, under the circumstances, she felt that there could be no doubt that the beds had rocked.

"I am going to get up and see what it is," she said promptly.

They both arose and began to investigate. When they had lighted the kerosene lamp, they discovered that their small alarm-clock indicated a quarter after two. The door was the first thing they examined. The bolt was in place, the key turned. Then they looked under the beds. Then in the wardrobe the only other possible place in the room where any one could be secreted. It was as empty as it ever was. Then they looked into each other's countenances.

"You are sure you felt your bed roll, Mina?" said Miss Buchanan severely. She knew that she had felt her own toss.

"Yes," replied the other slowly. "I didn't want to disturb you at first; but it continued so long that I wanted to get up and see about it, and so spoke."

"It's very odd," remarked Miss Buchanan thoughtfully, as if conceding the utmost that could be allowed the incident. She went over and tried to push her bed. It required a violent effort on

ing a Boston paper, reading aloud from time to time such things as she felt would be interesting to the other.

Suddenly, in the wide passage outside, they heard a slow footfall—not heavy, but distinct and regular. They both looked up.

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Miss Buchanan. She sat up, and they both listened. The Paines were invariably abed and asleep by nine o'clock, and both the women knew you couldn't hire one of them to come to that end of the house at that hour of the night. The step, too, seemed to be coming from the end of the passage where the window was.

"I am going to see who it is," said Miss Buchanan.

She rose, and grasped the lamp, which had no shade. Miss Gorner dropped her wrist on the table, and the two girls went to the door, which they unlocked and opened. Miss Buchanan held the lamp above her head so that the rays would fall on the person when he passed. They heard the slow step approach, heard it pass, and seemed to feel something brush by them, it came so close.

The steps went on with the same methodic deliberation, passed down the stairs, through the lower hall to the front door and ceased. They had seen nothing!

They closed and locked the door, re-

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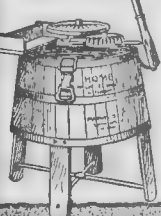
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turned to the table and Miss Buchanan set the lamp down on it. Miss Gorner put two or three more logs on the open fire, which blazed on the hearth.

"Isn't it a little colder?" she remarked almost apologetically.

Miss Buchanan stuck her feet out toward the fire with a sharp, half-nervous, half-defiant little laugh.

"Yes," she said. "It got colder when those steps went by us, Mina," she continued slowly. "We might as well admit the facts in the case. We can do that to each other without any reserve. Thank goodness, we are neither of us of the weak-nerved kind. I don't mean to believe in ghosts till I have them forced on me. Even then, I don't propose to flatter their odious self-conceit by getting frightened over them. You don't feel afraid, do you, Mina?"

Miss Gorner declared, without too much enthusiasm over the fact, that she did not. Her companion certainly did not seem to be. But had she been scared to death she would have made the best bluff possible at courage.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about that tread?" she asked. The two girls had drawn close to the fire, and the blazing logs threw a ruddy glare on them, while the rest of the room seemed plunged in deeper shadow.

"No," replied Miss Gorner, "except you couldn't see what made the tread."

Her companion's absolute lack of humor often afforded Miss Buchanan much innocent amusement. Restraining herself to a swift smile over Miss Gorner's acute perception, in having remarked the invisibility of the late pedestrian, she said impressively: "I noted two things. If this is a ghost, Mina, and we are going to have the privilege of studying it, I shall make the most of the opportunity. Well, then! First, I noticed the long interval between the sound of the footfalls, and supposed that this was only the dignified slowness inherent in perambulating spooks. Then I remarked that the footfalls were all on the same side!"

"Well?" said Miss Gorner.

"Well, that shows that it is a one-legged ghost!" cried Miss Buchanan. "Now, that may lead to his discovery. There may be some reason why a one-legged man should haunt this house."

"It may be a lady," suggested the other.

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Buchanan a little impatiently at this want of proper sympathy with her analysis of the ghost. "It may be a centipede; but whatever it is, it only uses one leg, and there must be something in that. A one-legged lady ghost seems the height of vulgarity. I don't believe a real nice woman, if she were a ghost with only one leg, would go thumping round on it at all hours of the night."

The next morning Miss Buchanan, having cornered her landlord in the woodshed, where he was more loquacious than in his wife's presence, asked him nonchalantly: "Was there ever a one-legged person connected with this house? Or with the family, Mr. Paine?"

Farmer Paine looked somewhat surprised at the question. He shifted his cud from his left to his right cheek, pulled down a log or two from the woodpile in a halting, uncertain way, and finally found voice.

"Ef you'd a-seen that air front porch in war times I reckon you'd a-thought there was some one-legged fellers connected with the house—nd one-arm fellers, too. Right smart of 'em both. They'd fight round here 'nd then be lugged in ter be amputated. Should say there was a one-legged pusson connected with this house," he repeated, easing another log out of the woodpile. "Five-hundred one-legged pussons."

Miss Buchanan paused for a moment, dazed by the number of eligibles as one-legged ghosts. Then she asked: "Wasn't there some one of them, or some other one-legged person, especially connected with the house?"

"Now jes' you tell me, ma'am, why you ask that air question?" retorted Farmer Paine. He stopped his shuffling about and log-hauling, and looked at his lady boarder, his keen, gray eye fully unlimbered.

"Why, because this thing that walks around the place is one-legged," replied Miss Buchanan bluntly. "Of course, the one-legged kind are no worse than the two-legged ones, I suppose," she added, smiling. "I only thought this might help to identify it."

Farmer Paine looked at the young

woman in awe and admiration. She was actually getting acquainted with the ghost. Then he spoke with slow emphasis.

"I declare to goodness ef you ain't the fust to find that out. It jes' throws light on this walking critter. There was one soldier that what you say makes me think of. He was a Yank as was brought in on that porch o' mine senseless, 'nd they took his leg off 'fore he came to. He was madder'n a March hare when he found his leg gone, 'cause he said there warn't no need o' cuttin' it off. He cussed awful," said Farmer Paine meditatively, "nd swore ef he died he'd jes' harnt the place. 'Nd he did die, 'nd it's him as walks; jest out o' cussedness," he added viciously. "I didn't take his ole leg off. 'Nd here he's ben worryin' me 'nd the family 'gone twenty-five year, 'nd queer in' the place for summer boarders. Ef you ain't cute to get on to the cuss!"

He betook himself off to let Mrs. Paine hear the news. As for Miss Buchanan, having gone so far toward establishing the presence of a ghost as to put a tag on him, it was hardly possible to still flout at the existence of such disembodied wanderers. But ghost or no ghost, she was not going to let it frighten her. No such victory as that for him.

The young woman worked out quite a theory about the one-legged ghost, and explained it to Miss Gorner. "He does this thing for spite," she said. "He was furious with old Paine for letting his leg be taken off, and is doing his best to annoy the family and anybody who may be staying here. It is a petty spirit of revenge, and shows what a narrow-minded, mean thing he is. But, Mina, he's not going to drive me away or frighten me either, unless he has more tricks up his sleeve than I think."

The action of the ghost, a few days after this, confirmed Miss Buchanan in her view of his character and strengthened her determination not to be routed by him. The new activity to which their "brother-boarder" betook himself was to open the bureau drawers and then violently slam them in. This seemed more puerile than terrifying; in fact, conduct hardly dignified in a martial wraith who had deposited a leg on the altar of his country.

"I don't believe he was a Union soldier," cried Miss Buchanan indignantly on one occasion when the ghost had wanted in some noisy three-drawer exercises on the bureau. "That might excuse his spite against Mr. Paine, but it makes his conduct toward a New England woman and a foreigner simply contemptible."

The ghost continued to promenade the hall, slam the bureau drawers and rock the beds. Apparently, this was his whole gamut of accomplishments. What vexed Miss Buchanan most was the bed-rocking, because it kept her awake when she really needed the sleep. As an outlet for her indignant feelings she used to indulge in the most contemptuous disparagement of the ghost.

"It must make him feel mean to know that we simply despise him, and aren't a bit scared by his silly little tricks. I can't imagine a greater insult to any self-respecting ghost. When he becomes convinced that he can't drive us away, or even frighten us, he will stomp back to his—well, wherever he stays," she said to Miss Gorner.

"But perhaps he will do w—"

"Worse things?" replied Miss Buchanan. "I don't believe he can, poor, limited spook! And if he can I want to force his hand. When he has played his trump card, Mina, and doesn't take the trick, he will get out. Mark my words."

About a fortnight later, Miss Gorner was obliged to go to Chicago. She was very loathe to leave her companion alone; or, to speak more by the card, with such unsubstantial company. But there was hardly any choice in the matter, for her presence in Chicago was necessary. Miss Buchanan affected perfect willingness to be left unsupported on the field.

While Miss Gorner was away, the ghost seemed to lose interest. By a natural movement of human vanity, Miss Buchanan concluded that he felt it was time lost to waste his energies on her. It must have been Mina that he hoped to scan.

One day she heard Mrs. Paine speaking with her husband about some visit that seemed to be on the tapis. On inquiry, she learned that Mrs. Paine's people, ten miles away, across the river, were to celebrate some family anniversary with



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much pomp and festivity, and all the clan had been bidden to the jocund gathering.

"They want us to come and stay three days," said Mrs. Paine, "but, of course, we wouldn't go off and leave you here all alone. Father can go with Pete and Rube for a day, and then come back, and I'll go with Sissy and Abe. Lor' knows, there won't be no lack o' company there."

"Why, don't think of such a thing for a moment," said Miss Buchanan. "I don't mind staying here by myself. I shall love it. Just get plenty of fire-wood put in my room, and leave me something to eat, and go."

Mrs. Paine was proud of her kind, and the picture of herself as the centre of her own family group at such a solemn reunion had been a most attractive one. To appear in two instalments was to shear the spectacle of nearly all its impressiveness. Naturally, the half that went without her would show up poorly; and she did not relish the thought of her female relatives, each flanked by a dutiful husband, seeing her unsupported by that complementary adjunct.

So Miss Buchanan prevailed on them to go, and one ravishing autumnal morning the young woman found herself the sole tenant of the farm-house. Pete had stacked enough wood upon either side of the big open fireplace for a week, and Mrs. Paine had left a generous supply of cooked food, which could be "het up" or eaten cold.

There was something pleasing in being mistress of everything. Miss Buchanan first carefully secured every door in the house, except the front door. Then took her easel and painting materials out on the front porch, and worked there.

and listened to the step. It came to the door, paused, then, with a slightly quicker progress, pursued its wonted course down the stairs and to the front door.

"Well, Mr. One Leg, you have come and gone quietly enough this time," she thought. "It must be that Mina is the attraction. He probably likes blondes."

She settled back to the perusal of her book. The odor of the fresh logs, piled high on each side of the hearthstone, seemed to bring the sense of the woods into the house, and the fire crackled in cheerful companionship. It wasn't so bad being left alone, although, of course, there was that sense of loneliness.

Suddenly, a volley of rifle shots rent the still air. Miss Buchanan gave a quick start and dropped her book. It sounded from the woods, some distance up the mountain road. What if the men from the still had heard of her being alone and meant to have a little amusement at her expense! Well, they would hardly break in the doors. She glanced at the long, dull barrel of the rifle, and took up her book with a quick sigh. There must be a crowd of them to produce such a terrific explosion.

In a moment, much nearer than before, there was another quick, crashing discharge of guns. These boorish jesters had evidently conspired to fire at the same time, so as to get a more deafening effect. Let them fire until they are bankrupt. They could not get in. She glanced through the window. It was one of those divinely beautiful nights when the sleeping earth is steeped in the shimmering splendor of the moon's fullest radiance and field, and trees, and road, and wall; seemed set in a crystal calm by the inun-

Molly's Secret

By Lilla T. Elder

What do you think has happened?
You'd never, never guess.
This February morning
The postman came and—yes—
He really, truly, brought me
A lovely valentine!
It says outside, "For Molly,"
And so I know it's mine!

Just look—what lovely roses!
And see that teeny dove
Up high among the branches!
And read this, "To My Love."
And if you lift this shutter,
The dearest little face
Peeps out and smiles up at you.
And see what pretty lace!

Who do you s'pose did send it?
The postman doesn't know,
And everybody in the house
Looks at it and says, "No."
If you won't tell, I'll whisper:
I found it on a shelf
And put it in an envelope
And sent it to myself!

Because, you see, I wanted
A valentine so bad,
For though I'm nearly six years old,
Not one I've ever had!
And now the postman knows me,
Don't you feel sure that he
Will bring next year a true one—
And not from only me?

When it got too dark to paint any more, she brought her things inside, locked with special care the front door, and went to the kitchen to get her supper. The lower part of the house, dark and closed, seemed lonely, and she decided to take some cold chicken and a slice of ham up to her room and eat her supper there.

Bolting and locking her own door, she freshened up the fire and proceeded to be as cozy as a young woman could when all alone in a secluded Virginia farm-house, with the possibility of an evening call from a ghost. It was a little lonesome. She ate her supper slowly, and then lit the lamp and settled down by the fire to read. Her book was one very suitable to the occasion. It was "Picciola," that gentle tale of a prisoned soldier's love for a sustaining flower. As she sat there contentedly reading, the leaping flame throwing gleams of orange light on her dark, serene face, the little woman did not seem an easy mark to nervous fears.

As a matter of prudence, she had got Farmer Paine to leave his gun, well loaded, in her room. It stood in the corner near the window. Her interest in the book had made her forget her loneliness, when suddenly she heard the slow footfall out in the echoing stillness of the passage. Her first thought was whether she had firmly secured the front door. She remembered perfectly with what care she had done it. Besides, the steps, as usual, were coming from the window and going toward the stairs. It was only the ghost.

But it was the first time she had been favored with its visitation when she was absolutely alone, and there was a quicker beat to her heart as she raised her head

dating flood of silvery light. The sharp crack of the fusillading marauders was a ruder blow to the ear from contrast with this subduing hush. Once more, this time much nearer, came the riotous burst of exploding rifles. Not once, but twice! thrice!—with not a second's delay between them—came the volleying crash.

This certainly could be no band of straggling bumpkins or larkish moon-shiners! There had been scarcely time to reload and fire, the shots had come in such quick succession; yet the volume of sound was the same as before. This seemed a battalion pouring a stormy salvo from hundreds of guns, till the windows rattled and the house shook.

The heart of the plucky little woman, sitting there in mordant loneliness, ceased for a moment to beat; she held her very breath, and her brain grew cold with terror. Her hands fell to her sides and stiffened there spasmodically. She closed her eyes tightly and her whole frame quivered in the thrall of blind fright. What was this detonating force—this unknown throng of tormenting riflemen—hounding her in her isolation!

For one moment this deathly terror held her in its grasp. The next came the reaction, equally intense. Whatever it was, she must know. Bounding to her feet, she sprang to where the rifle stood, clutched it, flung open the window wide, and with the weapon in her hands, stood there, the yellow light of the lamp outlining her form distinctly. They should see that they had not terrified her. She stood there, full in their view, defiant, looking down on—

The stillest, most absolutely deserted aspect of the valley that had ever met her

Building a Home with War-Savings Stamps



To make the plan simpler, take a concrete case:

A man had \$500 saved towards building a home when war broke out. Uncertain as to the effects of the war, he waited some months, still steadily saving. Later he found that building costs had advanced greatly.

To-day he has \$800, but with present prices this sum can accomplish no more than \$500 in 1914. So he invests it in War-Savings Stamps.

Eight hundred dollars invested in Dominion of Canada War-Savings Stamps this month becomes, on the first day of 1924, the sum of \$1,000.

Prices will probably have adjusted themselves in great measure by then, and the man with \$1,000 will be in a decidedly better position to build according to his own requirements.

There is a suggestion conveyed in this example that all who propose to build should consider—

First—The increase in capital through investment in Government security.

Second—The increased purchasing power of the dollar, which at present is very low.

Those who have lesser amounts to invest will find these considerations apply similarly.

War-Savings Stamps are sold for \$4.00 each in January, advancing one cent each month thereafter, and are redeemable by the Dominion of Canada at \$5.00 each on the first day of 1924.

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eyes. The smallest objects were brought out in the dazzling white light of the moon with startling distinctness. There was not the faintest breath of wind. All was as motionless and quiet as death. The rough, yellow road that wound past the house, and uncoiled itself into the valley, showed not a single form upon its tawny length. There was something of solemn repression in the silence and the solitude.

Miss Buchanan rushed breathlessly to the other window that commanded the road till it disappeared in the woods, higher up toward the crest of the mountain. Her eye searched along its entire length. Not a creature in sight anywhere.

As she stood there marveling, from the woods below her belched forth another terrific explosion of musketry, the crashing din of the firing making her ears ache with its blatant fury. It was a salvo from a whole regiment's muskets, with not one living soul in evidence.

Then a thought darted into her mind—that wood haunted by dead soldiers! The persecuting one-legged ghost was playing his last card! He had marshaled the spirits of his comrades, and this uncanny cohort had made a united effort to down her courage.

As this conviction dawned in her mind the young woman felt herself tingle with a new thrill. She leaned from the win-

dow, waved her right hand gaily and shouted "Bravo," in mocking acceptance of the ghosts' "feu de joie." Then, standing erect, she set the butt of the rifle firmly against her shoulder, pointed it at the middle of the road and banged away in a derisive return fire.

Then she closed the windows briskly, as if the play was over, put the emptied rifle back in the corner, and sat down to her book again, her small frame trembling from the strain, but grateful that her fright had been so passing and her rally so complete. No sound but the roar of the logs came to her ears for the rest of the night.

"Mina," said Miss Buchanan to the gentle Gorner, when, on her return, she had finished telling her of this aggressive sortie of the ghostly regiment, "I told you that when the one-legged soldier had played his trump card and lost, it would end him. We will hear no more of our brother-boarder. I have laid that ghost."

"But—" began Miss Gorner.

"But nothing," cried Miss Buchanan with conviction. "There won't be any others. He will tell the rest!"

Whatever the one-legged soldier did, he walked no more at Paine's farm-house. Miss Buchanan is converted to a belief in ghosts, but she flouts at them more than ever. She has routed one

wandered hungrily along the shelves of cakes, until it was arrested by something else. There, in large letters, it stood forth:—

"Lost a Purse"

She read the notice through and saw the address of a house in Hove. If she took the purse to this house, she would be rewarded. She wondered how much they would give her. Not much, she felt sure. At any rate, not twenty whole pounds! But she retraced her steps; for she had been going in the opposite direction. After half an hour's walk, she found the house, and, on being asked to wait in the drawing-room, she glanced around her. She had been accustomed to this style of room, and she did not need to be told that the owner must be rich. She leant back lazily amongst the soft cushions. O, how comfortable they felt, after the hard, unyielding furniture of her cheap lodging!

The door opened at last, to admit a young man of about thirty. He had kind blue eyes, thick fair hair, and was broad-shouldered and strong.

"I'm Doctor Smith," he said. "I think you asked for my mother. She's out now; but, as you said your errand was very important, perhaps I'll do as well."

Somehow, he did not feel very sorry that his mother was, temporarily, absent, as he gazed with pleasure at the beautiful girl facing him.

"I've just found this purse," said Lena, handing it to him. "I think it must belong to Mrs. Smith."

"O yes," admitted the man, taking it carelessly and dropping it into his pocket. "Thanking you very much for bringing it. Are you a stranger here?" he asked. "I know almost the whole town, yet I don't remember to have ever seen you before?"

"I came from London, a few weeks ago," answered Miss Watkins, handing him her card. "Yes, I'm quite strange now, though I used not to be years ago."

"And how do you like Brighton?" he questioned, just to make conversation, so as to detain his visitor longer.

But, instead of answering him, Lena leant back in her chair, and a hazy look came over her face, then gradually, she turned ghastly pale and fell in a swoon on the ground.

"I expect my professional care is needed here a bit," muttered the doctor to himself, as he bent hastily over her, unloosed her clothes and felt her heart and pulse. Then he carried her gently to the couch. At that moment his mother entered. She was surprised to see a patient in the drawing-room, instead of in the consulting room. Briefly, Richard Smith explained the reason of the girl's visit whilst he tried to restore her to consciousness.

"Did you give her the reward I promised?" asked Mrs. Smith in a whisper.

"Of course not. I forgot all about it. Besides, look at her costly furs. It would have been an insult to offer a girl of her class, money!"

Mrs. Smith bent over the girl and womanlike, she quickly detected many things which had escaped her son's observation. She noted the worn out shoes, the appearance of the skirt, and the mended patch on the blouse. A really rich girl would have given these things to her maid, long ago. Even the beautiful rings on the girl's fingers did not deceive her. She held her peace, and went softly from the room. Coming back in a short time, she placed a tray on the table. There was a steaming hot cup of cocoa, there were ham sandwiches, there was buttered toast and marmalade.

By this time, Lena was again conscious and she could not keep the hunger look from her eyes when they fell on the tray.

"I'll come in again in an hour," said the doctor. "You need not hurry to go yet, Miss Watkins. I hope you'll stay with my mother and myself for lunch?"

Lena thanked him with her eyes, and, when she found herself alone with Mrs. Smith, it was not long before, hunger appeased, she poured out her tale to the kindly old lady beside her.

"I could never imagine you a shop girl," said Mrs. Smith. "Poor child, you'd not be happy for a moment."

"But I can't do anything else," pur-

Found, a Purse

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Nestor Noel

LENA Watkins was just as near starvation as anyone would care to be. She had tramped the Brighton streets for weeks, and now her shoes were all worn down at the heels and her black skirt had a bedraggled look about it.

When her father had died three months previously, and had left her well-nigh penniless, somehow she felt she could not endure the pitying glances of her friends in London, so she had left the great metropolis and had come to Brighton. The first few days gave her renewed courage; for the bracing sea air made her feel the joy of living. She was only twenty, and being strong and healthy, she could not mourn forever. Youth soon blunts the edge of grief. And so she started out to fight life's battle alone. And very brave she surely was, at the beginning. But how can a girl, accustomed to every luxury and not fitted in any way to earn her living, hope to compete with the working-girl who has thought of little else since her childhood?

And thus it was with Lena. She found that her knowledge was of no use, from a pecuniary point of view. She could play a little, as most society girls can, she could speak a little French and dance very well; but, of what use was all this? Then she was beautiful beyond the ordinary, and this, instead of being an asset, proved a handicap. If she tried to teach, she found that the jealous mothers of families did not want such a pretty girl around the place. When she tried to get into a shop, she could not bear the looks of admiration cast on her by the men, and the supercilious, jealous looks of the girls. Besides, the shop girls were so rough, and she did not know how to mix with them. Their common talk, their slang and their giggling hurt her so that she felt she would rather be a nursemaid.

This morning, she had paid her landlady and, having eaten a little breakfast, she had set off for the beach. Perhaps, if she paused awhile and considered matters over, before starting on her weary tramp of the streets, she might find some solution of the mystery of obtaining work. She sat gazing outward at the great waves, all unconscious of what a lovely picture she made as the morning sun shone on her rich clusters of curly, auburn hair, and her big, brown eyes looked so pathetically childlike. Her cheeks were a delicate pink, and her mouth was so adorable that it seemed just made for kisses. She had taken off her hat, so as to half lie on the sand, and the wind blowing her hair about her, and the very touch of the salt spray, which wetted her face, from time to time, was exhilarating. At least, it would have been once; but now, nothing seemed to matter any more. How often in the past, she had played as a child, on these same sands, making castles and surrounding them with the glistening, smooth pebbles of which there were so many.

She had on a costly fur, which she drew around her shoulders; for a person who has eaten very little is never too warm. She did not know that furs can be turned into money. She had never heard of pawnbrokers, nor did she know that she wore rings which could have kept her from starving for months. No, she did not know all this; but she did know that she had only sixpence left in the world, and she could not tell where to get her next meal, and she felt, oh, so hungry.

Surely the people of the upper middle class have much to answer for, when they bring up their children as useless members of society, accustomed to every luxury, and then leave them penniless.

Lena's dainty, white hands shifted the sand lazily through her fingers as a puzzled look passed over her face. She was sure her landlady would turn her out if she did not pay next week's rent, and she did not like to ask her for meals in advance. It seemed so dishonest when she did not know if she could ever pay. Poor Lena, perhaps she had read of unpleasant landladies, in her novels; and she did not realize that they are very human, and often conceal hearts of gold under their rough exteriors.

But in her idle shifting of the sand, Lena came upon something big. She dug it out, thinking it might be an uncommon kind of seaweed; but no! It was a purse, and what is more, a very heavy one. Quickly she put it in her pocket, and then, getting up and walking briskly along she came to a secluded spot where, under the shadow of a rock, she took out the purse and counted its contents. One, two, four, eight, ten, twenty pounds! Was ever luck like hers? She put the purse again, hastily, into her pocket. What a breakfast she could now have, and what a dinner, and many, many more meals! There was no card in the purse. She felt convinced that she would never find the owner. Then, surely, she had a right to it—the right of possession? But something seemed to tell her that it was not so. Was there not some way—oh yes!—she remembered now. Had she not read about it? She ought to take her "find" to the police station. Perhaps they'd give her something for doing so. They might give her sixpence or even one shilling. But that was awful! Here she sat, with twenty whole pounds in her possession, and was she to give them up, just for a principle? How careless of people to leave things about like that! Perhaps the owner was rich, and would not even feel the loss; whilst she, herself was starving. Then Lena realized, that if she kept this purse, she could never be happy again. Surely death was preferable to dishonour. Reluctantly, she rose and tried to find her way to the police station. Once she asked a policeman, and though he eyed her with surprise, he directed her.

Passing a confectioner's, her glance

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Peace Hath Her Victories

and responsibilities. The duty of every man now is to provide a living for himself and his family, and help in the reconstruction of the world. The great call is still for food. Other industries may collapse, but agriculture must go on.

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sued the other. "It seems to me that I might hand things out over a counter."

"Even that requires more experience than you'd ever guess," remarked the old lady. "But I think I can offer you something more to your taste, and it only rests with yourself to accept it."

Lena leaned forward eagerly as Mrs. Smith went on. "I knew your dear father years ago, and it was a great shock to me when I heard of his death. Of course, I did not know that he had left you penniless. I knew you were his only child and I have been trying to find you. But I thought you might be staying with some rich relations. Only a week ago, I found out about his financial loss; but, even then, I did not realize what it meant to you."

"I have no rich relations," put in Lena.

"So I discovered later," observed the elder woman. "I knew there were none on your father's side,—ah,—you seem astonished at me for saying this. O my dear, dear child! You'll never understand how strange are the ways of Providence in sending you to me. George Watkins and I were sweethearts once; then there came a quarrel, and estrangement followed. We were both to blame; but we were young and headstrong and could not foresee the future. We parted in anger, and then he married your mother. It was not a very happy union, as things go; but she, poor thing, was not left to him long. When I heard of her death, at the time of your birth, I felt sorry for him; and I longed to adopt you, then and there; but what could I do? I was far away, in India, at the time, and when I came back and met your father, casually, one day, I could feel that the old wound still rankled; so, who was I to offer to take his child? By that time, you were no longer the helpless infant you had been; but a beautiful, graceful girl who had twined her heart round her old father's, and he would not have parted with you, for love or money."

Lena was crying softly now, as she recalled how much her father had been to her, and she to him.

"Don't weep so, child," murmured the old lady, laying her hand tenderly on the young girl's shoulder. "I did not mean to remind you of your recent loss. But I had to talk about the past, in order that you would see that my request is not so very strange, after all. I have often longed for a daughter of my own. Will you be that daughter? Will you come and live with me here—not as a companion or to earn a living,—but as my own adopted child? I shall do my best to be a mother to you. Believe me, I think I can give you a good home—such a home as you have been accustomed to have. Will you stay with me and be the joy of my old age?"

"You are too good to me," cried Lena, impulsively, as she rose and gave Mrs. Smith a kiss. "I shall do all I can to be a daughter to you."

* * *

Lena counted that day on which she had found the purse as the luckiest day of her life, and she was more than glad that the sight of so much money had not led her, even in her then starved state, to appropriate what was not hers.

Tact

The stout lady struggled with difficulty into the railway carriage. "Ah!" she gasped. "That door might ha' been made by 'Old Sam.'"

She paused for breath, says the Manchester Guardian, and then proceeded to explain:

"You see Old Sam was one of them chaps 'oo'd got on. Went from a three-and-six cottage to a big 'ouse. But 'is missis wasn't used to a big 'ouse, and spent all 'er time in kitchen wi' servants. Old Sam didn't like this, but 'e never argued wi' women. Now, she was stout, like me. So he takes her away to Blackpool, and while they was away he'd the kitchen door built up narrer, so the servants could get in and out, but not t' missis. That did 'er, that did."

"'E'd what I call tact," said a man opposite.

And all sat lost in admiration of the tactfulness of Old Sam.

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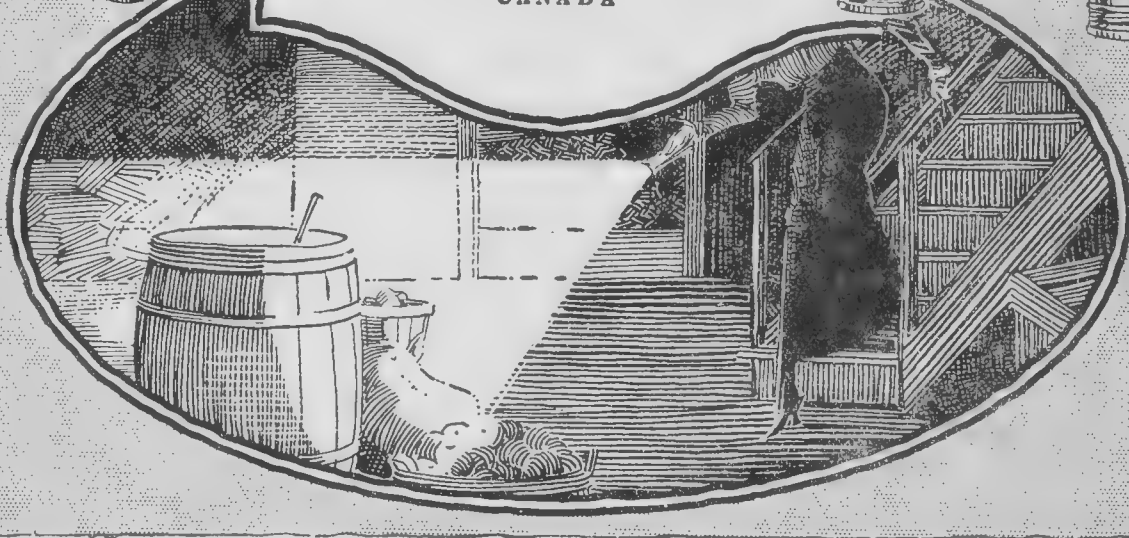
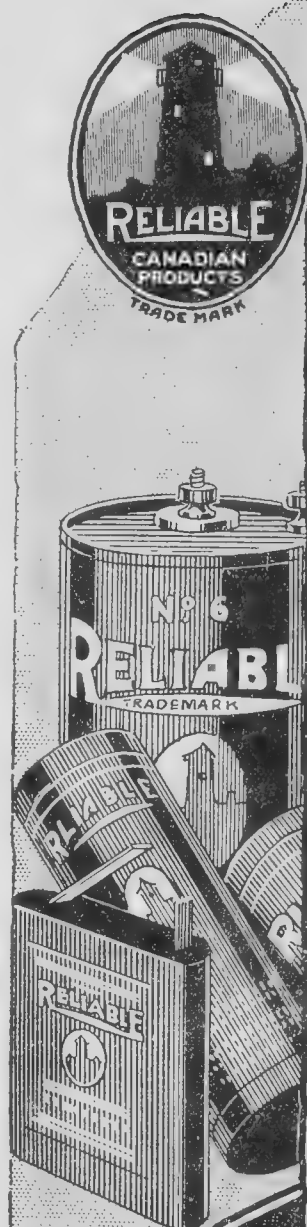
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The Pinnacles of Fame

By Hopkins Moorhouse

BO-ARD!" warned the conductor sonorously as he swung briskly to the platform; for even the pokey local did not stop at Tiverton longer than was imperative.

But Mr. Ashberry Emerson was not one to be bulldozed into unseemly haste by the officials of any rusty little railroad, even if his ticket did read through to such an insignificant place as Tiverton. He descended with all the unruffled self-possession that marks the experienced traveller and the man of large affairs.

Indeed, Mr. Emerson's personal appearance paid full tribute to such status. His gray Tuxedo was as spotless as it was uncreased; his fancy vest was of the latest cut, his linen immaculate, his soft lavender cravat tied in an artistic knot, his neat striped trousers—in very truth, from the soles of his gleaming patent-leathers to the crown of his nobby derby hat was Mr. Ashberry Emerson a man of metropolitan flavor. It needed not that he was good-looking to add to his air of distinguished affluence.

With rumpled tow hair and one big hand funnelled on either side of a surprisingly wide mouth, a rawboned youth was standing on the front seat of a democrat at the end of the platform, his only mission in life apparently being to bawl: "All 'board fer Ell-yott's You-reeka Hotel!" till his face was very red. One beckoning flip of the gentleman's pearl-gray gloves brought him tumbling heels over head out of the rig in an overwhelming desire to arrive before sundry loungers, propped against the station wall, awoke to the fact that there was business afoot. As they came for him, pell-mell in an eager scuffling bunch, Mr. Emerson smiled with the easy indulgence of one accustomed to being obeyed promptly; then, having relinquished his suit-case and baggage-checks, he advanced along the platform, jauntily swinging his shiny silver-tipped cane and looking about with interest.

A toothless old man, whose bony brown hands rested heavily on the knob of his stick, stooped towards him with the peer of failing sight. Mr. Emerson stopped abruptly.

"Well, bless my heart! if it isn't—Why, how are you, Jerry?" he greeted jovially.

"Wash ye a-shpeakin' to me, shir?" asked the old fellow nervously.

"To Jerry Rawlins and no one else. It's a long time, Jerry. No doubt I've outgrown your recollection, eh?"

"Mm—mm. Aye a'nt sheein' shpry 'sh Aye uster. Aye dunno who ye be, shir," admitted Jerry, peering close and rasping the gray stubble on his chin in growing bewilderment.

"Well, can't say I blame you," smiled Mr. Emerson. "Time brings its changes, and—let me see—it must be full fifteen years since I helped rob your cabbage-patch on Hallowe'en. Perhaps you remember a barefooted, freckle-faced young rascal by the name of Tommy Emerson?"

"Oo—aye!" nodded the old man slowly. "Jabe Emerson's boy! An' be ye a-tellin' me ye're him? Look ud thet, wud ye! Oh, look ud thet, now! Well, by Jing! An' now be ye, Tommy?" cried old Jerry in wheezy excitement.

"Fine as silk!" declared Mr. Emerson.

"Shilk? Shilk, be they? Look ud thet, wud ye, now!" he cackled. "Aye mush shay them do be fine duds!"

Mr. Emerson's amusement sobered

away suddenly. He laid a hesitant hand on the old fellow's shoulder.

"My mother—she is—quite well, I hope?"

"Hey? Oh, Lordy! an' thet she be—right smart, Tommy. An' she were a-shayin' to me on'y yeshtiddy—"

"Come on, Jerry! 'Bus is waiting, and we'll ride down-town together. Got a hundred questions to ask you!"

Mr. Ashberry Emerson's laugh was buoyant. He breathed deeply; his eyes shone. He tossed a half-dollar to the towheaded driver of the democrat and told that lanky individual that if there was any change to buy himself an automobile with it; and the regular fare being only ten cents per passenger, Tow-Head spent his exuberance upon the bony horse with such lavish hand that they rolled the record all to finders and pulled up in front of "Ell-yott's You-reeka Hotel" with a jolt that ran the shafts clean up to the horse's ears and sent old Jerry Rawlins sprawling from his seat.

But old Jerry didn't care. Nobody cared; for had not the station loungers already joined the hotel loungers, and were they not all lined up with a single thought? Assuredly. Nor did "the Widder Emerson's boy, Tom—him that runned away fifteen years ago" fail to interpret the full measure of his duty; he knew many things, did Mr. Ashberry Emerson, and after the third drink and a cigar all around, the crowd in Dick Elliot's bar were prepared to assert the fact with spirit could they have found anybody to question a thing so self-evident.

For after throwing a silver dollar to wee Johnny Bowser and sending him flying off to the little cottage on the outskirts with a warning of his arrival, Mr. Emerson with befitting liberality had passed around little white pasteboard cards from which the major portion of Tiverton's male population assimilated the fact that he was no less a personage than

T. Ashberry Emerson
Premier's Private Secretary
Toronto, Canada.

Whereupon Editor Bill Basset had taken it upon himself to explain that the word "Premier" was derived from the Latin premo, meaning first, and that in Canada the State-Governors were called Premiers, because they were the first or highest officials in their several States, only they were called Provinces instead of States, etc., etc.

Then Mayor Pratt had happened along and delivered a speech backing up what Editor Basset had said, and enlarging eloquently upon the national importance of Premiers and Premiers' Secretaries, and the magnificent success that had been attained by their fellow-townsmen—for they would always and had always considered him a fellow-townsmen, even though the glittering Pinnacles of Fame had called him from their midst, etc., etc.

So that finally, when Mr. Emerson had responded in ready appreciation of these beautiful sentiments, the cheer he evoked quite drowned the weak voice of old Jerry Rawlins, who was vainly trying to get somebody to listen to the important, if not wholly reliable, information that "Aye knowed 'm ash shoon 'sh Aye sot may aye on 'm."

And while all this was going on at the hotel, wee Johnny Bowser reached the Emerson cottage in a state of panting incoherency and frightened the good old woman half out of her wits and poor, simpering Sarah Ann completely out of the small quantity she had; so that they bustled madly about to straighten up the house, under the impression that the bishop of the diocese in a long-tailed coat had arrived and had sent them out a dollar to pay for his supper.

This way came back to the home of his boyhood, after fifteen long years, young Tommy Emerson, the village scamp of yore. The news of his advent spread abroad quite as swiftly as if he had murdered somebody or carried an epidemic of smallpox in his suit-case, the only difference being that the trail of talk was everywhere commendatory instead of condemnatory. And the story of his rise in life formed the chief topic of conversation at more than one hundred tea-tables that night.

"An' he's went an' brought his mother the mos' wunnerfullest, b'fulest black silk dress y' ever seen!" vouchsafed Miss Susie Pratt's young sister, who had been lucky enough to chance into the Emerson cottage on her way home from school. "An' the's oh sech a purty bunnet to go



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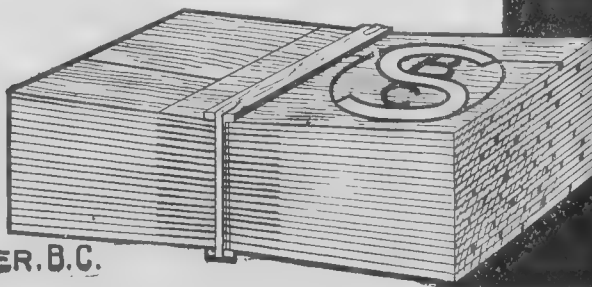
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with it—all kivered with pink flowers! An' he's went an' gone an' bought his sister, Sairy Ann, a gol' ring with reely di'munds in 't, an' it shines just like everthin'. An'—an' the's a grea' big box o' candy; an'—an' a dress fer Sairy Ann too! An'—an' I heerd 'm say as he wuz agoin' to git new carpsits an' fix the house up purty! An'—an'—"

But at this point the strain of such a prolonged speech without interruption and reproval by and from those in authority so embarrassed the excited Jemima that mere words failed her in the hour of need and she subsided, gasping for breath.

"Laws! He must've got quite well off," commented Mrs. Pratt with interest.

"Wait till ye see the clo'es he's got on!" nodded the Mayor, with a pleased smile. "I declar' I ain't seen sech a spic-an'-span young hoss in—member thet there drummer the gals all raved over here las' summer? Well, ef Tom Emerson ain't got him beat out in the first heat—well, purt' nigh!" Mrs. Pratt looked fondly across at his elder daughter, Susie, who blushed prettily, and followed it up with a sly wink at her mother, who smiled confidently.

"I think, Pa, I'll jest run over in the mornin' an' see ef Mis' Emerson can't come an' take tea with us to-morry night," said the latter. "You know, we be'n agoin' to ast her—"

Mr. Pratt nodded readily. "I hev a'ready invited the young man, Tildy," he announced with the calm assurance of a man who knows that for once his action is beyond criticism. "An' what's more to the p'int, he's a-comin'—with pleasure, he sed."

Thus it began. And because Mrs. Councilman Hendricks knew Mrs. Mayor Pratt of old; because Miss Clementina Hendricks was as pretty as Miss Susie Pratt (oh, bless you, every bit!); because, furthermore, Mrs. Councilman Hendricks also had for a long time been going to ask Mrs. Emerson in for tea—because of these things it came about that Mrs. H. and Mrs. P. reached the Emerson gate at one and the same moment next morning. And once the leaders of Tiverton society had stepped forward, the rank and file trotted after like a bleating flock of very fluffy and very curious baa-baas.

And it is safe to say that never in all her born days had dear old Mrs. Emerson heard so many kind words or received so many apologies for so many things; certainly never so many invitations to dinner and tea. It quite bewildered her to keep track of them; so that finally she had to jot them down in the back of the little book where she kept her grocery accounts. For of course nobody would hear of such a thing as a refusal—not for the tiniest of minutes!

More than this, they coaxed the little old lady into donning the new silk dress, with the bonnet to match; and Sarah Ann put on hers, too, and stood near the window so that the sun could make the diamond ring sparkle for their individual and collective delectation, after which everybody ate a candy out of the big, flowery bon-bon box. Never were such candies! Never was such a ring! Never such dresses and bonnets!

And the Widow Emerson sat herself down in the old rocker, her faded cheeks glowing with pride as she told of what Tommy was going to do to fix up the house; how years ago when he went away from home and was kissing her good-by he had said that some day he was coming back, all fixed up in fine clothes, and would bring her this very silk dress and this very bonnet when he had become a man and famous in the big cities. At which Mrs. Pratt kept bobbing her head and murmured: "Won-der-ful!" And Mrs. Hendricks kept bobbing her head and remarked: "How nice!" And all the others kept bobbing their heads and relieved themselves of similar comments. Never was such a boy!

He knew many things, did Mr. Ashberry Emerson; that was why, after shaking hands with Mesdames Pratt and Hendricks, he skipped out the back way and fled to the shelter of the Bugle office, where Editor Bill Bassett, in a particularly dirty shirt, sat with his long legs crossed on a particularly rickety old table, smoking an equally dilapidated cob pipe, tied together with string and plugged beneath with a cork. It was foggy inside, due to eruption of said pipe, and Mr. Bassett was deeply engrossed, being up to his ears in admiration of a literary masterpiece the

preparation of which had kept him up most of the night.

For it was not often that Editor Bill had opportunity worthy of those far flights of which his fancy was capable when it really got going; when Mr. Bassett straddled Pegasus in the glow of a "big story," he was good for much more than a hundred yards. That he considered the arrival in their midst of Mr. T. Ashberry Emerson, Private Secretary, occasion for a loud and long blast from the Bugle was as obvious as the galley-proofs in his hands. Not only was there a full column of eulogy in the editor's best classical vein; but in addition there were interviews with all of Tiverton's old-timers, recalling the days when the "honored son of an honorable father and a gracious mother" had spagged about in his bare feet at the head of a horde of young scamps, a fact significant of those qualities of leadership which had been so amply exemplified in the successful career which he had carved for himself despite the exigencies of twentieth-century competition, etc., etc.

"Think she'll do?" queried Bill as he wiped his inky hands on his trousers and gingerly picked a cigar from the silver-mounted case which his visitor proffered. "I c'd do a lot better 'n that, if I wasn't so all-fired busy 't I had to dash her off any kind o' a way," he apologized mendaciously.

"Mr. Bassett," replied T. Ashberry with enthusiasm, "I venture to say I couldn't do it better myself. But what is all this about a banquet in the Opera House? I haven't heard anything of that."

"Well, I 'low you will," averred Bill, with a knowing grin. "Anythin' the Bugle prints, Mr. Emerson, c'n be th'r'ly relied upon as bein' stric'ly 'cordin' to fac'. We gets our noos in advance; else w'y be a noospaper at all? I says. Ther'll be speechifyin', an' the ladies is goin' to per-vide the 'freshments, an' the shindig'll wind up with dancin'—jest like the Bugle says. An' you're to be the guest o' honor, an' the town pays fer the light—jest like the Bugle says."

And sure enough, the Bugle was right, even to the prediction that the affair would be marked by that unqualified success which alone could be in harmony with the proud achievements of their honored guest. In fact, Tiverton outshone itself so completely that everybody was vaguely surprised at everybody else; and it was a very delicate question indeed as to which looked the nicer—Miss Susie Pratt or Miss Clementina Hendricks, both being resplendent in new dresses, be-ribboned and befrilled.

"'S like chicken," facetiously remarked Mr. Bassett, nudging Miss Arabella Robb. "Some's fond o' the light an' some's fond o' the dark, but both is chicken. 'Pears like he's ekelly fond o' both. See them winnin' smiles, Miss Robb? When Mark Antonio c'n handle two Cleopatros—well, statesmanlike tac', I calls it."

"An' he has such a classic profile!" chirped Miss Robb, who was taking a correspondence course in art.

Thus from the time old Ben Groat, who was "deef as a post," had bitten a piece out of the first sandwich under the misapprehension that the parson had already asked the blessing—from the very first to the very last, T. Ashberry Emerson, Private Secretary, sat, ate, spoke, and danced in the focus of the public eye, in the white light of public favor. Breathlessly they listened while he told them of that vast Dominion to the north; of political campaigns which had necessitated him travelling thousands of miles in company with Premier E. B. Knowles; of how once they had been stuck in a snow-bank for three days in the northern part of the province and might have suffered untold hardships had it not been for the fact that they always travelled in the Premier's private car, which was kept constantly well-stocked with luxurious comforts of all sorts.

The trainmen had managed to keep the engine alive in order that they might have steam in the pipes. So that there they were, snug and cozy as could be, with Jepson, the steward, serving sherry bouillon, fricassee of calf's sweetbread, sliced California tomatoes, and other unseasonable delicacies; while outside the snow was jammed level with the cab windows of the engine, and a blizzard howled furiously and filled the air so full of flying snow that once outdoors you couldn't see your own nose, let alone anybody else's.

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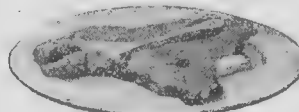
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missionary fresh from the benighted heathen of Greenland's Icy Mountains, Mr. Emerson paused. He ran his eyes slowly down one side of the long banquet-board and back up the other side. Old Ben Groat, with one hand behind his best ear, was leaning forward as far as he could get without falling completely over into stout Mrs. Larcombe's lap; old Jerry Rawlins, with his mouth so wide open that his lower "goombs" were visible, was peering earnestly; everybody else seemed equally bent on obeying the Scriptural injunction concerning those that had ears to hear. With a thrill of gratification, Mr. Emerson cleared his throat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he resumed, "I went up to the Premier and I said, 'E. B.' I said, 'this is a bad storm.' He turned to me and, putting his hand on my shoulder, he said, 'Emer, you're right as usual. It is a bad storm—a very bad storm. In fact, Emer, my boy,' he said to me, 'now that you speak of it, I may say, with all due regard for truth and precedent, it's the very worst storm I've seen in thirty years.'

"I saw, ladies and gentlemen, that we were indeed stuck and would not be able to reach our destination for that night's meeting. I pointed this out to the Premier and succeeded in convincing him that I was right. We had telegraph apparatus on board, and I ordered the train-crew to cut the wire and put us in touch with the operator at the next station. In that way I got word through that we were stuck and knew that they would send a snow-plow to dig us out as soon as possible.

"I then rang the bell for the steward, 'Jepson,' I said, 'bring us some cigars.' 'Would you like the Havanas or the Domestic, sir?' said Jepson to me. And, knowing the Premier would leave the choice to me, having at all times great confidence in my judgment and discretion, 'Bring us the Havanas, Jepson,' I ordered. And when he had obeyed my instructions, we lit our cigars and played dominoes, the Premier and me."

Commenting in the Bugle afterwards, Editor Bill said it was a "masterly oration," a verdict with which everybody agreed. In fact, the whole affair, from "alpha to omega," was a glowing tribute to their fellow-townsmen, and equalled only by the enthusiastic send-off which marked Mr. Ashberry Emerson's departure from their midst. For, pleasant though it be thus to renew the ties of home and fireside, a politician perforce must meet the incessant demands entailed by virtue of his position as a public servant; so said Mr. Emerson. And when he had fixed up his mother's little place till it was cozy and pretty as could be; when he had opened an account for her at the local bank; when he had given a subscription to the Temperance League, had stuffed a ten-dollar bill into old Jerry Rawlins's pocket to pay for the cabbages stolen in the wicked days of yore, and had paid for the Bugle several years in advance—when he had done these things and several more, Mr. Emerson packed his trunk.

The Mayor and Councilmen, who had consulted him on several matters of civic importance such as drains, etc., showed their gratitude for the expert advice thus cheaply acquired, by hiring the Tiverton Brass Band of six separate and distinct pieces to escort the Secretary to the station, and the whole town turned out to say good-by.

A great day it was for Mr. Ashberry Emerson. A great day was it for poor Sarah Ann, who wore her new dress and showed her shiny ring to wee Johnny Bowser and other small creatures, filling them with unholy envy and admiration. But it was the greatest day of all for old Mrs. Emerson, whose cheeks were flushed a wild-rose pink with excitement, and whose eyes shone with tears of love and pride in her boy.

The train was almost on time for once, and the short interval before it steamed in was one of the liveliest the little wooden station had ever experienced. Mayor Pratt, Councilman Hendricks, and all the other councilmen and officials seized the opportunity for making brief speeches. Editor Bill Bassett flitted here, there, and everywhere, his note-book in constant use. The gay ribbons of Miss Pratt and Miss Hendricks fluttered in the breeze, and their hearts went pit-a-pat every time Mr. Emerson smiled upon them, which was often. Old Jerry Rawlins, who had been fidgeting about in an anxious attempt to find somebody to talk to, finally discovered an audience in the palsied person of

old Ben Groat, who was promptly driven into a corner and there buttonholed.

"Aye tell ye, Ben, Aye knowed 'm ash shoon 'sh Aye sot may aye on 'im! An' he shaysh to me, 'Jerry,' he shaysh, 'Aye wanten talk to ye an' nobuddy elshe,' he shaysh. 'Aye wanten show ye m' noo clo'es,' he shaysh, 'fer they be made o' shilk,' he shaysh. An' Aye shaysh to him—"

Far down the track a whistle blew and smoke was visible. At once the good-byes began. Mr. Emerson shook hands with them all, and if he shook hands with some of them more than once it was for good measure. He kissed his sister, Sarah Ann, who burst into tears. Then, last of all, he went to his little old mother, fondly pinched her cheeks and kissed her several times before them all, vowing that he would be back again just as soon as he could.

In rattled the train and bumped to a squeaky stop. The conductor swung briskly to the platform with a warning "Bo—ard!"—for even the pokey local did not stop at Tiverton longer than was imperative. "Play!" shouted the leader wildly, and the Tiverton Brass Band, standing in a little circle, blew till their six faces went quite red. Thus to the strains of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" did Mr. Ashberry Emerson give his old mother one last big hug and mount the back step of the back car.

As the train pulled leisurely away, a great cheer broke from the assembled citizens of Tiverton—a cheer in which even Bob Applegate and Hen Jenkins joined heartily, despite the fact that their respective girls had not looked at them for two whole weeks.

And Mr. Emerson remained on the rear platform, waving his handkerchief—remained there until the bit of white that fluttered in the uplifted hand of his proud little old mother was utterly lost in the shimmer of distance.

The Premier's carriage, glittering in the sunlight, was standing before the Parliament Buildings. The Premier himself, complacently stroking his mustache, came down the steps.

"Ah!" he said, glancing up at the man who held the reins. "Back again, I see."

"Yes, sir. Just got in this morning, sir, in time to drive up."

"Very good. Take me down to the bank. Tell cook I'll be bringing a couple of the directors out to dinner. And, by the way, my man, overhaul that harness for the sorrel team; it hasn't been cleaned since you left." He paused with one foot on the carriage-step. "Er—had a good time, Thomas?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" grinned Mr. Emerson. "The time of my life, sir! Thank you, sir."

He Obeyed Instructions

The wit of a sharp retort often makes the reader forget its impertinence. Such a rebuke was that which Sir W. S. Gilbert administered to an overbearing man at a dinner-party.

After the dinner, Gilbert was standing in the hall, waiting for a friend to join him, when a pompous and somewhat near-sighted gentleman, mistaking him for one of the servants, exclaimed:

"Call me a cab!"

Gilbert looked the stranger up and down; then he observed, quietly, "You're a four-wheeler."

"What do you mean, sir?" spluttered the other. "How dare you, sir?"

"Well," Gilbert retorted, "you asked me to call you a cab—and I couldn't call you 'hansom.'"

Thick and Thin

During his visit to the United States, Mr. Arnold Bennett told an amusing story about the cockney accent that prevails in parts of London. The Boston Journal repeats the tale.

"The cockney accent," said Bennett, "turns 'make haste' into 'mike iste'; and 'th' it turns into 'v' or 'f.' Thus, in cockney, 'father' is pronounced 'faver,' and 'thistle,' 'fistle.'"

"A little boy, who always spoke the broadest cockney, was sent by his mother to buy some fish.

"'Gimme a haddie,' he said to the fishmonger.

"'Finnan?' the dealer asked.

"At this the boy laughed knowingly, with the air of one determined not to be cheated.

"'Fin 'un?' he said. 'No, not likely. Fick 'un!'"

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"Tricked"

By W R Gilbert



DOOR banged impetuously; quick steps along the polished wood of the passage aroused me to a sense of something happening. I put down my pen with a sigh, then resigned myself.

It must be Rosalie. Rosalie, who had been married just five weeks, and whose gaiety and femininity I had missed horribly, though I was not going to own up to it.

"Uncle Brian, I've come back for good!"

Rosalie stood in front of me, her little chin nestling in the black furs I had given her for part of my wedding present.

A trim little black velvet hat fitted closely on her head, and she had one of those irritating feathers stuck out at an outrageous angle which have a knack of tickling the person behind. I am a novelist, and have trained myself to notice details.

But I forgot to notice anything when I saw her face. Her charming, merry face was downcast. She looked miserable, rather like a bedraggled sparrow. I was very fond indeed of this little niece of mine.

"Why, Rosalie, in trouble?" I said sympathetically. "I'm glad you came to your old uncle."

"Don't be kind to me, or I shall cry. I'm so unused to kindness," she said, with a sob.

"Good gracious!" I said, in surprise. A recollection of Tony on their wedding-day came.

He treated her as some fragile Dresden china ornament. He seemed as if he thought her some wonderful image of porcelain, made for very tender handling.

I had hoped he'd soon get rid of it, for Rosalie was no saint, but a very wilful, withal a very lovable young woman.

"Why, Tony's kind, surely?" I said thoughtfully.

"He's absolutely cruel to me!"

Rosalie had forgotten to cry. She stared at me with her dark eyes intense. Her mouth—such a pretty, soft, red little mouth it was—hardened. I knew from experience that she could be very trying when it set in that way. Poor old Tony had had no experience, no sisters—only a mother who adored him. He had my sympathy, though if he had been unkind to Rosalie I should have something to say. But I guessed it was just a little misunderstanding.

Suddenly Rosalie flung herself at me. The feather which I had spotted tickled me so that I wanted to sneeze, only it would never have done upon such a heartbreaking moment.

"I am going to live with you again. I shall never go back to Tony," she said quietly. "I don't wish to be his wife any more."

"My dear, in England you can't throw off wifehood quite so easily," I remonstrated.

"Then you don't want me, either?" said Rosalie, sitting up and looking at me with the utmost reproach in her great pansy eyes.

"What nonsense, Rosalie!" I said hastily. "Of course I want you. I've missed you terribly. I didn't mean to tell you, but I do."

Rosalie took my hand, and pressed her cool cheek to it lovingly.

"I knew I always had you to come to," she said softly. "It's been my sheet-anchor, to think of this haven."

"Why, I thought you were so happy." I fumbled in my pocket, and, before she could stop me, brought out the letter I had had from her only yesterday. "Listen here, my dear:

"I am absolutely, deliriously happy still. How's that?" I interpolated. "Then you say here: 'Will that surprise you, you old woman hater? You thought I should have quarrelled long before; but Tony is perfect, and I sing all day.'" Rosalie tried to snatch it, then to put

her hand over my mouth, but I resisted successfully. She frowned at me crossly.

"That's unfair," she said, with a pout. "We've quarrelled. This morning he went off without saying he was sorry."

A great tear balanced itself on her eyelash, and trickled down that rose-leaf cheek. She looked most fetching when she cried. It had been too bad of Tony not to give her the chance of weeping such attractive tears in forgiving him.

"I suppose you had planned to forgive him?" I said, with a smile I quickly suppressed. "You were going to be

magnanimous, and he didn't come up to the scratch, eh?"

"I was going to forgive him, not just at first, but soon," admitted Rosalie, colouring slightly.

"Perhaps he wasn't in the wrong. I've known times when the wife was to blame," I volunteered tentatively.

"He was wrong," said Rosalie fiercely.

"He flirited!"

"Rubbish!" I said. "Who with?" "That detestable Mona Desmond," said Rosalie tremulously. "She's so awfully pretty, too."

"I don't believe he did flirt," I said firmly. "He isn't the sort to love two women, and he worships you."

"That's it! Even you side against me! All you men stick together and crush us poor women. I might have known, and yet I did think that you

would have stuck up for your poor miserable little Rosalie."

I tried to comfort her, but it did take a long time. I had some proofs to get off, and, of course, I had left them to the very last day, as usual; now I could do nothing but stroke her hand and dodge that silly little feather.

And then I saw the gate open. From my window I can see the gate, and consequently can often make myself scarce before a not-wanted visitor arrives.

What I saw shocked even me. It was the recalcitrant Tony, and with him was the girl they two had quarrelled over—Mona Desmond.

I looked at Rosalie, weeping on a footstool at my knee. This would never do. Being a writer, I know it doesn't



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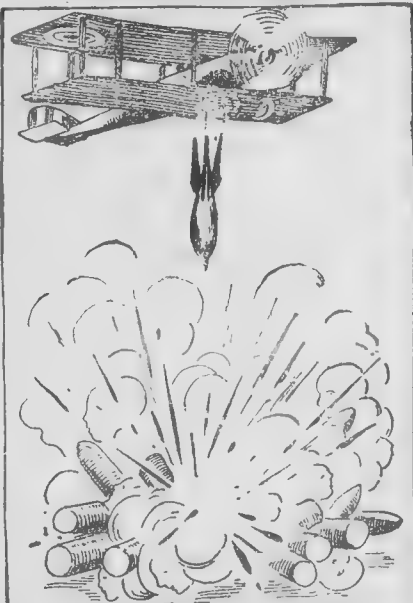
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Herewith will be found the picture of an Aviator who has just dropped a bomb on a pile of Shells. At first glance the Airplane and the Explosion appear to be all there is in the picture, but by careful study the faces of several soldiers will be found. There are 7 of them in all. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."



WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Four Thousand Five Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest. This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Upon receipt of your reply we will send a complete list of the names and addresses of persons who have won \$4,500.00 in Cash Prizes in recent contests held by the publishers of this advertisement. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

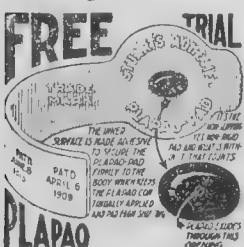
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GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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do to let the hated rival see you in tears.

"There's someone coming," I said, clearing my throat.

"Say you're out," said Rosalie, in a muffled voice, mopping her eyes.

"Listen, Rosalie! It's Tony and Mona Desmond. You must not let them see you have been crying."

"Oh!"

The way Rosalie ground out the word was immense. It almost frightened me; but in a moment she was up, and making herself look cool and calm in front of my glass.

I had feared a scene, but when Tony and Mona came in she was smiling at me as if it had just been a casual call.

"I came along to see if you were here, old girl," Tony said quietly. "I met Miss Desmond on the way, and brought her, too."

I stared at Tony. Was it possible that a man could be such an idiot? I was glad I was not a married man.

"So glad you brought Mona!" Rosalie said sweetly. "I just longed to see you, dear, to show you that crochet border of an afternoon tea-cloth—the pattern you lent me. When are you coming up to see me?"

"Did you find it easy?" Mona said smiling. "I found it quite difficult. I'll come along this afternoon."

Mona Desmond was quite different from little wilful Rosalie. I admired both. Rosalie was so small and petite, with her dark eyes and roguish face. Mona was tall, with a stateliness which

weeping, and I was trying to comfort her. I can explain. Will you propose to Miss Desmond, and tell her it's just to blind Rosalie?—Tony."

The young scamp—to ask me to help him like this! How could I do it? It was scandalous!

I looked at Mona. Her exceeding fairness struck me. Her skin was like a peach, her eyes as bright as stars. She was too fine and nice a creature to play such a trick on.

"Miss Desmond," I said haltingly, "perhaps you know that Rosalie is jealous. Tony cannot convince her that he loves her alone."

"I believe it is all my fault. She found us under rather awkward circumstances; but, if she only knew, there is no need to be jealous," Mona said, flushing scarlet and looking down.

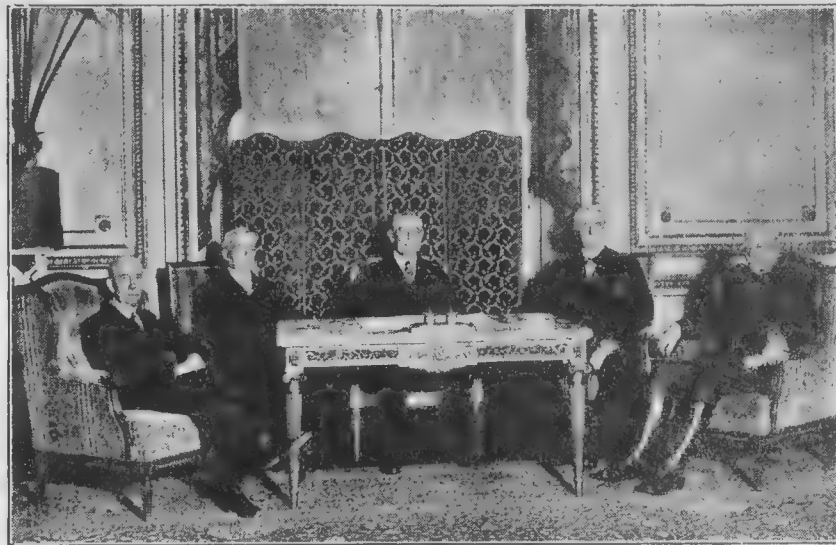
"Would you play a part, then? Would you pretend that you are engaged to me, just for a little while? Then she will know that she had no need to be jealous," I said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Oh indeed, I could not!" she said, and her lip trembled. "It is too much to ask."

"Well, then, don't think of it again," I said, much relieved. I determined I would give that young Tony a good talking to for getting me into such a scrape.

Mona looked at me and her eyes were misty.

"And yet," she said very softly, "I don't know but what I will. I love Rosalie, and would like her to be happy."



UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS TO PEACE CONFERENCE.

Left to right—General Bliss, Robert Lansing, President Wilson, Henry M. White, Col. E. M. House

had always appealed to me. Her eyes were dark, too, with a gentle, fawn-like shyness in them.

Rosalie had said she was detestable, but really she was fond of her. I knew one could not expect justice from a jealous woman.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, Rosalie?" Tony said.

"So sorry, but I can't stay," said Rosalie, with a flash of her eyes at Tony that spoke volumes.

"I must speak to you! Come into the garden, if uncle will spare you," Tony said, with a firmness I secretly admired.

I looked at Rosalie, expecting an outburst, but, to my intense surprise, she looked at him, then turned, and slowly made for the window.

"Very well," she said. She went across the room to the French window. I opened it for her. A chill breath of wind crept in. The birds for which I daily threw crumbs hovered near, and a robin perched on a rail looked at us all with its bright, pert eye.

But no one seemed to notice how beautiful it all was—the white glitter of the forest, the tracing of silver on each leaf—and I realised that love and the difficulties of love were quite enough for the ordinary everyday world.

Then I felt something stuffed into my hand. Tony had pushed a note in.

* * *

"Dear Uncle Brian,—You've always been a good chum to me. Help me now. Rosalie suspects me of flirting. She found Miss Desmond with me in the conservatory the other night; she was

We could pretend, just for to-day."

"So you'll do it?" I said slowly. After all, it would be rather nice to play at being engaged to such a beautiful girl as Mona.

I saw a shadow on the stone flags in front of the window, and guessed that the demon Tony had crept up to prove to Rosalie how unnecessary her suspicions were.

"The great difficulty, Mona, is this," I said loudly. "Rosalie has quarrelled with Tony and is to live with me. I do not feel that I can ask you now to be my wife. I would not let my darling Rosalie think I did not want her for the world."

I was not prepared for the avalanche that descended.

Rosalie burst in, flung her arms round my neck, launching herself like a thunderbolt at me.

"I'm sorry, so sorry, Uncle Brian," she said, pressing her soft face to mine, with the inevitable feather just missing my right eye. "I had no idea you loved Mona, and I'm so glad! She always was my dearest friend, and the nicest girl I know."

I stared at Rosalie in startled amazement. She had quickly changed.

"To show you forgive me, Mona, give your penitent Rosalie a kiss, and then one for uncle," she said, with such a witching moue at me that I felt I could not refuse her. Perhaps I didn't want to.

I looked across at Mona. She was one scarlet flame. She looked lovely. I was

beginning to think she was adorable anyhow.

She came across slowly. Then she lifted her face and looked at me, and there was an entreaty in her eyes, as if she implored me to get her out of this mess.

"May I?" I whispered. I felt that Tony ought to help here; but the shameless boy only grinned, with his arm round Rosalie.

Mona shook her head, and a look of trouble came into those misty brown eyes.

"Please, no," she said faintly.

"To show you forgive me, dear," said Rosalie gaily. "Look—Tony and I have made up our first and last quarrel."

She turned to Tony, pursed up her red lips, and tilted her head, and the graceless fellow, heedless that he had plunged me into this dilemma, bent and kissed Rosalie's lips.

"Our last quarrel," he said; and he deliberately winked at me.

Knowing Rosalie as I did I smiled, but I was very vexed with him.

"Now it's your turn," said Rosalie. I think she was bitten with that married woman hobby, match-making, and she felt she had precipitated this engagement of ours.

I looked at Mona, and she gave me one timid look, then her lips said "Yes."

And I bent and kissed her. It was not done quickly. I was surprised that my lips clung there to those soft ones.

"Oh!" said Mona breathlessly.

"They don't need any encouraging," said Tony. "Come on, Rosalie, let's leave the love-birds to themselves."

As in a dream I heard Rosalie's laugh tinkle out, and then the clang of the window as it shut behind them.

Another moment, and Tony waved his hand to me as he went out of the front gate. I was alone with a woman I had asked to marry me, and now we had to break it off.

"I must apologise." I mumbled the words. Somehow that kiss still tingled in my veins. It had gone to my head like champagne.

I stared at her. Her little hands were still trembling. Her face was white now, and her eyes were shamed. It had been too bad. We had no right to upset her so.

A strange feeling of sadness gripped me. It had been a very sweet interlude. This bit of love-making had been so short, and I knew now, to my intense surprise, that I wanted it to go on.

"And so the brief engagement must end?" I said, watching her.

"Of course!" she said, with a queer little smile. Could it be that there was a look of regret in it?

"I'm sorry that it must be ended," I said boldly.

"So am I." That curved mouth whispered those words.

"I—I beg your pardon?" I said, leaning forward earnestly and staring at her.

The color slowly rose until her face was dyed scarlet again. Then very deliberately she said it again.

"I said 'So am I!'"

Her voice faltered.

"Mona, do you mean that?" I said breathlessly.

She nodded, then covered her face.

I wasted no time. I took her in my arms and held her to me. Then I kissed that little mouth again and again.

It was half an hour after she made her confession.

"I think that Tony planned it," she said, with a little shamed look at me. "At the dance he told me you had sent in your name for Foreign Service. I cried. It was silly, but to think of you going made me proud and sad at the same time. But it was hardest because I loved you, and yet you were nothing to me. He's a very bad boy, is Tony, but I shall always thank him," she said very earnestly.

"And so shall I," I said fervently.



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Union Bank of Canada Continues Career of Growth

Nearly Ten Million Added to Assets, Deposits Increased and Substantial Amount Added to the Rest Account

The annual statement of the Union Bank of Canada, published in this issue, shows an increase in the total volume of assets amounting to about nine and three-quarter million dollars since the same date in 1917. Current loans in Canada is the item showing the most striking growth, over fifteen million dollars, and the profits for the year, as might be ex-

pected in the circumstances, are correspondingly enhanced. As these profits were not subject to deduction for depreciation or contingencies, it was possible, besides paying the usual 9 per cent. dividend, to transfer \$200,000 to Rest Account (the first addition made to this account since the war began), and to write off \$75,000 from promises account.



JOHN GALT, President, Union Bank



H. B. SHAW, General Manager, Union Bank

On the liabilities side, note circulation at \$12,134,649 shows a slight reduction,

experiences with similar transactions, will be only temporary.

Of the liquid assets, which total \$72,368,327, a reduction of over four and a half millions from 1917, the most important items are: Dominion notes, \$15,113,307; deposit in Central Gold Reserve, \$7,800,000; securities of the Dominion and Provincial Governments, \$12,527,938 (increase of over three millions); Canadian municipal and British and foreign public

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securities, \$15,720,339 (reduction of half a million); call loans in Canada, \$6,508,729, and call loans elsewhere, \$3,389,150. Current loans in Canada are \$74,021,028, and current loans elsewhere are \$1,944,112. Profits for the year were \$824,175, which compares with \$763,464 in 1917, and \$651,184 in 1916. After deducting war tax, pension fund appropriation and sundry donations for patriotic and charitable objects, there remained \$744,675 for distribution or for putting back into the business, this being at the very satisfactory rate of over 8.8 per cent on the combined Capital and Rest Account.

While the expansion in current loans is a highly gratifying evidence of the improvement in business conditions and the willingness of the Bank's management to assist in the promotion of genuine commercial activity, it is to be noted that it is not carried to the length of rendering the liquid reserve less strong than the dictates of caution would suggest. The aggressiveness and originality which have marked the Bank's policy for several years past are having results which should be most satisfactory both to shareholders and clients.

annoying, as, when war broke out, I was onto a good thing in Canada and doing well. Oh! I'd give my soul to go home and give those kids a good time," he finished vehemently. Chips, sucking the end of a cigarette, pulled out a fountain-pen and cheque-book. Presently he flipped a cheque folded small across the table. "There's your way out," he said. Jack swung round. "What do you mean?" Silently his friend pointed to the slip of paper. Jack took it up and opened it, one swift glance, then— "Look here, old chap, I can't take this. I wasn't asking for money." "You can and you will," Chips spoke through shut teeth. "Not for yourself, of course, but just to give those sisters of yours a thundering good time for once in their lives. You never know if it may be the last chance." Then he bolted, leaving Jack speechless, staring after him. Ten days later a figure came squelching along a quiet trench and turned into a familiar dug-out. "That you Jack? You've got back then?" queried a lump of wet mud from inside. "Yes, and thanks to you I've had a glorious time." Chips laughed. "Good egg! Then you didn't explain?" "No; I guess we still stand exactly where we were before," answered Jack, ruefully. "Well, it's of no consequence. I'm glad you're back for this, we're going over to-night." "Good!" The attack was entirely successful, but when it was all over, in the grey of the morning, Jack met a stretcher party. "Good heavens! Chips, you're never done in?" he cried. "Yes, they've got me this time, but don't worry, old chap, it's a Blighty one, I'm awfully bucked. Haven't got a fag, have you? Thanks, now I'm all right. Carry on, boys," and with a gay wave of

his hand the wounded man passed on. The taxi hummed slowly up the street of ugly houses on a baking July day and stopped before one where a few bright-colored nasturtiums struggled with the dust and heat. "Is this it, sir?" asked the chauffeur, "No. 29?" Chips peered out at the lace curtains and inevitable aspidistra. "That's it," he answered briskly, getting himself and crutches out on to the pavement. He hobbled up to the sun-blistered front door and rang the bell. It was opened by a girl with rolled-up sleeves and flushed cheeks, while the smell of boiling jam rushed out to meet him. "Miss Arlie," I believe, said Chips, raising his cap. "Oh! how you startled me; I thought it was my brother," cried the girl. "I'm sorry, I'm only his friend, Trevor, perhaps he has spoken of me?" "Why, of course, come in, I remember he said you were wounded." She stood back to let him in to the little front hall. "I'm sorry to be so awkward," he apologized, "but you see I'm hardly used to 'em yet."

"Of course not." Her sympathetic smile was the sweetest thing he had ever seen, he thought. "Come in here. Mother, here's Jack's friend, Mr. Trevor, isn't it good of him to look us up?" Chips, hobbling after her, no longer wondered where Jack got his cheery smile and blue eyes as he shook hands with Mrs. Arlie and allowed himself to be deprived of his crutches and put into an arm-chair to rest, while Jack's mother cooed over him and Greeta went to take up the jam and make the tea. "I'm expecting the other girls in soon," said Mrs. Arlie at last, and as she spoke the gate clanged and Maudie and Babs came in white and tired with the heat. They cheered up when they saw the visitor and chattered away as if they had known him all their lives. Altogether, tea was a very merry meal, and when

His Leave

By May Heward

WELL, what did the old man want you for?" asked Chips. Jack Arlie sat down on the rickety table, with an air of disgust.

"Did you ever know such rotten luck? I've got leave again," he growled.

"I know some fellows who wouldn't call it that," Chips laughed; "you're a funny chap."

Jack lit a cigarette thoughtfully.

"That's as may be," he said. "Will you have it, or shall I ask Bellamy?"

"Why don't you take it yourself for a change?"

"I've told you I don't want it."

"Yes, but why? It's not in reason for a fellow to refuse leave. It's—well—it's rum!"

There was a short silence, then Jack spoke slowly.

"Fact is, I funk telling you," he said, "you'll think it's such a footling reason."

"'Fraid you've got to go through with it all the same," answered Chips, kindly. "Give me a light."

"You know I went to Canada to make my fortune, and didn't? Well, mater was ill just then and worrying, so I invented a tale of how well I was getting on and making piles of money, you know

the sort of thing, never thinking the girls would believe it."

"And did they?"

"Every word. They're waiting now for me to go home and give 'em a good time, like other fellows do, and I just can't go and tell 'em I've nothing; I can't face it."

"But surely they'd understand—" began Chips.

"Read that," interrupted the young sub, tossing a letter across the table.

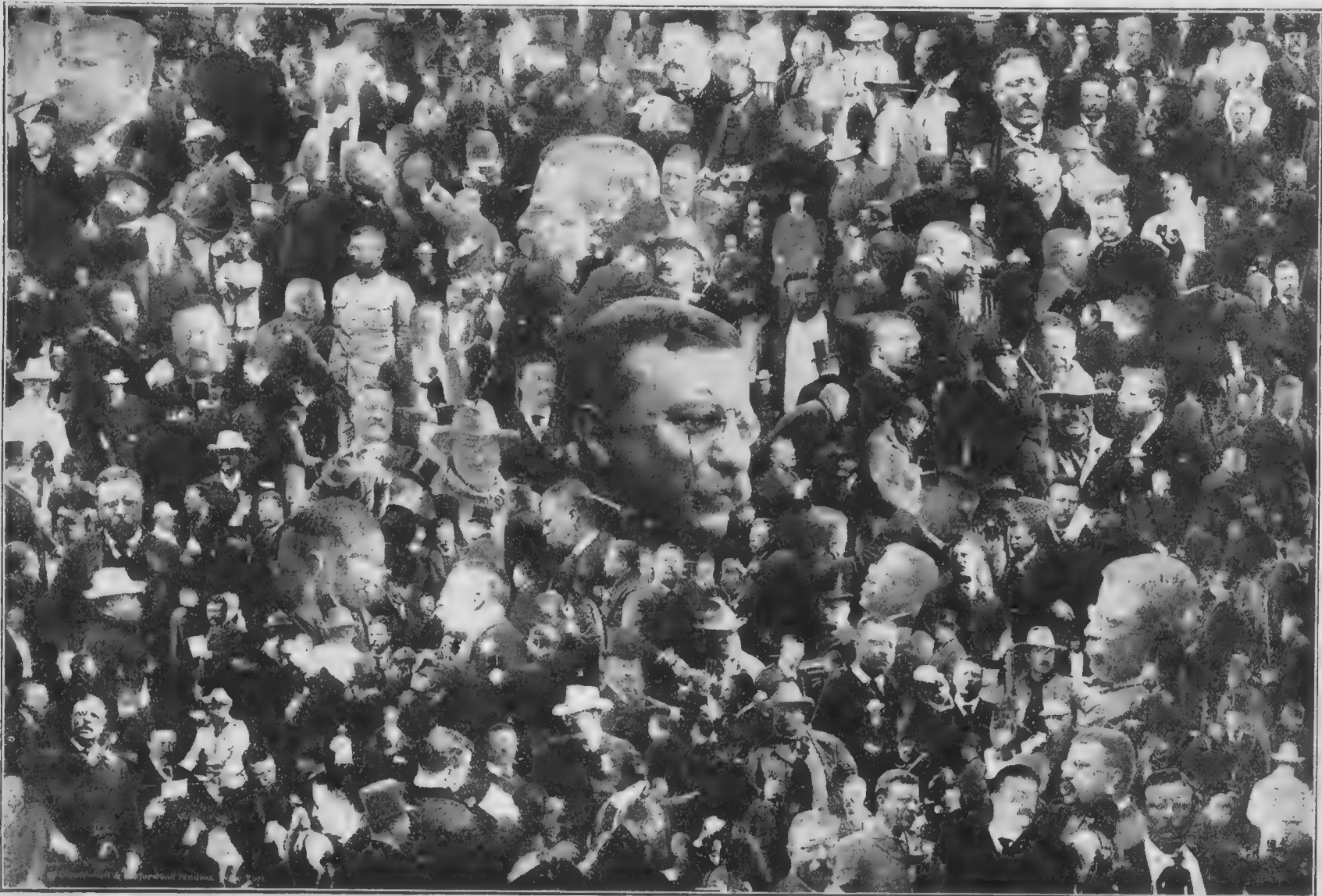
"Dear Jack," ran the letter.

"I know you don't mean to be selfish, dear, though it is quite natural for boys to be so ('Oh, is it?' Chips made a mental reservation), but I'm sure if you knew how hard it is for us you would manage to send us a little more money. Mother has been so poorly lately, I am quite worried about her, and Maudie and Babs are not very grand. If you could only come home for ever such a short leave, I am sure you would understand and help us."

"God keep you safe from all the horrors of war."

"Your loving sister, "Greeta."

"You see," pursued Jack, as Chips slowly folded up the letter, "it's especially

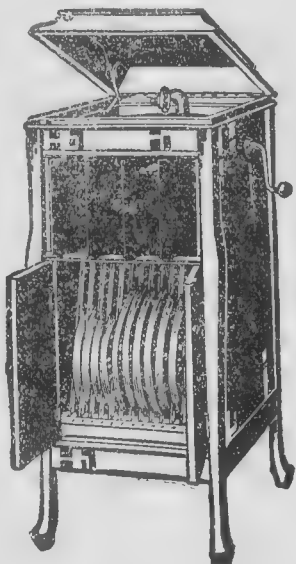


THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The public life of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt is depicted in this combination photograph. As assemblyman, police commissioner, assistant secretary of the navy, soldier, governor, vice-president, president, and gentleman, he is shown in characteristic poses which tell better than words the greatness of the man who died at four o'clock January 6th, 1919. Not the least of his many achievements was his splendid support of the cause of the Allies since 1914.



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Chips at last rose to go, the chorus of "Come again," was very cordial.

He did come again; that was the first of many visits paid No. 29. Always he found Mrs. Arlie crocheting in the little parlour and Greeta busy about some household task.

"Don't you ever sit down?" he asked her one day, and as she only smiled, he added: "You must to-day, anyhow, for I've a suggestion to make."

Greeta obediently dropped into a chair and turned tired eyes to the stifling little street as she listened.

Chips, glancing at her, felt a sudden lump in his throat and spoke hurriedly.

"Your brother has bought my old home," he lied gaily, "and thinks it would be a good plan for you all to go down these holidays and see how you like it. I've got three weeks' leave before I join up again, so I thought we might all go together. What do you say? It's right in the country, plenty of trees and flowers and things, and Jack asked me to let you have the cash for expenses and he'll settle with me after."

"Oh, oh, how perfectly lovely!" cried Greeta, and fled to the kitchen, where he presently found her sobbing with her face in the roller towel.

They had been at Dovercourt just a fortnight and Chips was beginning to wonder if they were the same girls whom he had known in London. The white, tired look was gone, and now and then he espied a light in Greeta's eyes that made his heart miss a beat.

They were all sitting under the beech-tree on the lawn one afternoon as he came over to them with a telegram in his hand.

"Oh! Tony," cried Maudie enthusiastically (for they had come to Christian names by this time), "I can't think how you can bear to part with this lovely place; it's lucky it's to Jack and not a horrid stranger."

"Yes, isn't it?" replied the hypocrite, unblushingly. "I shall have to get him to put me on to how he made his money and do likewise. By the way, he's got leave and is coming over."

"Oh! how gorgeous!" cried the girls. But Chips wondered—

When Jack arrived he marched into the hall with an aggressive, "Now, what the deuce! —"

But his sisters, hearing him, came flying out, and after a tumultuous greeting, dragged him away to Mrs. Arlie and tea on the lawn, where he had to sit and listen to their news and glower at wicked Chips, who was passing cups and chaffing everyone, inwardly quaking the while.

Jack was not to be put off, though, and finally ran his chum to earth in the smoking room.

"Now, I want an explanation," he began. "Your hundred pounds was one thing; I know I can pay that back; but this is charity. I wonder my people accepted it."

"So do I," agreed Chips, rolling a cigarette with much care. "But you see they don't think it is charity; I've told 'em you've bought the place."

"What!"

"Just that," he nodded, puffing vigorously. "As to the rest, well—I didn't think you'd mind accepting things"—this a little nervously—"from a brother-in-law."

"What!" Jack leapt out of the chair he had just sunk into. "Is this more of your charity?"

"No, it's not," Chips was beginning hotly, when the door opened and Greeta appeared, looking very sweet in a white evening frock with a crimson rose at her breast.

"Do you know the first bell has gone?" she asked. "Why," glancing from one flushed face to the other, "what's the matter?"

"Your brother objects to your marrying me, Greeta," rapped out Chips, suddenly.

The color ran up to Greeta's face and she blushed redder than her rose.

"Oh!" she said, and again "Oh!" then drawing a little nearer, "but you musn't Jack, he's so nice."

"I think you'd better clear, old man, while I explain," said Chips.

"Well, I'm dashed!" exclaimed Jack, and departed hastily through the window.

He cooled his heels for some time under the beech-tree before Greeta came to him and slipped two soft arms around his neck.

"Dear old boy," she whispered, "you're not angry, really?"

"No, I'm not angry now," he answered gruffly. "All the same I should like to know just what he did explain to you."

"Only that you are the dearest brother in the world, and he's going to get you to put him on to a good thing in Canada so that we need not be so dreadfully poor when—we're married."

"Oh! is he? Well, I'll do better than that. I'll give him this place as a wedding present, and with the purchase money I paid him he can no doubt turn it to account," cried Jack, as Chips' form

loomed up through the gathering dusk.

"Now, that's really generous of you, old man," returned Chips, his voice shaking with suppressed laughter as their hands met. "On that purchase money we'll live like lords."

"Chips!" Jack turned to him abruptly in the smoking-room that night. "Chips, do you really love her?"

"Love her?" echoed his friend dreamily watching the smoke-wreaths rising, "I think I have loved her ever since I saw her letter."

"What letter?"

"The one you showed me in France before your first leave." And Chips drew from his breast pocket the much treasured scrap of paper.

The Naval Constrictor

The Empire's "Preventive Men"

MOST of us talk and think of at times about the stranglehold that the British Navy has upon the food and munition supplies of the enemy. But few realize the strenuousness and the weariness of work done by the Examination Service; the "Search," as it is called by those engaged in it; or, again, the "Blockade," as it is popularly known. From 1914 till in 1917 the naval forces of the North American Republic took over a part of the western area, upon the British Navy rested the greater part of policing the Atlantic, the Allies' naval forces assisting in the Mediterranean and near waters.

Day and night the vessels of the "Search" service comb the seas close and fine, from the chilly waters of the verge of the Arctic down to latitudes where it is aye summer and the tropical sun

and the waters choppy, the small craft rolls and plunges, drenching her men with broken water and spray.

Arriving alongside the neutral, the two officers scramble on board. Sometimes there is a ladder, and sometimes just a rope with knots on it dangling down. When a sea is running it is something of an acrobatic feat to get on to the accommodation offered, for sooner than one can get hold of it the small craft cants skittishly away. So then each officer waits for the most favorable second, leaps headlong, and grabs desperately hold of the ladder, swings there for a few seconds as he gets his foothold, then climbs up, and on board. Quickly the armed party of inquisitive men land on the deck.

"Good afternoon, sir," says the Swedish skipper—as the case may be—who has come down from the bridge, and the



Canadian Discharge Depot, England—Ambulance and Medical Staff.

blisters the paintwork. Many a ship thus engaged comes into port only to refit or for repairs, and the crews sight no land for many months. Supply vessels maintain them in fuel, munitions, and stores, which are transhipped at sea, and an occasional mail is their sole communication with the homeland. Many days and nights may pass before a sail heaves in sight, or even the faint smur of a steamer's smoke be picked just touching the skyline.

Then, something obscure is picked up, out beyond the far horizon.

Over the horizon steadily rise the masts, the funnel, and the hull of the stranger. Fifteen or sixteen miles away, or so, her outline indicates a liner or cargo-vessel; then, soon, her height above the water tells if she is carrying cargo or not; and a little later her flag reveals her nationality. British or French or of the other Allies she is allowed to pass. But, when neutral, a warning shot is fired and she is signalled in the International code to stop at once, and be boarded. If she looks like holding on, another report rings out, and a projectile falls athwart her course. She always stops in time.

The British warship, by now almost up to her, stops as her engines go astern. She drops her sea-boat, to a rattle of gear and a splash, and away pulls the boat off on her errand, with a lieutenant and assistant paymaster, or, as the case may be, a warrant officer, to conduct the search. When the breeze is strong

boarding officer, as he returns the salute, swiftly resolves to speak his mother tongue, his Swedish being indifferent. Though it has to be said the British Navy, to-day, is as cosmopolitan in its languages as before the war, it looked askance on all save good blunt English.

Having returned the time of day, the boarding officer asks the Swede whence he is from and whither he is bound for, and then for particulars of his cargo. If she is a liner that has been stopped, the examination as often as not takes place in the chart house where the vessel's papers are kept, or in the luxurious first-class saloon, where the purser has a table ready with cigarettes, cigars, liqueurs and other enticements—which are offered in vain.

Carefully the officer in charge of the boarding party examines all the ship's papers and other document that he is authorized to verify. By means of his register he compares all signatures, flourishes and initials, and not a single word of the ship's papers must deviate from the original. The vessel herself appearing to be in order, her name, country, clearance papers revealing no ambiguity, her captain then undergoes a severe examination. He is from so-and-so? Where has he stopped? What are his owners' orders? Where is he bound for? Every one of his statements or allegations is checked by the boarding officer according to the chart-track of the ship, the log-book, and the manifests and other papers signed by the official

authorities from where the captain has sailed. Any delay, any inaccuracy, demands explanation and proofs. In these times movements on the great waters must be above any suspicion, and the slightest evasion renders vessel and captain suspects.

Then her cargo lists have to be scrutinised. Illegible scrawls, often with extraordinary abbreviations, foreign weights and measures, and statements drawn up in the technical terms of commerce. Every line contains a snare, and a score of special technical dictionaries could not reveal the traps and pitfalls. Most carefully the boarding officer considers, unravels, and interprets these hieroglyphics, and, from a certain notation list kept up-to-date, he runs over the lists of senders, of consignees known to be favorable to the enemy, and makes certain their names do not appear on the bills of lading. Every vessel poses a fresh problem. Certain goods are pass, others under certain conditions, and some are lawful prizes.

But the preventive men of the Royal Navy are as sharp as the sharpest neutral ever running contraband. Cargo that is non-contraband on the manifest may be wholly other when inspected. So the Swede or other is requested to uncover his hatches. Then the innocent onions have been found to consist of solid rubber cunningly disguised, bagfuls of beans of the finest Para, too, ploughshares of copper, and so on; for many are the very ingenious devices of the blockade-runners. Strange things are found in the holds of professedly innocent neutrals by the preventive men, hidden away sometimes under the so-called ballast. Then the vessel conveying the contraband, or that has aroused sharp suspicion, is forthwith detained, to find herself duly taken into some secluded and crowded base, where, before the war, seldom was a merchant steamer ever seen.

Once again, then, the stores that the enemy are so hard pushed for, and seek to get at any price, fall into the maw of the naval constrictor. The tightening coils of the Allies' naval forces have slowly squeezed Germany and her dupes to the final defeat.

When, however, the "search" is a neutral liner, after her papers and cargo have been overhauled, the passengers are examined, having been drawn up in two or more lines, their passports and other identification papers in their hands. But what the boarding officer relies upon more than any passport or other voucher of nationality, is the touchstone of speech. A few words in a sentence or two reveal many secrets to his expert ears; and hesitation accuses when the deed of nationality appears to clear its owner. He puts embarrassing questions pointblank, varying the style of them, never enters into discussion, but passes a silent, instantaneous decision, and proceeds to examine the next passenger. He is fully aware of the kodaks clicking, and of the personal comments about him, but is heedless of it all.

Though incisive as he is decisive, the boarding officer, who in the case of a "liner" search is a fluent linguist, remains ever urbanely polite. He keeps in mind that all his audience are on the keen lookout for any cause which will afford them grounds of complaint to their own government.

If suspicion does arise concerning one of the passengers, the boarding officer goes escorted down to the particular cabin, if necessary, and everything is examined. His suspicions verified, he forthwith arrests the individual, and has him transferred to the boat, bag and baggage.

It is noteworthy with reference to sharpness of the boarding officers that one of the most important captures of most important spies was due to the fact that the German, though speaking true American, appeared to the British officer to wear his eyeglasses in an awkward manner. Search below confirmed the lieutenant's suspicions.

When the affair of the "suspect" is ended, the boarding officer enters in the ship's log the formalities necessary, writes down a statement of all taking place, exonerates the captain, and signs this deposition which eventually goes

through official hands. Then, perhaps, discreet words. Ten minutes later the while the prisoner's baggage is being got away, he may accept a cigarette or a cupful of coffee, and exchange a few

stolid British officer sitting in the stern-sheets.

And so the stranglehold of the naval constrictor does its work.

Candy a Splendid Food

One of the most attractive forms in which food can be eaten—is candy.

Candy is composed principally of sugar, nuts, fruits, some fats such as butter, and chocolate.

All these ingredients are recognized by eminent medical authorities as food products, which the system craves and demands.

Let us examine their food values separately.

We all know that sugar is a body-building essential; about one-quarter pound of sugar being required by an adult every twenty-four hours.

Nuts and fruits yield a high percentage of nutritious materials.

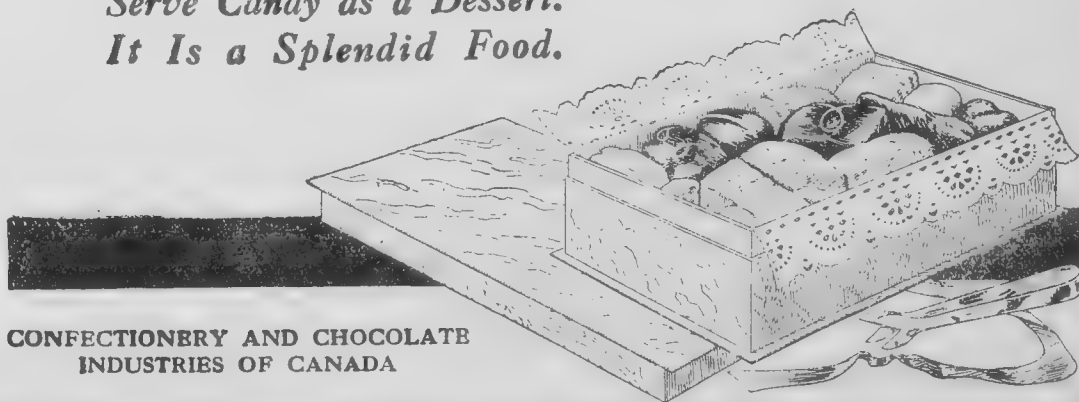
Fats supply the bodily fuel and should be used in every dietary.

Chocolate is a delightful stimulant, especially valuable in restoring energy.

Combine these ingredients and are they not still food?—satisfying, nutritious, essential and in a most delightful and properly balanced form.

Eat more candy. Candy is beneficial to all and harmful to none.

*Serve Candy as a Dessert.
It Is a Splendid Food.*



CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE
INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Public Works

Public opinion would sustain governments, particularly the Federal Government, in making pretty generous expenditure in the times immediately before us on needed public works. There must be a large arrears of this sort of construction throughout Canada, because the four years of the war have represented a virtual hiatus in this type of activity. The success of the Victory Loans must mean that the government has large supplies of money. Wise expenditure on really important public enterprises would be a cheap price to pay for the prevention of industrial discontent based upon suffering. There is if not a large, at least a noisy, element of Bolshevism in Canada. In Winnipeg a Sunday or two ago a mass meeting was held in one of the theatres in which cries are reported to have resounded of "Long live the Soviet Republic." As a matter of fact the sane opinion of Canada should be enlightened and mobilized with respect to Bolshevism. We ought to be equally resolute on two points in Canada. We should put an end to such exploitation as causes injustice and embitterment; and the public should be apprised of what Bolshevism really means. As far as one can see simon-pure Bolshevism aims at confiscation, at the elimination of private property, and at the destruction of the institutions that civilization has reared. That society is full of anomalies and iniquities is no reason why everything should be swept away. In a country like Canada, where the ballot is at hand, there is no justification for the methods of revolution. The man who owns a house and lot in a town or a city, and the farmer in the country, should realize that Bolshevism as such is aimed as much at his honorable property as at the swollen fortune of the multi-millionaire. When these elements really come to understand what Bolshevism means, it is reasonably safe to predict that this destructive attitude will receive short shrift at the hands of the people of Canada. Evolution—"freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent"—is the way of the British spirit, and that is good enough for us in Canada.

Government and Things of the Spirit

It is regrettable that governments in Canada have hitherto had so little vision with respect to the great spiritual forces that must be made operative if Canada is really to become a great nation. One of these great forces is unity of sentiment and aspiration. This is as different as possible from mere mechanical unity. Take French and English Canada, for instance. It should have been apparent from the outset of our national life that far-sighted plans should be set in motion to achieve the spiritual unity of these elements. Instead of bringing this about English and French Canada have been allowed to develop as if in water-tight compartments. This has been storing up wrath against the day of wrath. On this head we met our Nemesis when the challenge of the war came. English Canada reacted on this in one way, French Canada in another. Yellow English Canadian journals put a sword in the vitals of the Canadian confederation, and Quebec was too nearly a solid block capable of being exploited by the obscurantism of Bourassa. A citizen of Calgary has described to me a scheme that he had, or has, for promoting solidarity of feeling between Quebec and the rest of the Dominion. I do not know whether the scheme is feasible at all points, but in large outline it looks like a plan animated by a statesmanlike intention. He thinks the Dominion Government should set apart a fund of ten million dollars to provide for sixteen hundred travelling scholarships. These would enable English speaking pupils to travel for a couple of months in Quebec, while Quebec pupils would be enabled to spend the same amount of time in the English provinces. As I say, I do not know whether the plan is feasible, but at any rate it is a program the spirit of which would make for a united Canada. Why can we not learn that mutual knowledge and regard, and even affection, constitute the only safe solvents for national problems? In an atmosphere of affection difficulties vanish. In an atmosphere of suspicion and hostility and mutual ignorance, difficulties multiply and become well-nigh insuperable. Ten million dollars looks like a lot of money. But it would be a cheap price to pay for national solidarity. And I repeat that national solidarity does not mean ironing everything out to a dead uniformity. We do not want French Canada to be like ourselves. It cannot be. Race will not permit it. We are the richer for race variety. But let us like each other. Let us respect each other. Let us know each other.

Now, it is a very difficult matter to get a hearing for plans of this sort. They are impalpable, but they are mighty in their influence. Why must the children of this world be wiser in their day and generation than the children of light? The German Government, of detested memory, was confronted by the Alsatian problem. To solve it, that government went to the greatest lengths. For example, it actually adopted

the plan of transferring Alsatian children to German homes, and German children to Alsatian homes, with the conception that the kindness of foster-mothers and families would predispose the children in such a way as would make for German solidarity. This was a scheme in the interests of a bad and wrong idea. Why should we not be prepared to adopt statesmanlike measures in order simply to achieve an ideal of spiritual solidarity that need not savor at all of Prussian uniformity?

Methods of Work

Men differ in nothing more than in their relative capacity for achievement. What some men accomplish is amazing. Think of the multitude of things that Roosevelt has done, the variety of roles that he has discharged. Police Commissioner of New York, rancher, soldier, hunter, Vice-President, President, editor, author. I remember in the Boston Public Library looking over the list of his publications. It ran to nearly twenty items, a number of them comprising several volumes. Think what a kaleidoscopic career Lloyd-George has had: Solicitor, politician, Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister of Munitions, Minister of War, Premier and Dictator. Work is the great thing. Getting things done, not what we say, is what counts. Here, as it seems to me, are three secrets of achievement. (1) Learn to let bygones be bygones. When a thing is done, let it pass. Live with your total force in the duty of the moment. House, the cryptic and enigmatic counsellor of Wilson, said a striking thing the other day. He said one trouble with Europe is that so many statesmen and politicians are in the habit of making speeches and then sitting by for a week to watch what the world has to say about them. This points at a great truth. Let us learn to do our best, and then pass on, leaving results to take care of themselves. It is very difficult for a man of artistic temperament to do this. He will probably never learn the secret perfectly; but he should try to master it. We should not thumb under to our temperament. That is one of the tasks of life—to reduce the excesses of our constitution. (2) Learn to find your recuperation in your work. It is a mistake to be forever looking for a respite. It is a man's business to work, virtually to work all the time. Don't regard work as a thing to be got through with so that you may have a holiday. That attitude makes one do what one does feverishly. It gives a febrile touch to one's activity. It would be a fine thing if a boy or a young man could early acquire the habit of being resolved to make all his time profitable—wise labor or wise relaxation. Relaxation would then take its place as an integral part in a wise scheme of life. Cease to think of labor as a nuisance. Labor is a normal condition. (3) Learn to convert aspiration into actuality. Dreaming of actions never performed, of policies never actualized, is ruinous. The bad psychological effect of this sort of thing is unmistakable. There is an enormous inspiration in actually doing what we plan to do. It braces up one's whole nature and reinforces all one's faculties.

Roosevelt

The death of Theodore Roosevelt has brought grief to thousands upon thousands who never knew him personally. I know of scarcely another public man whose demise would leave such a void. Even during his lifetime there had come to be something epic about the man. When one read "Roosevelt is dead," it was a good deal as if one read "Napoleon is dead," "Shakespeare is dead." I do not mean to push those words to their outside limit, but the analogy was there. He was aristocratic in birth, training and environment, and yet the manner of the man was broadly genially, capaciously democratic. He was fundamentally, primordially sound in his instincts and wholesome in his ideas. He preached and exemplified the gospel of the robust life. I am inclined to think the Roosevelt legend may live, and if it lives it will grow ampler. There may conceivably be a Roosevelt legend in America, as there was, and perhaps is, a Napoleonic legend in France. The pathos of his sudden death—alone, this man who loved the crowd; in the night, this man who loved the light and the open; in quietness, this man who thrived in noise and storm and battle—the part his sons took in the great war, his unquestioning and unvarying support of the allies in the great war, all these things, coupled with the fact that in the minds of many he was a promising presidential possibility, will have a tendency to convert his name into a sort of myth among his countrymen. Add to all this that undeniably he was a phenomenon, an extraordinary embodiment of the spirit of America. He seemed marvellously vital. His redundant vitality spread contagiously wherever he went. The atmosphere grew electric wherever he passed. I saw him twice. Once in Boston in 1914. He was then the leader of the forlorn cause of the Progressive Party. I was disappointed with his speech. It was a rather

tame, spiritless performance. That is, as delivered. He was in poor health, and I think the impression I formed of his address was due to this fact; because when I saw it in print I found it charged with the characteristic virility that we associated with him. There was no holding him down. The press of the United States at one time did its best to kill him. I was in Boston in 1911, if I remember rightly. Roosevelt came to the Massachusetts capital to deliver a speech. With the exception of one paper the whole press ignored his visit. That paper simply said: "T. R. in town. Cock-a-doodle-do." But by 1914 all that was changed. The front pages were full of him. Some think that he loved the limelight, that he courted publicity, and subsidised a press campaign in his own favor. I am inclined to think that, whether he liked notoriety or not, all this publicity, or much of it at any rate, was the inevitable tribute to a driving and powerful personality.

Deep Furrows

I wonder how many of the readers of this page have read "Deep Furrows," the book in which Moorhouse Hopkins traces the history of the farmers' movement in Western Canada. Here is a piece of work that was well worth doing. This movement, under way definitely now for nearly twenty years, has thrown to the surface a group of very able men. I was in Calgary a short time ago just as the United Grain Growers were on the point of holding their annual meeting. I was much impressed with the men connected with this movement whom I met or saw. It is a far cry from farmers of the old type to these capable, upstanding men. I question whether, outside say the labor movement in Great Britain, there has been in our time a more significant political and social movement than this of the agriculturists of Western Canada. A conspicuous feature of this movement is the type of men who occupy leading positions in it. It would be hard to find a more promising and able group of men than such as Crerar, Chipman, Lambert, Black and a number of others who do not come so readily to my mind, but who, no doubt are playing equally important parts in marshalling this primary industry of the country.

An Inspiring Incident

I saw on the wall of a Calgary house a short time ago a picture of a thrilling episode. The central figure in it was a son of the gentleman in whose house I saw the picture. A German aviator had been driven down into the Aegean by the young Canadian. The German was clinging to his machine in imminent danger of death by drowning. The young Canadian was sweeping down close to the surface of the water—to do what? To fire a last shot into the body of his foe? No, to drop his life preserver so that the German might be saved, while the Canadian prepared to fly to a couple of British gunboats that lay a few miles away, so that they might come and effect a rescue! Isn't the spirit of that episode superb? What a pity it will be if we have not adequately written accounts of such incidents. What material that would be for the future school readers of Canada! It would be war, but it would be war rid of all its savagery by the noble spirit animating it.

Another Canadian Aviator

I heard from a Saskatchewan father a story of another Canadian boy that is enormously symptomatic and suggestive. The boy went into the air service when he was seventeen. Going to Texas for training he at once attracted the attention of his instructor. This man showed him all sorts of different evolutions. He said to him: "Now, you are not supposed to try these things alone, but when you are flying across country, if you want to try them do so." The upshot was that considerably before he was eighteen he was expert almost beyond credence. The explanation was that he loved his work. He was at the thing that exactly suited his powers. I thought it was a striking instance of the way a boy develops when he is set at the job that his faculties really fit him for. What a searchlight this throws on education. The huge classes that have to be dealt with in our schools leave little chance for the observation of special endowment. The danger is that, under these circumstances, education, which should be pre-eminently evocative of individual talent, becomes a sort of narcotic, numbing all down to a dead level of mediocrity. The boy I have spoken of was brought along as fast as he was under the intensive vigilance made necessary by the fact that the nation was at war. Special skill was imperatively needed. Consequently authorities were on the stretch to find it and develop it. Could the same attitude not be taken by the nation in times of peace. Of course, it would involve a vast increase in educational expenditures, but the results, one feels sure, would justify the increased outlay, and fairly rapidly, too.

Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Valentine Month

Cupid is celebrating this month gloriously. He is busier than he has been for four years. Our soldier boys are returning and their sweet girl friends have kept their promises. Then, too, others are meeting new friends. And so cupid is busily shooting hearts right and left with ammunition entirely different from that the boys have felt "over there." Cupid's arrows do not hurt. They strike straight into the heart.

Anyway—this department wishes God speed to every noble girl who weds her soldier sweetheart during this month of months—Cupid's season of the valentine.

Girls' Khaki Clubs

The Girls' Khaki Club at Emerson has been most helpful in scattering blessings among the children of some of our soldiers, and now that changes are being made in war work, I am wondering if girls in other sections of Western Canada would like to organize and adopt the plan of the Emerson club, for what finer work can girls do than help the children of our heroes?

There is a little home in Winnipeg conducted by the Brock Chapter of the I.O.D.E. that has proven the ideal home for children of soldiers. It is the very best home possible for children whose parents cannot be with them. The Brock Centennial Chapter of the I.O.D.E. rented a house and found a motherly woman to take care of twenty children—the children of soldiers. In some cases the father has given his life for us—in other cases the father has returned but the mother has passed into the Great Beyond.

The plan is to keep the little khaki club home free from the atmosphere of an institution. It must be home-like. Have they succeeded? The other day a woman who sewed there emphasized their success by telling what she saw while there. You know sewing women in homes see things and sometimes they tell. This is what she saw: The matron—or mother—as she is known—had to go down town to do some shopping. When she had her hat and coat on everyone of those twenty children kissed her good-bye. Some went back and stole a second kiss. Then after she had gone they eagerly ran to the windows anxious for her return—just like children look for their very own mothers. Prominent men and women who are familiar with this little khaki club home say it is the very best work they have seen. This little home is so successful that soldier fathers who have lost their wives are begging for their little children to be taken in—but the little home can not accommodate more than twenty. You know twenty children is a big enough family for one mother with only one maid.

It is the most earnest wish of the Board to rent other houses to take care of the children of these noble heroes—and if there were girls' khaki clubs in other communities like the one at Emerson this would be possible, for they could make money in different ways, hold showers of linen, groceries, and farm produce, make clothing—oh, there are scores of things resourceful girls' khaki clubs could do for the little boys and girls who have sacrificed their daddy or mother during this awful war. I would like to see one hundred girls' khaki clubs formed in Western Canada to help the little children of the bravest men in Canada.

Mrs. W. H. Macpherson, 75 Balmoral Place, Winnipeg, who is the Regent of the Brock Centennial Chapter, will gladly give any information about the work to girls who plan to form the khaki clubs. Other girls' clubs already organized might assist in the work.

Gratitude

This past month I have been reading over and over again the beautiful poems by Pauline Johnson in her book—Flint and Feather. I wish every girl or young woman who reads this page would learn some of her poems. She is so truly Canadian and every poem throbs with some bit of Canadian life. The spirit of gratitude is emphasized so beautifully in

her poems and legends, as was in her life. Sometimes I feel our girls are fast losing the sense of gratitude. Theodore Watts-Dunton in his introduction to Flint and Feather, says this of Pauline Johnson's sense of gratitude:

"Gratitude indeed was with her not a sentiment merely, as with most of us, but a veritable passion. And when we consider how rare a human trait true gratitude

is—the one particular characteristic in which the lower animals put us to shame—it can easily be imagined how I was touched to find that this beautiful and grand Canadian girl remained down to the very last moment of her life the impersonation of that most precious of all virtues. I have seen much of my fellow-men and women, and I never knew but two other people who displayed gratitude as a passion. On this account Pauline Johnson will always figure in my memory as one of the noblest minded of the human race."

This reminds me that I have in my

possession a letter of gratitude, that she wrote me before her death. All I had done was to urge my readers of this page and in a department of another magazine, to buy her legends as they were so genuinely beautiful. Yet when she was suffering intense pain she wrote me a letter of sincere gratitude and I was a stranger to her.

There are young women who write me a lovely Christmas note every year—young women I have never helped in any way. There are girls for whom I have sacrificed much who never think of writing a letter. Do you know I think there is

FEBRUARY CLEARING FINE FURS

At Unequalled Prices to be sold irrespective of Cost

Every fur coat, piece and set, has been further reduced for the February clearing—many of them at fractional prices.

BONSPIEL VISITORS will be accorded the usual welcome to visit our store and to personally participate in these wonderful fur bargains. For those who cannot come to Winnipeg, we promise that mail orders will be promptly and carefully filled the day received.

LADIES' FUR COATS

LADIES' MUSKRAT COATS, 45 inches long, large storm collar, and deep cuffs, lined with guaranteed lining.
Reg., \$145.00.....For **\$110.75**

LADIES' NATURAL SILVER RACCOON COATS, 48 inches long, dark, well-matched, heavy-furred, soft, pliable skins, large square storm collar, and deep cuffs, best quality Skinner's satin lining.
Reg., \$275.00.....For **\$206.25**

LADIES' FINE MINK MARMOT COATS, 48 inches long, extra large storm collar and revers, full box back.
Reg., \$90.00.....For **\$ 62.50**

LADIES' TAUPE MARMOT COATS, very dressy garments, trimmed with Hudson Seal, large square collar and deep cuffs, deep slash pockets.
Reg., \$150.00.....For **\$112.50**

LADIES' EXTRA FINE HEAVY CANADIAN MUSKRAT COATS, 50 inches long, large square storm collar and deep cuffs.
Reg., \$175.00.....For **\$131.25**

LADIES' SOUTH AMERICAN HAIR BEAVER COATS, 45 inches long, loose box back, with Russian Otter large shawl collar, deep cuffs, guaranteed lining.
Reg., \$145.00.....For **\$110.75**

FUR SETS

NATURAL CANADIAN WOLF SET, large animal stole, trimmed with head, tail and paws, large pillow muff trimmed and lined to match.
Set reg., \$24.00.....For **\$18.00**

BLACK MONGOLIAN WOLF SET, large animal stole, trimmed with head, tail and paws, large plain pillow muff to match.
Set reg., \$22.50.....For **\$16.85**

SILVER BADGER SET, curved neck animal stole, trimmed with paws, head and tail, large round muff to match.
Set reg., \$40.00.....For **\$29.75**

NATURAL DARK CANADIAN RACCOON ANIMAL SET, large animal stole, trimmed with head, tail and paws, lined with soft silk crepe de chine large canteen muff to match.
Set, reg. \$75.00.....For **\$56.25**

BLACK FOX SET, animal-shaped scarf, trimmed with head, tail and paws, new style canteen muff trimmed and lined to match.
Set, reg. \$70.00.....For **\$52.50**

JAPANESE CROSS FOX SET, extra large animal stole, trimmed with head, tail and paws, lined with soft brown silk crepe, large barrel muff to match.
Set, reg. \$80.00.....For **\$59.75**

MEN'S FUR COATS

MEN'S HEAVY FUR RACCOON COATS, 50 inches long, large shawl collar, lined with extra heavy quilted Farmer's satin.
Reg., \$150.00.....For **\$113.50**

MEN'S SILVER WOMBAT COATS, 48 inches long, with extra large storm collar, strongly stayed at all joinings, lined with best quality quilted Farmer's satin.
Reg., \$90.00.....For **\$71.50**

MEN'S BLACK DOG DRIVING COATS, 50 inches long, extra deep storm shawl collar, heavy quilted Farmer's satin lining, buttons and fastenings securely stayed with leather and rivets.
Reg., \$45.00.....For **\$35.50**

MEN'S HEAVY GREY GOAT DRIVING COATS, 50 inches long, with extra large roll collar, lined with heavy quilted satin, all loops and buttons strongly secured with leather and rivets.
Reg., \$45.00.....For **\$35.50**

MEN'S HEAVY OXFORD GREY IMPORTED MELTON OVERCOATS, chamois lined throughout, with fine Dark Canadian Otter shawl collar.
Reg., \$175.00.....For **\$131.25**

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The Manitoba Farm Loans Association
274 Main Street WINNIPEG



Your Peace Garden

EVEN though the war is over, it is still very necessary to continue your Back-Yard Garden, as the whole world is short of food, and will be for some time to come.

Plant a Peace Garden with Bruce's Seeds, the best that grow. It will be a source of revenue to yourself, and will fulfil a duty to your country.

112-Page Catalogue now ready, describing Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies and Garden Implements, and quoting prices. It is free for the asking. Write now for it.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO., Ltd.
Established 1850. HAMILTON, ONTARIO

nothing one appreciates more than a kind letter?

The other day I put some letters in the mail box and I thought of the messages in that box. Some would make the recipients glad—others sad.

Pauline Johnson appreciated every flower, every tree, every stream, every hill, in fact every thing about her that was a part of Canada. She appreciated her environment for she was blind to all but the beauty in it. It was this splendid sense of appreciation of everything about her that inspired her with such an unusual sense of gratitude.

Her first three verses of "Canadian Born" emphasize her patriotic appreciation.

"We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God;

We are the pulse of Canada its marrow and its blood;

And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag

That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

how to use it. One of His commands is: Be Pure.

There is a difference between trouble we can control and trouble we cannot control.

Most girls know the difference between right and wrong—the difference between obeying the law and breaking it. Most girls realize the danger of playing with fire.

It is so easy to blame others when we make a mistake when the fault really lies within ourselves.

"To every girl there openeth
The way that she may go
And the high soul climbs the high way
While the low soul gropes the low;
While in between on the misty flats
The rest drift too and fro.
To every girl there openeth
A high way and a low
And every girl decideth
The way that she will go."

Every girl owes to every young man with whom she associates the gift of pure,



PRINCESS PATRICIA

Whose betrothal to Commander Alexander R. M. Ramsay, of the British Navy, is announced by the King. Princess "Pat," as she is affectionately known to Canadians, was a special favorite in Canada during her father's term as governor-general. One of the Dominion's best fighting battalions bears her name. Commander Ramsay is the son of the Earl of Dalhousie, and distinguished himself in the Great War. It is said that the princess rejected many offers of marriage from Royal suitors. She has decided to drop her Royal titles and be known as Lady Patricia Ramsay.

"Few of us have the blood of kings, few are of courtly birth,
But few are vagabonds or rogues of doubtful name and worth;
And all have one credential that entitles us to brag—
That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

"We've yet to make our money, we've yet to make our fame,
But we have gold and glory in our clean colonial name;
And every man's a millionaire if only he can brag
That he was born in Canada beneath the British flag."

Her Choice

Girls deliberately decide to do wrong and then when they are suffering from it they accuse God of sending them the trouble. The Higher Power has given us—everyone a will and has directed us

clean inspiration. This is the only gift that will bring peace into the heart of a man.

"Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose, but pay,
How she has cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught her priceless gift!
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which spent with due respective thrift,
Had made men brutes and men divine!
The gift of noble inspiration—woman's priceless gift to man!"

Where is the Teen Age Girl?

It would be a great step in the work of reconstruction if our women who have worked so nobly the past four years in war work would turn part of their efforts to the interests of our very young girls. There is a crying need for service in this direction. Are any young girls coming from your community to the city? If so

Brown's Poison Containers

With Strychnine-Prepared Poisoned Wheat

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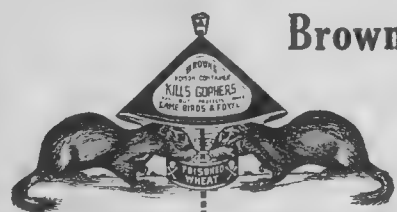
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Game Birds, Fowl and Hogs

100 Containers is a Farmer's Outfit

Place Outfit Containers to an acre, then transfer to another acre, etc. One outfit good even for 1,000 acres. Gopher poison comes with it.

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For Sale by All Merchants and Mail Order Houses



PRICE

100 Containers with
Poison ...\$16.50

50 Containers with
Poison ...\$8.25

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There is scarcely a fence requirement that we cannot fill directly from our stock, no matter whether it be farm, poultry or ornamental fencing. We carry the largest stock of fencing and gates carried by any one company in the Dominion.

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PEERLESS Fencing is well known for its non-rusting qualities. Many of our customers have testified to this fact. Examine any piece of PEERLESS Fence in your neighborhood. Compare it with fences of any other make. You will find little or no rust on the PEERLESS. The longer you can protect a fence from rust just that much longer will it continue to stand up and do business. Send for our literature and learn about this high grade fence. Address either office and it will be promptly sent.

THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

do you know what they are going to do? There are communities, especially in foreign settlements from which girls have come and found positions in cheap restaurants. Some are no older than twelve, though after they have been here a week or so they know enough to say they are fourteen. I would like to ask some of our women to visit Chinese restaurants and note the extreme youth of the girls who help there. Of course there is a factory act. Has it ever been signed? At any rate it would be a splendid work for the women's organizations in the country to keep the girls of the early teen age in the country, unless they know they will be in a safe environment in their work in the city.

Women could co-operate kindly with the tired mother of teen age girls who find the struggle hard.

Oh, there is such a need of better home influence where girls are battling against unpleasant surroundings. Four years ago a beautiful girl came to me. She was full of energy and ambition, but her mother scolded and nagged continually and she could not stay at home. Last week she was arrested. The greatest need to-day is good homes. Women are needed all the time to keep the home love burning. Weakness in home life sends our boys and girls to the courts. It may be old fashioned—this mothering business—but it is necessary for the welfare of our country.

"I took a piece of plastic clay,
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past;
The bit of clay was hard at last,
The form I gave it, still it bore,
But I could change that form no more

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And moulded with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him never more."

Another Problem

A question was handed me the other day: "How can I bring Christ into my pleasures?" What is pleasure? We find this answer: "The gratification of the senses of the mind; agreeable sensations and emotions; the excitement and happiness produced by the expectation or the enjoyment of something good, delightful or satisfying."

There is a difference between pleasure and dissipation. Pleasure strengthens us—dissipation weakens us.

What is dissipation? Indulgence that wastes the mind and body. We are apt to confuse the two.

I know girls who mistook dissipation for pleasure and they are wrecks at eighteen—old, weak and useless

I know women of eighty who understood the meaning of pleasure. They are keen, active, bright and happy. A woman of eighty recently took a course at college.

Col. James L. Smith is seventy-three years old. He can run ten miles in seventy-five minutes. He is absolutely sound in body and mind. We all like to live long—let us study the pleasures, then, that will increase our strength and vitality. There is no thought that is good in the mind but soon looks good in the face. "Heart qualities are artists that work, indeed behind the screen, yet at last they strike through the canvas and become manifest in the facial illumination." Doctor Hillis says: "Women that are so long injured to vice and crime that sinful thoughts within have so disposed of the facial tissue without as that the countenance has in it something of the wolf, and something of the imp, and something of the crawling serpent."

It is true, indeed, that "Beautiful faces are those that wear—It matters little if dark or fair—Whole-souled honesty printed there. Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes, where earth fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below."

In the business world to-day employers are making a study of faces and features. They are employing professionals in that line to select their help. Dr. Blackwood has led the way in this particular pro-

fession. She is now training thousands in the study of facial features.

There has never been a time when faces were studied as they are now. Let us not indulge in dissipation that will weaken us. Positions will not be so easy to get or hold as they have been. It will be a survival of the fittest.

Knowledge is not only power but happiness because it is the best protection a girl can have. It means efficiency. It helps us to see the difference between pleasure and dissipation. Beautiful flowers cannot flourish in a weedy, muddy soil; neither can beautiful thoughts flourish in a weedy, muddy mind. In order to understand the meaning of pleasure we must first understand the meaning of love. That brings us near God.

If we cannot feel the Christian spirit in our recreation the atmosphere is not safe.

If my companion or friend is safe he or she will inspire me—will make me feel stronger and happier—if he or she is not safe I will feel poisoned and mean. This is the test. Dissipation is a sign of selfishness. Pleasure is a sign of unselfishness. I wish we had more community pleasures and less "pairing off."

"How can I take Christ into my pleasures?"—Dear girl, let me answer by asking another question: "How can I leave Christ out of my pleasures?"

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It eliminates all guess work in the final diagnosis.

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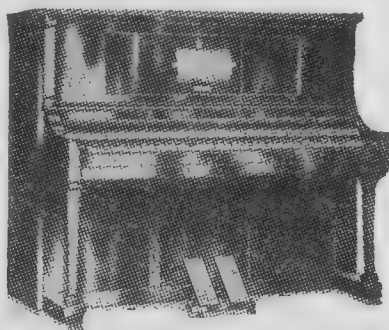
More space must be made for other pianos ordered early last year and daily arriving in our warehouse. Pianos now in stock must be moved to make way for them.

Get our illustrated catalogue regarding present prices and terms.

Canada	\$355
Doherty	375
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Cecilian	475
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\$625

12 music rolls and combination player and piano bench free. Customers may exchange rolls at any time on paying 10 cents each.



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Thompson	\$425	\$245
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Primatone	750	495
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Part cash payment accepted now and the balance in fall payments, or quarterly or half-yearly terms.

We Pay Freight

Not only that, but we guarantee safe delivery of your piano to your nearest station.

Bonspiel Visitors will be accorded the usual welcome to call and personally inspect our wonderful showing of pianos and phonographs.

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Manitoba Farm Loans Association

Lachlan McNeill, commissioner of the Manitoba Farm Loans Association, reports extraordinary public interest in the undertaking. Up to July 1st, 1917, this association had only paid out four loans, as the work of organization, securing of suitable offices, and all printing, etc., necessary to the working of the association had to be arranged for, so that up to Nov. 30, 1918, the association had been actually loaning only about 18 months. In that period the association has paid out 762 loans, totalling \$2,000,950.

The Manitoba Act is co-operative in this way, that each borrower is required



LACHLAN McNEILL

to subscribe for stock in the Association to the extent of five per cent. of the amount of money which he borrows.

No other person except borrower on farm land mortgages under the provisions of this act, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, and His Majesty in the right of the province, can become shareholders in the association.

When a loan is disbursed this five per cent. is retained by the association and a stock certificate issued to the borrower for the number of shares he is entitled to. The certificate is held in the office of the association as collateral security until the loan is paid off, when the borrower will be paid at par for his stock.

Mr. McNeill has received an invitation to address a number of meetings in the United States and explain in detail the plan which made the Manitoba Farm Loans Association so successful a venture.

INCREASING WHEAT PRODUCTION

In making farmers loans for the purchase of seed, the United States government is helping wonderfully needy settlers in the drought-stricken areas to the south of us. In making loans the



Samples of heads of wheat submitted by J. W. Broatch, Moose Jaw.

government is carefully specifying the kind of seeding that it will loan money for. The land must be either fall or spring plowed, except reasonably clean summer fallow, corn or potato land. Stubbing in will not do, except on new land that has produced but one crop of flax.

A GREAT TEMPERANCE FETE

Fifty years of earnest, persuasive work in the cause of Temperance was marked by the recent great fete at the Crystal Palace. The proceedings not only included the usual musical competitions, concerts, and picturesque "march past" in the grounds, but also a reception in honour of Mr. Frederic Smith, the conductor of the first fete 50 years ago, who was presented with his portrait in oils. The presentation was made by the President of the Temperance Choral Union, Mr. Alderman Clements, J.P. The youthful septuagenarian recipient was enthusiastically received when he appeared in the Handel orchestra.

The first prize in the choral contest for juvenile choirs, together with the Frederic Smith Challenge Shield, was won by Lake Road (Portsmouth) Band of Hope; the first prize for mixed-voice choirs from thirty to fifty singers, together with the Curwen Challenge Shield, was won by the Stamford (Portsmouth) Temperance Choral Society; and in the mixed-voice contest for choirs from 60 to 100 singers, the first prize and the Cory Challenge Shield was won by Portsmouth Excelsior Temperance Choral Society.



Officers of Boys' and Girls' Club, Gladstone, Manitoba, who presented the Duke of Devonshire, when on his trip throughout the West, with a basket of Manitoba grains and grasses.

Music

Songs Fit Every Phase of Life

Back in 1914 when we were working peacefully along without thought of war, we sang the ordinary ballads of the day—romantic, sacred and humorous. Then the storm burst upon the world. Men were the first need. There came into existence several good recruiting songs that proved great aids in securing voluntary enlistments. By the time the armies were in the field and settled down to the routine of trench warfare, people were singing patriotic songs and new songs of army life, navy life and of flying in the air. As battle followed battle, as the armies advanced here and retreated there, there arose the need of keeping up the home morale lest the spirit behind the lines would waver and break. But again the songs of sticking to it, of world freedom beyond the horizon, of proving worthy of our men at the front had their influence on the nation helping us to stick it out. During this period the national songs of our Allies cemented those ties in the minds of the masses that were so necessary.

The end came. And with it went the songs of home-coming and songs of praise. Yet the need for singing and inclination to sing is greater than ever. Everyone feels like singing. Interest in the songs that were forgotten for the time being came back. So that the whole field of general songs is re-opened. The war gave English songs a new meaning. Canadians who have been in England or whose friends have been, take readily to the songs of Sussex, Somerset and Devon. Thus our whole attitude towards music is altered and Canada is on her way to becoming a singing nation.

The Church Organist

To become a good church organist is no small achievement, for it sometimes seems as if the church organist begins where the recitalist leaves off. The former needs all the execution of the latter, but the latter has never been compelled as a recitalist to consider "beginnings" or "endings" or "smoothness." Reactions are outside his sphere of activity, except as they arise in moving from piece to piece in his program or as they may be a factor in the general impression made by his personality on his audience. Many things the concert player must learn when he sits on the bench Sundays. To be a good church player is to be an artist in a field little known to the ordinary musician and often little appreciated.

'YUM



A food for energetic kiddies—

"SQUIRREL" BRAND
Peanut Butter

Begin early to feed the children "Squirrel" Brand. It keeps them from over-eating sweets—yet satisfies the craving. Builds bone, muscle and brain.

Keep a can of "Squirrel" Brand in the pantry for emergencies

Ask your Grocer for recipe book

CANADA NUT CO. LIMITED
Vancouver, B.C.

Music's Part in Reconstruction

The maintenance of discipline through the use of singing has been found an important feature in the army and navy hospitals, while in surgical cases it has been learned that men go under anesthetics much easier while listening to music. So it is not an infrequent thing now to hear nurses singing the army songs for wounded men while preparing them for the surgeon's ministrations. Another part that music will play in the work of reconstruction is the scientific restoration of articulation for patients suffering from injuries to the mouth and throat, and some interesting experiments in this field are now being carried on by vocal teachers in the convalescent hospitals.

All Roads Lead to Singing

When people are deeply moved, they usually sing. Immense audiences give way to great patriotic fervor in song. Religious zeal always requires a hymn for one of its main outlets. The longing for freedom by a subjugated people has ever been the cradle of many of the world's enduring songs. Men, who as individuals, never sing and scarcely ever whistle, who know not one note from another, when in a crowd, join lustily in the singing. The mass-spirit has been termed the most responsive thing in the world. Our armies went into battle singing. Autocracy died in Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Austria and now Germany at the hands of a singing people.

If men and women were called by the government to build ships, produce munitions, save food, recruit regiments, buy bonds, forget politics, carry on, they did it—and sang. Perhaps now and again the burdens felt too heavy, the clouds seemed too thick, the heart was too sad to sing, the voice was not steady enough, and when we could not speak, the muffled drum, the soft chords, the sweet organ notes or the inspiring symphony said our innermost feelings for us. Our own silence made the instrument's influence the more deeply felt. Then as a result in some peculiar fashion our hearts were encouraged. The clouds were not gone; but they seemed far beneath us. We felt, at least for the time being like saying with Longfellow:

"I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales,
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle with shifting glance,
Through the grey mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;"

Then the impulse to sing returned. With hearts strengthened and souls refreshed we were ready to "be up and doing, with a heart for any fate." Music was God's messenger.

Making Valentines

By Alice T. Curtis

All the year we save up things
Cut from papers, hearts and rings,
Little boys called Cupids, too;
And all sorts of flowers will do.

Then we take some paper white,
And we scallop it just right, and
across the top we write
Some nice line that reads like this:
"To my sweetheart, with a kiss."

Now we're ready to begin,
And we paste a Cupid in,
And perhaps a wreath and dove,
With a scroll which says, "True love."

We pick out from all the rest
One for mother that is best;
And we write, "Our hearts are true,
Dearest Valentine, to you."

The 1919 Phonograph

Plays All records
at their Best



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"All Phonographs In One"
There IS something new in Phonographs
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Compare—investigate, before you buy.
Send for description of the wonderful "Ultona" and all-wood tone chamber, built like a violin.
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143 Portage Avenue Dept. W.H. Winnipeg, Man.

Are your eyes well dressed?

There is "style" in glasses as well as in clothing. There is no more reason for wearing glasses that are unbecoming than there is for wearing those that do not fit your eyes.

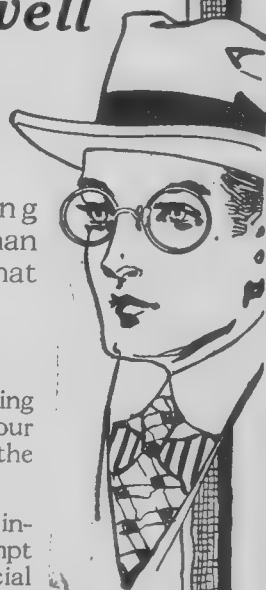
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Make it a point to visit us during your stay in Winnipeg.

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PICTORIAL HISTORY OF GREAT WAR—400 official Canadian-British photographs, 16 color plates. Author, Professor (Major) Wallace, Toronto University, three years overseas. Send for our sample and convince yourself that ours is superior. Write to-day to John Hertel, Limited, Spadina, Toronto. 2-19

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Educational

LITTLE STORIES OF PELMANISM—"I find my powers of remembering new faces and places have improved by the Pelman Course," writes a Regina student after lesson 3. "I am able to concentrate better; feel stronger, physically and mentally," says a teacher, Waterloo, Ont. "I find I can express myself more readily both in letters and speech, and also take in what I read with greater ease," testifies a nurse, London, Ont. "My object in taking the Pelman Course was to improve my powers as a debater and public speaker. You have done both," writes a lady from Victoria, B.C. "I feel a great deal more hopeful and cheerful since starting this course," is the testimony of a young lady of Duncan, B.C. "I have been able to discard notes in public speaking. My mind acts quicker in reaching a conclusion," says a clergyman of Saskatchewan. "My memory for faces and names has improved considerably. I notice the most marked improvement in my memory for names," writes a music teacher of Sackville, N.B. Pelmanism is doing all this and more. It will do it for you. Send for free descriptive booklet: Pelman Institute (Canadian Branch), Department W.H.M., 15 Toronto Street, Toronto, Canada. 2-19

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FOR SALE—"Heaven and Hell." Swedenborg's great work on the life after death and a real world beyond; 400 pages, only 25c postpaid. W. G. Law, 486 Euclid Avenue, Toronto, Ont. 3-19

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IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE YOUR PROPERTY, write me. John J. Black, 14 St., Chippewa Falls, Wis. 2-19

WANTED—To hear from owner of farm or unimproved land for sale. O. K. Hawley, Baldwin, Wisconsin. 2-19

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Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. E. Vialoux

A Writer's Jaunt to the Poultry Plant at the Manitoba Agricultural College

'Twas an ideal sunny day in January when I spent an afternoon seeing the many interesting features and experiments that are being carried on under the supervision of Prof. Herner at St. Vital.

After looking over the egg laying record of 350 trapnested Leghorn and Barred Rock pullets, half in laying houses where the electric light is turned on until 10.30 p.m., and the other half in houses without any light. I must confess that the use of electric light in winter increases egg production nearly 50 per cent. No ill results have followed the use of electric light in the poultry houses at the college. The hens work longer hours, digest another meal and lay more eggs daily.

Certainly switching on the light is far ahead of the smoky lantern hanging in the hen house to temper a bitter night, though the light is only used at the Manitoba Agricultural College to lengthen the day for the hen. Some Winnipeg poultry men claim that a rise in temperature of several degrees, 15 to 20 degrees at least, takes place in a small hen house where a powerful electric light is installed. This should tide the hens over many a cold dip in January. Prof. Herner showed me one beautiful Barred Rock pullet that is making a record for herself despite her blue blood and perfect feathering. She has laid pretty steadily since the 8th of September, when she was five months old, producing 67 eggs by New Year.

The White Leghorn pullets have done remarkably well this season, but this pullet has beaten them all. There are about a dozen hens on the plant with a 200 egg record per year, and the professor is keen on increased egg production from utility fowl, but has a vision of raising birds combining fine feathering with heavy egg production. The fowls at the College have produced more eggs than usual all this season though they felt the dreadfully sudden cold days in early January very much and dropped off in laying a good deal, in common with all of our flocks. When the weather gradually turns very cold laying hens do not seem to mind the change, but when the thermometer suddenly drops from 10 above zero to 30 below in 30 hours as it did at New Year's all feathered fowl feel out of sorts at once, and who can blame them.

The experiment that Professor Herner is trying this season in breeding up 150 mongrel hens by mating them with purebred Barred Rock males for five seasons will prove interesting to many farmers I am sure, and induce them to use purebred males in building up the farm flock. This experiment I have tried some years ago in a small way, and in three or four seasons the hens had improved wonderfully and were well barred. The 150 hens should demonstrate the value of good breeding very clearly, and I understand this experiment is the first to be tried in America on a large scale. The 150 mongrels looked fine and were cackling to themselves about winter laying when I saw them in a comfortable laying house of cheap construction, single boarded only.

The idea is that mongrels laying perhaps 75 to 100 eggs annually can be bred up into a good laying strain producing 150 to 200 eggs a year. The method of feeding is the same as other flocks, scratch feed in litter twice a day, dry mash of crushed oats, bran and corn in the hoppers also plenty of cabbage, mangels or other roots, and buttermilk to drink as well as water.

Ducks, turkeys and geese will be hatched and raised more extensively in 1919 than in former years at St. Vital. I am told White Holland turkeys are proving very satisfactory and are not so subject to blackhead as their bronze sisters. Twenty turkey hens are in the

breeding pens and they will no doubt give a good account of themselves during the spring season.

After a pleasant saunter through the poultry plant the hatching room down in the basement was visited. Here there are several makes of incubators in readiness for the hatching season, but the most interesting thing to me was the Mammoth Buckeye incubator which has a capacity of 2440 eggs, and takes up the centre of the hatching room. "Jumbo" is heated by a coal oil stove not by electric power, owing to the uncertainty of the lighting plant at the College. The system of ventilation in the big machine is perfect, fresh air circulates around the egg chamber constantly by means of a sort of electric fan. This machine has turned out a splendid hatcher, over 1300 chicks were hatched in it last summer.

The straw house used a good deal on western farms is in use for experimental work this winter. It is built of bales of straw, has an earthen floor covered with litter of straw and cotton and glass windows. The house is comfortable enough, but much too damp and not as light and cheery as it should be. However, some of the White Leghorns housed in this novel structure are laying at present. The roosts are just poles put up ladder style, and the idea is to clean it only once a year in real farmer fashion. The result of wintering fowls thus will be carefully noted and put on record. Some geese occupy a straw pen also, and they seem to be doing very well, and have laid a couple of eggs already.

"Jumbo" was being made ready for the first hatch to be set on January 17th, so the baby chicks will be on view at the big Winnipeg Poultry Show, February 7th to 15th, at the Industrial Bureau. They will form an interesting exhibit and the wee chicks will be for sale during show week. As usual the exhibit from the College will be large and full of interesting features.

A row of little wire cages or boxes on a shelf in the hatching room turned out to be special receptacles for precious purebred eggs laid by 200-egg record hens that must be kept separate from the ordinary eggs throughout the hatch. When the chicks are hatched tiny leg bands are clasped on their legs as they are let out of their wire prisons to mingle with the common herd of baby chicks. The egg show at the Winnipeg Poultry Show will be larger than usual this year, and poultry entries are pouring into the secretary, Mr. McArthur. The show will be staged in the big auditorium at the Bureau, everything from a bantam to an ostrich will be proudly displayed in this splendid light room.

The Birds' Valentines

By Laura Spencer Portor

The winter day is waning,
The maples all are bare;
I see the snowflakes drifting
Down softly through the air.
The redbird sits there singing
From his bough among the pines:
"These are not snowflakes, deary,
But snowbirds' valentines.
And lest you cannot read them,"
I thought I heard him say,
"These are the words the little birds
Send to their loves to-day:
'My love for thee none knows!
'Tis hid in winter snows.
But when the brooks are flowing,
And all the grass is growing,
And chilly winter goes,
Upon the warm earth's bosom
My love shall blossom, blossom
In the violet and the rose."

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Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Almost at the time which this issue will reach my readers the proposed federation of women's organizations will be in session in Winnipeg, with delegates from every province in Canada.

Federation Something of the history which lies behind this movement will, I am sure, be of interest to every reader of the Western Home Monthly and I am therefore passing on to my readers a brief account of the work which has been furnished to me by one of the officials very closely in touch with all that has been done.

When the Agricultural Instruction Act was passed by the Dominion of Canada six years ago, provision was made for instruction and demonstration work in household science and household art generally recognized under the collective name of "Home Economics." This being an educational proposition, the administration of these funds was placed in the hands of the provincial government in each province, and since that time, with

an effort to get a name for women's educational endeavours which would correspond with agriculture for young men.

Six years ago the meaning of "Economics" was not so widely known as it is to-day, and many people confounded it with the word "economy" and naturally feeling they required no further information along that line fought shy of the subject.

None of the names chosen adequately represent the aims and objects of these various organizations, and at the coming federation meeting the question of a universal name for Canada will come up.

The need of federation was felt four years ago and steps were taken to have a federation meeting, but in common with so many other projects, the outbreak of the war with its

Delayed by necessary concentration of women's efforts on Red Cross and war relief work,



Newly elected officers of the women's section of the United Farmers' Association of Alberta.

few exceptions, has been handled by the department of agriculture in each province.

It was generally assumed by those in charge that this money was to be used in taking instruction to the women in their own homes in the country, and as there was at that time very few women's organizations in Canada, an effort was made to establish them in each province so that there would be in each community a recognized body of progressive women capable of giving local direction to the instruction.

These organizations assumed different names in different provinces. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Alberta and British Columbia followed Ontario and adopted the name of "Women's Institutes."

Ontario had a large number of these institutes before the act had been passed. Quebec and Saskatchewan adopted the name of "Home-makers' Clubs." Manitoba unfortunately adopted a very cumbersome name, which is common in the United States, namely, "Home Economics Societies." This is

it had to be abandoned for the time being.

Now with the reconstruction period, the need for a definite policy for all the provinces is more urgent than ever, as the funds used all come from the same source. There is considerable divergence of opinion as to the best use that can be made of the funds, and the coming conference should enable the different provinces to arrive at a more uniform basis for operation.

During the month there has been a meeting of representatives of the women's sections of the organized farmers and an interprovincial committee has been formed looking ultimately to W.G.G. an organization which will correspond somewhat to the Canadian Council of Agriculture.

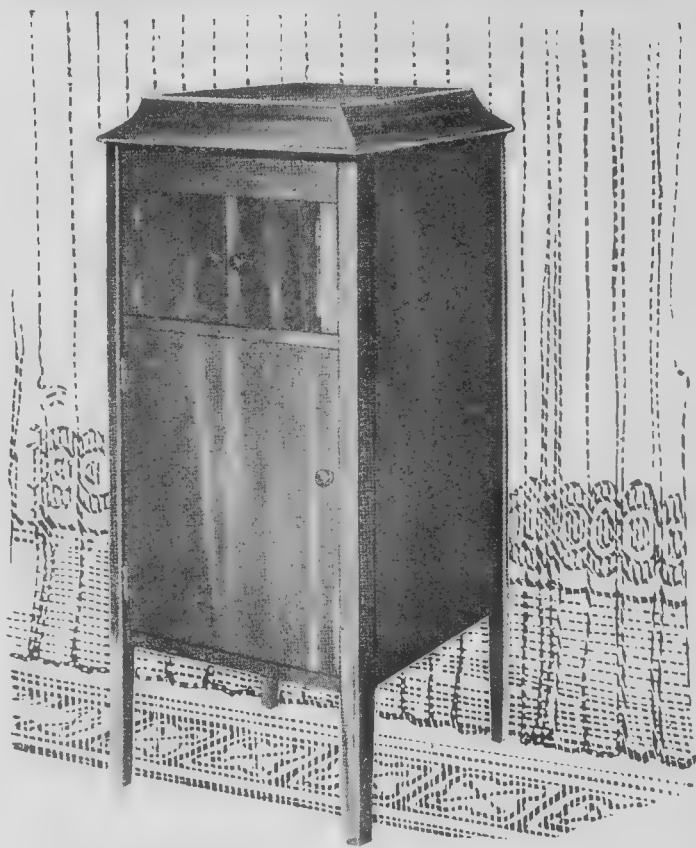
At this meeting the only provinces represented were Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario, so that the gathering was not so Dominion-wide in character as the one in February promises to be, but each of these organizations will have its place and there should be a great opportunity of co-operative work between them.

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These movements towards great co-operation and unity among the women of Canada is most encouraging. All unity will be needed in order to cope with the problems which are already threatening to overwhelm Canada in the reconstruction period.

Not the least of Canada's problems will be the assimilating of the thousands of women who are coming to Canada as the brides of the men who have served overseas. There will be many sore spots in our hearts over the Brides coming of some of these women because, there is no use begging the question, they have materially lessened the marriage possibilities of many Canadian women and it is only human to object inwardly if not outwardly. Again many of these marriages are most unsuitable and many a mother will have her heart wrung by the choice her son has made. Some of these women will never fit into the life of Canada and there will be many tragedies, it is therefore all the more necessary that the women of Canada, and more especially the older women, tackle this problem at once and do all in their power to make the newcomers feel at home, and help them in growing accustomed to new surroundings, always bearing in mind that they are strangers in a strange land, that they are of our own blood and language and if they are not always what we would have chosen they are infinitely to be preferred to a vast percentage of the foreign born who have come to us in the past.

They too will have their bitter disappointment. The glamour of marrying a soldier and coming to the new world will have carried many a girl and woman off her feet, and in the new land she will find the young husband, of short acquaintance, almost as much a stranger as the new kin she has come to.

It is a great opportunity for the women of Canada to show what they are made of. The British women have proved what they could do to help win the war and now it is the testing time for Canadian women. Their's is in many cases the harder task, but as the Canadian army in France was chosen for the hard places because they could be counted on to stand fast in a difficult and dangerous situation so let the Canadian women measure up to the Canadian men.

Betty, aged six, is something of a philosopher. The other day, as she slowly and painstakingly worked at the strip of hemming which was her first attempt at needlework, she thoughtfully remarked: "The best thing about not putting in crooked stitches is that you don't have to pick them out again."

The truth seems obvious enough; and yet how long it takes many of us to learn it, and how many bitter hours we spend in picking out life's crooked stitches that we never should have put in.



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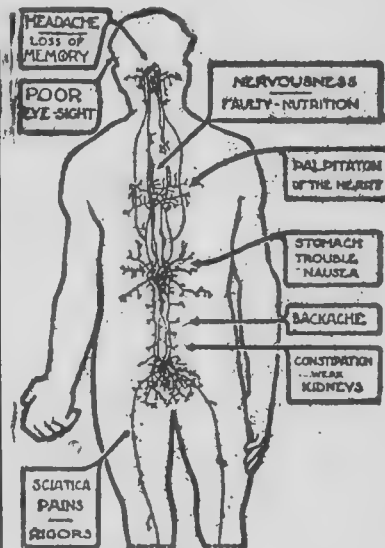


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New Preventatives for Incurable Diseases

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

He who cures a disease is rare on this sublunary sphere, but he that prevents it is the safest physician.

You think and you say that you prefer to have diseases prevented, warded off.

You really believe that, do you.

Yet you are just a plain average person with the same human nature, with the same indifference to your future welfare; with the same disinclination to do what you do not have to do.

Unless you are a sailor or soldier, the chances are you will some day be ill in bed with the high fever of typhoid for six weeks. You may recover or you may die; yet your earning power will never be the same.

Typhoid fever is almost perfectly preventable, yet it cannot be cured. The vaccine of antityphoid does away with every chance to have this dire disease. "whose ruthless power withers the beauty's transient flower."

Yet you and your loved ones still go unvaccinated—unless they are in the army or navy. You have the knowledge and the facts, but your "human nature" disinclines you to save yourself and them.

At this very moment, a new and powerful preventive vaccine has been just prepared at the request of the U.S. Army by the physicians and immunologists of the great John D. Rockefeller Institute of Preventive Medicine in New York.

This vaccine was first administered to 12,000 soldiers, who offered to volunteer at one of the army cantonments when pneumonia was epidemic.

Antityphoid vaccine is made of the one of bacilli, the typhoid germs. These are encouraged to thrive and multiply faster than rabbits. The bacilli are boiled and killed and billions of them dead, is the vaccine, which injected into the muscles, causes the individual to manufacture antityphoid fluids ready to pounce upon and imprison any live typhoid disease germs which may penetrate the vaccinated individual's anatomy. Thus it is a sure preventive, never a cure.

The antipneumonia vaccine is more complex. There are at least eight different bacteria associated with pneumonia, while there is but one kind of typhoid bacilli.

The new Rockefeller vaccine, suggested by the discoveries of Dr. I. Cole of that institution, was composed at first of a billion or so of four types of pneumococci.

Since the recent plague, however, four other, streptococci and influenza-plague bacilli have been identified as causes of pneumonia, so now antipneumonia vaccine contains perhaps two million germs each of

Pneumococci Type I.
" " II.
" " III.
" " IV.

Bacillus Influenza.
Bacillus Plague.
Bacterium Streptococcus Hemolyticus
Bacterium Streptococcus Irridens.

Of the 12,000 soldiers who placed themselves willingly at the disposal of the army doctors—even when a few noisy women were allowed to harangue them against all vaccination—not one fell ill with pneumonia.

Typhoid formerly killed more men than shot and shell. In civil life, it is still near the head of the death list.

Pneumonia has become the new scourge of the army. This new vaccine very likely will allow the future armies to defy it, as we to-day defy typhoid.

When the plain every day man and woman begins to understand that many diseases can be prevented, and hardly any can be cured, it will be gratifying evidence that human nature has changed.

It is partly the fault of the old time medical profession with a "Medical Ethics," which allows many old time doctors to convince persons, who recover from disease, that the medicine used cured them, that a well-nigh universal belief has been handed down, that many diseases which get well, have been "cured."

As a matter of fact, nearly all human diseases can be prevented. We have the knowledge, the facts, and the power to prevent them.

Almost no human diseases can be completely cured. Many get well, but few are cured. Can you understand the difference? It is to the mistaken expectation that typhoid, pneumonia, and many worse maladies can be cured, that we may often lay the blame of your son's or your daughter's delay or disinclination to do the things they know can be done which will absolutely prevent those diseases.

Doctors are just as bad as others. Scores of them gave their lives needlessly in the recent plague epidemic, because they failed to use preventive face masks and take the prophylactic vaccine.



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JOHN M. CLARK,
Brookvale, N.B.

I had been troubled with eczema off and on for over 40 years and four years ago it broke out on me again. I was a complete wreck. One leg was raw from my toes to my body and the other was raw from my toes to my knee.

No living man could ever believe what I had to suffer for over a year. I have been doctored with 3 good doctors here in my own town. I believe they did all they could for me, but yet they are not to be compared with D.D.D. 4 years ago when the eczema broke out on me I saw your ad, and I sent for a dollar bottle and found it was doing me good so continued using until I was completely cured.

It took only 13 bottles and for three years I haven't had a sign of eczema. Some people ask me why it is that you don't advertise more and I tell them you don't need to advertise all the time for just to try a bottle is sufficient advertising.

When I was using your medicine and the people saw what it was doing for me I was advertisement enough for Chesterville, and after I was cured there was a school teacher came to see if I could tell her what would cure her of the same disease and I told her D.D.D. She used it and now she is back in her school teaching and not a sign of eczema.

If this letter is of any use to you, you may use it in any way you like. There is another in my family that suffered with the same disease and was cured by D.D.D.

RUFUS GARRETT,
Chesterville, Ontario.

With our baby the rash started on his cheeks. Later on the leg, then it appeared on his wrists. We tried doctors and salves for more than a year. He became worse and worse. His wrists were awful to look at. His forehead was covered and from ear to ear he was unsightly.

I had to make little cotton slips to pull over his hands to keep him from scratching. I spent \$50.00 in salves alone.

Finally I got a bottle of D.D.D. and after reading the causes of eczema and the directions for using D.D.D. I commenced its use and soon saw a change. In about three weeks the sores were healed. He has been perfectly well now for a year. His face and hands are like velvet.

I would feel if I neglected to return thanks to the D.D.D. Company, I should be like one of the nine lepers.

Mrs. W. H. SPENCE,
McGregor, Manitoba.

Mail the Coupon Today for Free Trial Bottle

Do this today. For a limited time only we will make this offer. We do it because we know that D. D. D. will do the same for you that it has done for others. Read above how this wonderful remedy has been of unspeakable benefit to others. See their signed letters and prove it to yourself before you turn this page. Send for D. D. D. and as soon as you apply it to that burning itch it will bring instant relief. Send today.

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Gentlemen: Please send me trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

The Philosopher

"Their Name Liveth Forevermore"

There has come to The Philosopher's table a copy of the report of Sir Frederick Kenyon, adviser to the Imperial War Graves Commission, entitled "War Graves—How the Cemetery Plots Will be Designed." The policy decided upon is one which will unquestionably find the same approval throughout the whole Empire as it has already found in Great Britain. The principle of equality is to prevail. The graves of all who have fallen in the war are to be alike. The present scattered graves, of which there are about 150,000, are to be removed from their present places to central cemeteries; otherwise many such graves would in time be lost trace of. Now they will all be cared for reverently. The Graves Registration Commission will take care of the identifications. France, Belgium, Italy and Greece are providing land in perpetuity for the British war cemeteries, and are "adopting" the dead. In some of these cemeteries there will be many thousands of graves; in others but a few score. The same kindly care will be given to each. All are to be enclosed and adorned with trees and flower plots. There will be a central cross and memorial stone in each, engraved with the verse from Ecclesiastes, suggested by Rudyard Kipling: "Their name liveth forevermore." A colonnade will shelter the register of the names of the men sleeping their last sleep. Over each grave will be a headstone with the regimental or battalion badge, and an inscription with the name, rank and date of death, etc. In the years to come many tens of thousands of relatives and friends of the dead will visit those cemeteries. To all beholders the sight of them and the thought of the brave men who gave their lives in defense of freedom and human rights will be an enduring reminder of the terrible cause of war and should be an effectual warning against the recurrence in the world of any such tragedy, which has caused such an incalculable amount of human anguish since August, 1914, and has left a legacy of bereavement and mourning.

The Men Back from the Front

The honor roll of Canadians who won the Victoria Cross (many of whom died in the winning of it) is a glorious record of which Canada will ever be justly proud. Many hundreds of Canadians did deeds worthy of the Victoria Cross, but by the fortune of war, did not receive it. Many thousands of them gave proof again and again of the steadfast, unflinching courage which looks death squarely in the face and goes forward to the discharge of duty, without counting of the cost. Every man back from the front deserves the best that Canada can do for him. The country owes a heavy debt of gratitude to them all, which it can never fully pay. What the returned soldier needs is not pity, but opportunity—not coddling, but a square deal. He is entitled to that, in part return of the service he has given. He is entitled to patient consideration during the period of readjusting himself to civilian life again, after his experiences at the front. And, in this connection, it must not be forgotten that once he has passed through that period, his training at the front adds immensely to his value as a citizen. At the front he has lived the community life and learned the lesson of devotion to the general welfare. His experiences in the war have given him some of the most valuable qualities of good citizenship.

The Problems of Immigration

The whole question of immigration, to which in the years before the war too little serious thought was given by the people of this country, is one that now compels the most earnest thought which every Canadian who is really concerned for the future welfare of Canada can give it. The era when practically any kind of people who would come and help to fill up the vast emptiness of the Great Lone Land were eagerly welcomed, has vanished forever into the past. Never again will there be such indiscriminate admission of human elements into the great Western Canadian melting pot, with little or no thought given to the question of their suitability to assimilation in the mass of Canadian citizenship. The years when steamship companies were busy in attracting home-seekers to this country, seeking to fill the steerage of their ships on every westward voyage across the Atlantic with human freight, on which they made a profit of so much per head, can never come back. The multifarious agencies that worked for quantity more than for quality in the immigration to the Prairie Provinces have had their day. A new era has come, in which the quality more than the number of the immigrants who are to be admitted will claim careful attention. Only those may come in who are the stuff which will develop into good Canadian citizenship.

A Man of the People

Lloyd George, triumphantly returned to power as the executive head of the people of Great Britain, is destined to have a leading part in the shaping of the new world order. The free peoples of the world will look to him with confidence to prove himself the steadfast champion of the essential, fundamental principles of democracy for which he has hitherto stood. Born a poor village lad, he has raised himself to a position of greater power and responsibility than has ever before been held by any man in history. No other man ever carried a greater weight of responsibility than he had to bear as virtual dictator at the head of the British Government during the war. Through it all he has been true to the principles which have guided his career from the beginning. Macaulay, who was a great man of incurably Whiggish mind, talked of "the higher and middling orders being the natural representatives of the human race." They are the sole natural representatives of the needs of the human race. As Lloyd George said in one of his speeches of seven or eight years ago, when he was doing battle so strenuously for the principles of democracy: "It is not the upper classes, but the people who are truly to be said to compose the human race; what is not of the people is of so small concern as hardly worth the trouble of counting." What Lloyd George had in mind, of course, was the truth enunciated by John Bright, when he said that "the nation in every country dwells in the cottage." Is not this the outstanding human truth which has been proved by the war?

In Regard to Democracy

Belgium has passed a universal suffrage law. This is not a thing to be wondered at. Belgium has reason, if any country ever had, to realize the value of democracy. Even Central Europe, having also learned its lesson as to the value of democracy, is making progress in the work of sweeping away the whole antiquated structure of class franchises, which until the triumph of democracy in the war had a strangle-hold on most of the countries between the Baltic and the Adriatic. The war has blown to pieces the remnants of the old doctrine which until near the end of the eighteenth century ruled in every land without exception, that the masses could not be trusted in the exercise of political rights. The whole world knows now, and future generations will never forget it, that upper-class minorities are not to be trusted in a monopoly of political rights. When the smoke of the war clears away finally, every man in every land in Europe will have a vote. And an increasing number of countries will follow the lead of Great Britain in giving women the vote as well. Democracy means government of the people, by the people, for the people. And, as it has been pointed out more than once, women are people, too, quite as much as men are.

A Curious Suggestion

Cable despatches recently announced that it had been proposed that Denmark, in return for receiving back Schleswig-Holstein, which Prussia seized upon half a century ago, should transfer its colony, Greenland, to Canada. By whom this suggestion was made, does not appear. Probably somebody in Denmark. Historically Greenland is interesting, because the Norsemen visited it, and voyaged from Greenland to the mainland of America nearly five hundred years before the discovery of America by Columbus. Apparently it was somewhere on the coast of what is now Nova Scotia that the Norsemen landed in the year 1003. They attempted a permanent settlement, but were driven out by the natives. As for Greenland, its southern coasts are habitable, but the whole of the interior is a region of glacier ice and snow. The climate along its southern coasts is very uncertain, changing suddenly from bright sunshine, when mosquitoes often swarm, to dense fog, or heavy falls of snow, with icy winds. The population of the Danish colony is about 11,000, of whom only some 300 are Europeans. The annual imports, consisting of manufactured goods and foodstuffs, amount to about \$200,000; the exports include seal oil, fish products, eiderdown and seal, fox, and bear skins. The official reports state that Greenland, on account of the maintenance of missions and other expenses, costs Denmark more than \$30,000 a year. Since 1774, when the trade monopoly with Greenland which was held by a Danish company, ceased to be profitable, trade with Greenland has been a monopoly of the Danish crown; there is strict prohibition of intoxicating liquors. The suggestion that Canada should take over Greenland is rather a curious one. It will be interesting to see whether anything more is heard of it.

Pensions Are Not All

At present about 50,000 pensions are being paid in Canada. The number will be increased considerably when all the men in military hospitals on the other side of the Atlantic are brought home. According to the estimate of the Minister of Finance, \$30,000,000 will be a minimum sum to allow for the yearly expenditure in the form of pensions to Canadian men disabled in the war and the dependents of Canadians. The pensions are not gifts from Canada; they are not rewards for good service done. They are payments given as a right by the Canadian people, through their Government, to those of their fellow-citizens who have suffered incapacity, disability, or impairment of their powers while rendering heroic public service. Pensions can never be compensation. Their object is to lessen the handicap of the disabled men and help them live on more equal terms with those who have not suffered disability. There are other ways in which help is furnished by Canada to the men back from the front who need help. Commendable work is being done by the vocational training branch of the department of civil re-establishment. And it cannot be repeated too often, or too urgently, that every Canadian for whom the men who went to the front made such sacrifices owes it as his first duty to manifest practically his sense of his just indebtedness to them by kind and unflinching helpfulness towards them.

Our Neighbors

It is with solid satisfaction that the people of this country feel that Mr. Newton Baker, the Secretary of War of the United States, was not speaking in mere politeness, but in all truth and earnestness, when he said in his speech to the Canadian Club of Ottawa, the week before last, that "hereafter the two countries will recognize the boundary as an invisible line, marking not where jealousies began, but where the countries clasped hands in their common effort to establish goodwill and justice as the determining principle in settling international relationships." May it ever be so!

What Can Never Be Made Up For

From a Saskatchewan subscriber of The Western Home Monthly comes a letter to The Philosopher, with which is enclosed a clipping from a newspaper. The writer of the letter asks that the clipping be reprinted on this page. It is as follows:

The silent tragedies of shattered homes in Canada will never be published to the world. Lads who were the light of mothers' eyes, who went away with a laugh and a song, will never lighten those eyes again with their cheerful faces. Young men just about to step out into full manhood have been snatched from us on the very threshold of citizenship. Thousands of dream homes have been shattered just as they were about to be realized. Months, perhaps years, of courtship and all the sweet preliminaries of wedded bliss have been ruthlessly robbed of full fruition by the urgent and imperative demands of war. These homes of promise that never attained to material existence must be reckoned among the losses, the irretrievable losses, that Canada has suffered in these years.

Truly, these are among the saddest of all the losses brought by the war—this destruction of happy homes that would have been realized hopes, had not so much of the flower of our manhood been cut off in its prime of youth. Nothing can ever make up fully for the loss of those homes that were dreamed of and planned for. Time, with its healing power, will assuage the sorrow of bereavement; but so long as the pulse of life continues in hearts that have loved and lost, the lost ones will never be forgotten.

A Letter from Berlin

The letter which Rev. Dr. Deissmann, the learned theological professor of the University of Berlin, who is one of the leading divines of Germany, has addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, is another disclosure of the German mind. Professor Deissmann, who has written many books on New Testament questions, has, from the beginning of the war, justified Germany's whole course. His letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury says: "All that is now needed is mutual forgiveness and conciliation with a view to united effort against evil consequences from the war and in support of moral improvement." Dr. Deissmann, during the first two years of the war, wrote a weekly religious letter which was widely circulated in Germany, and also in neutral countries as part of the pro-German propaganda. Never at any time did he raise a word of protest or indignation against any of the gross wrongs perpetrated by Germany in the war; he never ceased to claim that truth and righteousness were on the German side. To quote one of his characteristic utterances: "We Germans stand as Christians with a clean conscience on the side of our Government." Truly the Prussian system of religion, science and philosophy was based on something fundamental in the Prussian mind fundamentally different from anything in the minds of the world's free peoples.

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The South Shore Weather Bureau

By C. Lincoln



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It's bad enough to be held up and robbed of your money and your watch.

But, to allow waste matter to be "held up" in your intestines may be far more serious. You can get more money; you can buy another watch. You may never be able to get your health back.

Constipation is the "hold up" man of the human system. The food waste it holds up in your lower intestines decays and generates poisons. A poisoned system is the result.

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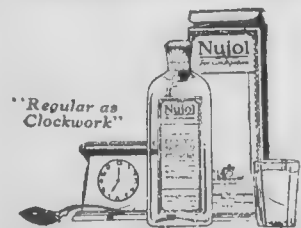
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without using high-class advertising mediums. *The Western Home Monthly* will suit your requirements.

BUT," says Cap'n Jonadab and me together, jest as if we was "readin' in concert" like the youngsters do in school "But," we says, "will it work? Will anybody pay for it?"

"Work?" says Peter T., with his fingers in the arm-holes of the double-breasted danger-signal that he called a vest, and with his cigar tilted up till you'd think 'twould set his hat-brim afire. "Work?" says he. "Well, maybe 'twouldn't work if the ordinary brand of canned lobster was runnin' it, but with me to jerk the lever and sound the loud timbrel—why, say! it's like stealin' money from a blind cripple that's hard of hearin'."

"Yes, I know," says Cap'n Jonadab. "But this ain't like startin' the Old Home House. That was openin' up a brand-new kind of hotel that nobody ever heard of before. This is peddlin' weather prophecies when there's the Gov'ment Weather Bureau runnin' opposition—not to mention the Old Farmer's Almanac, and I don't know how many more," he says.

Brown took his patent leathers down off the rail of the piazza, gave the ashes of his cigar a flip—he knocked 'em into my hat that was on the floor side of his

Peter T. Brown hove in sight and got us to open the shebang as a summer hotel, with corded beds and husk mattresses and home cookin' and all that? And you remember, too, how Peter hooked on to Ebenezer Dillway's daughter and got engaged to her? Old Dillway, I'm talkin' 'bout—the feller that runs the "Consolidated Cash Stores," and is as rich as dock mud and as full of notions as a peddler's cart.

Well, me and Jonadab was afraid the "Old Home House" was goin' to lose its manager, 'count of Peter's marryin' the Dillway girl and startin' in to help the old man run the "Cash Stores"; but the weddin' was put off for a year, and Peter agreed to be an "Old Homer" until fall, anyhow. Of course we was glad, for summer boarders ain't like fo'mast hands, and soft soap is better'n a hand-spike for keepin' 'em in line.

In May the place was all painted up, decks holy-stoned, bunks overhauled, and one thing or 'nother, and the "Old Home" was all taut and shipshape, ready for the crew—boarders, I mean. Passages was booked all through the summer and it looked as if our second season would be better'n our first.

Then the Dillway girl—she was christened Lobelia, like her mother, but she'd painted it out and cruised under the name of Belie since the family got rich—she thought 'twould be nice to



Dipping their colours in the Rhine: Men of the 2nd Moroccan Division of the French Army, under General Modelon, at Huningue, in Alsace.

Describing the advance of the French Armies after the signing of the Armistice, a French communique of November 20 thus announced their arrival on the Rhine in Alsace: "On the left bank of the Rhine we occupy Neuf Brisach, Huningue, and St. Louis. Everywhere the joy of the inhabitants and their attachment to France were manifested." At Huningue, the troops of the 2nd Moroccan Division, commanded by General Modelon, celebrated the historic occasion by dipping their colours into the waters of the Rhine.

chair, but he was too excited to mind and says he:

"Confound it, man!" he says. "You can sling more cold water than a fire-engine. Old Farmer's Almanac! This ain't any 'About this time look out for snow' business. And it ain't any Washington cold slaw like 'Weather for New England and Rocky Mountains, Tuesday to Friday; cold to warm; well done on the edges with a rare streak in the middle, preceded or followed by rain, snow, or clearin'. Wind, north to south, varyin' east an west.' No siree! this is to-day's weather for Cape Cod, served right off the griddle on a hot plate, and cooked by the chef at that. You don't realize what a reg'lar dime-museum wonder that feller is," he says.

Well, I suppose we didn't. You see, Jonadab and me, like the rest of the folks around Wellmouth, had come to take Beriah Crocker and his weather notions as the reg'lar thing, like baked beans on a Saturday night. Beriah, he—

But there! I've been sailin' stern first. Let's get her headed right, if we ever expect to turn the first mark. You see, 'twas this way:

'Twas in the early part of the May follerin' the year that the "Old Home House" at Wellmouth Port was opened. You remember me tellin' you how Cap'n Jonadab Wixon fell heir to his A'n't Sophrony's place at the Port, and how

have what she called a "spring house-party" for her particular friends 'fore the reg'lar season opened. So Peter—he bein' in that condition where he'd have put on horns and "moored" if she'd give the order—he though 'twould be nice, too, and for a week it was "all hands on deck!" gettin' ready for the "house-party."

Two days afore the thing was to go off the ways Brown gits a letter from Belle, and in it she says she's invited a whole lot of folks from Chicago and New York and Boston and the Lord knows where, and that they've never been to the Cape and she wants to show 'em what a "quaint" place it is. "Can't you git," says she, "two or three delightful, queer, old 'longshore characters to be at work 'round the hotel? It'll give such a touch of local color," she says.

So out comes Peter with the letter.

"Barzilla," he says to me, "I want some characters. Know anybody that's a character?"

"Well," says I, "there's Nate Sloecum over to Orham. He'd steal anything that wa'n't spiked down. He's about the toughest character I can think of, off-hand, this way."

"Oh, thunder!" says Brown. "I don't want a crook; that wouldn't be any novelty to this crowd," he says. "What I'm after is an old stick; a feller with pigeons in his loft. Not a lunatic, but

Mother is the Home Doctor

Almost daily she is confronted with a little hospital work—cut fingers, bruises, burns, and various preventive measures against children's ills. She must be prepared to take just the right remedial measure promptly, and for that reason should always have Absorbine, Jr., at hand.

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jest a queer genius—little queerer than you and the Cap'n here."

After a while we got his drift, and I happened to think of Beriah and his chum, Eben Cobb. They lived in a little shanty over to Skakit P'int and got their livin' lobsterin', and so on. Both of 'em had saved a few thousand dollars, but you couldn't git a cent out of it without givin' 'em ether, and they'd rather live like Portuguese than white men any day, unless they was paid to change. Beriah's pet idee was foretelling what the weather was goin' to be. And he could do it, too, better'n anybody I ever see. He'd smell a storm further'n a cat can smell fish, and he hardly ever made a mistake. Prided himself on it, you understand, like a boy does on his first long pants. His prophecies was his idols, so's to speak, and you couldn't have hired him to foretell what he knew was wrong, not for no money.

Peter said Beriah and Eben was jest the sort of "cards" he was lookin' for and drove right over to see 'em. He hooked 'em, too. I knew he would; he could talk a Come-Outer into b'lievin' that a Unitarian wasn't booked for Tophet, if he set out to.

So the special train from Boston brought the "house-party" down, and our two-seated buggy brought Beriah and Eben over. They didn't have any thing to do but to look "picturesque" and say "I snum!" and "I swan to man!" and they could do that to the skipper's taste. The city folks thought they was "jest too dear and odd for anything," and made 'em bigger fools than ever, which wa'n't necessary.

The second day of the "party" was to be a sailin' trip clear down to the life-savin' station on Setuckit Beach. It certainly looked as if 'twas goin' to storm,



Good-bye at the station. The man at the window is the oldest man in the Canadian Army, Sapper J. W. Boucher, 73 years old; served in the American Civil War, 1864-5; has had a special interview with His Majesty the King.

and the Gov'ment predictions said it was, but Beriah said "No," and stuck out that 'twould clear up by and by. Peter wanted to know what I thought about their startin', and I told him that 'twas my experience that where weather was concerned Beriah was a good, safe anchorage. So they sailed away, and, sure enough, it cleared up fine. And the next day the Gov'ment fellers said "clear" and Beriah said "rain," and she poured a flood. And, after three or four of such experiences, Beriah was all hunky with the "house-party," and they looked at him as a sort of wonderful freak, like a two-headed ca'f or the "snake child," or some such outrage.

So, when the party was over, 'round comes Peter, bustin' with a new notion. What he cal'lated to do was to start a weather prophesyin' bureau all on his own hook, with Beriah for prophet, and him for manager and general advertiser, and Jonadab and me to help put up the money to get her goin'. He argued that summer folks from Scituate to Provincetown, on both sides of the Cape, would pay good prices for the reel thing in weather predictions. The Gov'ment bureau, so he said, covered too much ground, but Beriah was local and hit her right on the head. His idee was to send Beriah's predictions by telegraph to agents in every Cape town each mornin', and the agents was to hand 'em to subscribers. First week a free trial; after that, so much per prophecy.

And it worked—oh, land yes! it worked. Peter's letters and circulars would satisfy anybody that black was white, and the free trial was a sure bait. I

don't know why 'tis, but if you offered the smallpox free, there'd be a barrel of victims waitin' in line to come down with it. Brown rigged up a little shanty on the bluff in front of the "Old Home," and filled it full of barometers and thermometers and chronometers and charts, and put Beriah and Eben inside to look wise and make b'lieve do somethin'. That was the office of "The South Shore Weather Bureau," and 'twas sort of sacred and holy, and 'twould kill you to see the boarders tip-toein' up and peekin' in the winder to watch them two old fools squintin' through a telescope at the sky or scribblin' rubbish on paper. And Beriah was right 'most every time. I don't know why—my notion is that he was born that way, same as some folks are born lightnin' calculators—but I'll

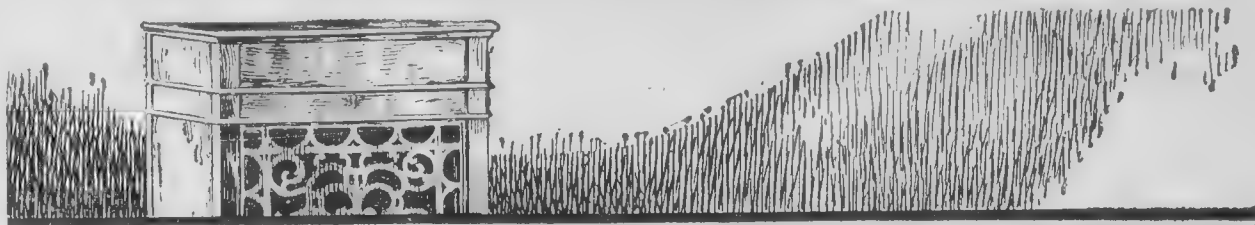
never forgit the first time Peter asked him how he done it.

"Wall," drawls Beriah, "now to-day looks fine and clear, don't it? But last night my left elbow had the rheumatiz in it, and this mornin' my bones ache, and my right toe-j'int is sore, so I know we'll have an easterly wind and rain this evenin'. If it had been my left toe now, why—"

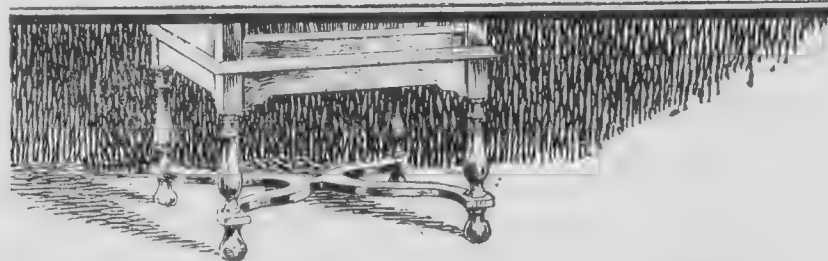
Peter held up both hands. "That'll do," he says. "I ain't askin' any more questions. Only, if the boarders or outsiders ask you how you work it, you cut out the bones and toe bus'ness and talk science and temperature to beat the cars. Understand, do you? It's science or no eight-fifty in the pay envelope. Left toe-j'int!" And he goes off grin-nin'.

We had to have Eben, though he wasn't wuth a green hand's wages as a prophet. But him and Beriah stuck by each other like two flies in the glue-pot; and you couldn't hire one without t'other. Peter said 'twas all right—two prophets looked better'n one, anyhow; and, as subscriptions kept up pretty well, and the Bureau paid a fair profit, Jonadab and me didn't kick.

In July, Mrs. Freeman—she had charge of the upper decks in the "Old Home" and was rated head chamber-maid—up and quit, and bein' as we couldn't git another capable Cape Coder jest then, Peter fetched down a woman from New York; one that a friend of old Dillaway's recommended. She was able seaman so far's the work was concerned, but she'd been good-



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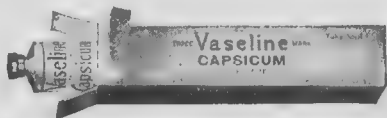
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lookin' once and couldn't forgit it, and she was one of them clippers that ain't happy unless they've got a man in tow. You know the kind: pretty nigh old enough to be a coal-barge, but all rigged up with buntin' and frills like a yacht.

Her name was Kelly, Emma Kelly, and she was a widow—whether from choice or act of Providence I don't know. The other women servants was all down on her, of course, 'cause she had city ways and a style of wearin' her togs that made their Sunday gowns and bonnets look like distress signals. But they couldn't deny that she was a driver so far's her work was concerned. She'd whoop through the hotel like a no'theaster and have everything done, and done well, by two o'clock in the afternoon. Then she'd be ready to dress up and go on parade to astonish the natives.

Men—except the boarders, of course—was scarce around Wellmouth Port. First the Kelly lady begun to flag Cap'n Jonadab and me, but we sheered off and took to the oflin'. Jonadab, bein' a widower, had had his experience, and I never had the marryin' disease and wasn't hankerin' to catch it. So Emma had to look for other victims, and the prophet-shop looked to her like the most likely feedin'-ground.

And, would you b'lieve it, them two old critters, Beriah and Eben, gobbled the bait like sculpins. If she'd been a woman like the kind they was used to—the Cape kind, I mean—I don't s'pose they'd have paid any attention to her; but she was diff'rent from anything they'd ever run up against, and the first thing you know, she had 'em both poked hooked. 'Twas all in fun on her part

Bureau would suffer 'fore the thing was done with; but Peter was away, and we didn't like to interfere till he come home.

And then, all at once, Emma seemed to make up her mind, and 'twas all Eben from that time on. The fact is, the widder had learned, somehow or 'nother, that he had the most money of the two. Beriah didn't give up; he stuck to it like a good one, but he was fallin' behind and he knew it. As for Eben, he couldn't help showin' a little joyful pity, so's to speak, for his partner, and the atmosphere in that rain lab'ratory got so frigid that I didn't know but we'd have to put up a stove. The two wizards was hardly on speakin' terms.

The last of August come and the "Old Home House" was goin' to close up on the day after Labor Day. Peter was down again, and so was Ebenezer and Belle, and there was to be high jinks to celebrate the season's wind-up. There was to be a grand excursion and clam-bake at Setucket Beach and all hands was goin'—four catboats full.

Of course, the weather must be good or it's no joy job takin' females to Setucket in a catboat. The night before the big day, Peter came out to the Weather Bureau and Jonadab and me dropped in likewise. Beriah was there all alone; Eben was out walking with Emma.

"Well, Jeremiah," says Brown, chipper as a mack'rel gull on a spar-buoy, "what's the outlook for to-morrer? The Gov'ment sharp says there's a big storm on the way up from Florida. Is he right, or only an 'also ran,' as usual?"

"Wall," says Beriah, goin' to the door, "I don't know, Mr. Brown. It don't look



Canadian Discharge Depot, England. Ambulance with M.O.'s and orderlies.

first along, I cal'late, but pretty soon some idiot let out that both of 'em was with money, and then the race was on in earnest.

She'd drop in at the weather-factory 'long in the afternoon and pretend to be terrible interested in the goin's on there.

"I don't see how you two gentlemen can tell whether it's goin' to rain or not. I think you are the most wonderful men! Do tell me, Mr. Crocker, will it be good weather to-morrer? I wanted to take a little walk up to the village about four o'clock if it was."

And then Beriah'd swell out like a puffin' pig and put on airs and look out of the winder, and crow:

"Yes'm, I judge that we'll have a southerly breeze in the mornin' with some fog, but nothin' to last, nothin' to last. The afternoon, I cal'late, 'll be fair. I—I—that is to say, I was figgerin' on goin' to the village myself to-morrer."

Then Emma would pump up a blush, and smile, and purr that she was so glad, 'cause then she'd have comp'ny. And Eben would glower at Beriah and Beriah'd grin sort of superior-like, and the mutual barometer, so's to speak, would fall about a foot during the next hour. The brotherly bus'ness between the two prophets was comin' to an end fast, and all on account of Mrs. Kelly.

She played 'em even for almost a month; didn't show no preference one way or the other. First 'twas Eben that seemed to be eatin' up to wind'ard, and then Beriah'd catch a puff and gain for a spell. Cap'n Jonadab and me was uneasy, for we were afraid the Weather

jest right; I swan it don't! I can tell you better in the mornin'. I hope 'twill be fair, too, 'cause I was callatin' to get a day off and borrow your horse and buggy and go over to the Ostable camp-mectin'. It's the big day over there," he says.

Now I knew, of course, that he meant he was goin' to take the widder with him, but Peter spoke up and says he:

"Sorry, Beriah, but you're too late. Eben asked me for the horse and buggy this mornin'. I told him he could have the open buggy; the other one's being repaired, and I wouldn't lend the new surrey to the Grand Panjandrum himself. Eben's goin' to take the fair Emma for a ride," he says. "Beriah, I'm afraid our beloved Cobb is, in the innocence of his youth, bein' roped in by the sophisticated damsel in the shoo-fly hat," says he.

Me and Jonadab hadn't had time to tell Peter how matters stood betwixt the prophets, or most likely he wouldn't have said that: It hit Beriah like a snowslide off a barn roof. I found out afterwards that the widder had more'n ha'f promised to go with him. He slumped down in his chair as if his mainmast was carried away, and he didn't even rise to blow for the rest of the time we was in the shanty. Jest set there, lookin' fishy-eyed at the floor.

Next mornin' I met Eben prancin' around in his Sunday clothes and with a necktie on that would make a rainbow look like a mournin' badge.

"Hello!" says I. "You seem to be pretty chipper. You ain't goin' to start for that fifteen-mile ride through the

woods to Ostable, be you? Looks to me as if 'twas goin' to rain."

"The predictions for this day," says he, "is cloudy in the forenoon, but clearin' later on. Wind, sou'east, changin' to south and sou'west."

"Did Beriah send that out?" says I, lookin' doubtful, for if ever it looked like dirty weather, I thought it did right then.

"Me and Beriah sent it out," he says, jealous-like. But I knew 'twas Beriah's forecast or he wouldn't have been so sure of it.

Pretty soon out comes Peter, lookin' dubious at the sky.

"If it was anybody else but Beriah," he says, "I'd say this mornin's prophecy ought to be sent to Puck. Where is the seventh son of the seventh son—the only original American seer?"

He wasn't in the weather-shanty, and we finally found him on one of the seats 'way up on the edge of the bluff. He didn't look 'round when we come up, but just stared at the water.

"Hey, Elijah!" says Brown. He was always callin' Beriah "Elijah" or "Isaiah" or "Jeremiah" or some other prophet name out of Scriptur. "Does this go?" And he held out the telegraph-blank with the mornin's prediction on it.

Beriah looked around jest for a second. He looked to me sort of sick and pale—that is, as pale as his sunburned rhinoceros hide would ever turn.

"The forecast for to-day," says he, lookin' at the water again, "is cloudy in the forenoon, but clearin' later on. Wind sou'east, changin' to south and sou'west."

They drove out of the yard, fine as fiddlers, and I watched 'em go. When I turned around, there was Beriah watchin' 'em too, and he was smilin' for the first time that mornin'. But it was one of them kind of smiles that makes you wish he'd cry.

At ha'p-past ten it begun to sprinkle: at eleven 'twas rainin' hard; at noon 'twas a pourin', roarin' sou'easter, and looked good for the next twelve hours at least.

"Good Lord! Beriah," says Cap'n Jonadab, runnin' into the Weather Bureau, "you've missed stays this time, for sure. Has your prophecy-works got indigestion?" he says.

But Beriah wasn't there. The shanty was closed, and we found out afterwards that he spent that whole day in the store down at the Port.

By two o'clock 'twas so bad that I put on my fieskins and went over to Wellmouth and telephoned to the Setuckit Beach life-savin' station to find out if the clambakers had got there right side up. They'd got there; fact is, they was in the station then, and the language Peter hove through that telephone was enough to melt the wires. 'Twas all in the shape of compliments to the prophet, and I heard Central tell him she'd report it to the head office. Brown said 'twas blowin' so they'd have to come back by the inside channel, and that meant landin' 'way up Harniss way, and hixin' teams to come to the Port with from there.

'Twas nearly eight when they drove into the yard and come sloppin' up the steps. And such a passel of drowned

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"Right you are!" says Peter, joyful. "We start for Setuckit, then. And here's where the South Shore Weather Bureau hands another swift jolt to your Uncle Sam."

So, after breakfast, the catboats loaded up, the girls gigglin' and screamin', and the men boarders dressed in what they hoped was sea-togs. They sailed away 'round the lighthouse and headed up the shore, and the wind was sou'east sure and sartin, but the "clearin'" part wasn't in sight yet.

Beriah didn't watch 'em go. He stayed in the shanty. But by and by, when Eben drove the buggy out of the barn and Emma come skippin' down the piazza steps, I see him peckin' out of the little window.

The Kelly critter had all sail sot and colors flyin'. Her dress was some sort of mosquito nettin' with wall-paper posies on it, and there was more ribbons flappin' than there is reef-p'ints on a mainsail. And her hat! Great guns! It looked like one of them pictures you see in a flower-seed catalogue.

"Oh!" she squeals, when she sees the buggy. "Oh! Mr. Cobb. Ain't you afraid to go in that open carriage? It looks to me like rain."

But Eben waved his flipper, scornful. "My forecast this mornin'," says he, "is cloudy now, but clearin' by and by. You trust to me, Mis' Kelly. Weather's my bus'ness."

"Of course I trust you, Mr. Cobb," she says, givin' him a look that fairly made him bloat. "Of course I trust you, but I should hate to spile my gown, that's all."

rats you never see. The women-folks made for their rooms, but the men hopped around the parlor, sheddin' puddles with every hop, and hollerin' for us to trot out the head of the Weather Bureau.

"Bring him to me," orders Peter, stoppin' to pick his pants loose from his legs; "I yearn to caress him."

And what old Dillaway said was worse'n that.

But Beriah didn't come to be caressed. 'Twas quarter past nine when we heard wheels in the yard.

"By mighty!" yells Cap'n Jonadab; "it's the camp-meetin' pilgrims. I forgot them. Here's a show."

He jumped to open the door, but it opened before he got there and Beriah come in. He didn't pay no attention to the welcome he got from the gang, but jest stood on the sill, pale, but grinnin' the grin that a terrier dog has on jest as you're goin' to let the rat out of the trap.

Somebody outside says: "Whoa, consarn you!" Then there was a thump and a sloshy stampin' on the steps, and in comes Eben and the widder.

I had one of them long-haired, foreign cats once that a British skipper gave me. 'Twas a yellor and black one and it fell overboard. When we fished it out it looked jest like the Kelly woman done then. Everybody but Beriah jest screeched—we couldn't help it. But the prophet didn't laff; he only kept on grinnin'.

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she went up the stairs three steps at a time.

Eben didn't say a word. He jest stood there and leaked. Leaked and smiled. Yes, sir! his face, over the mess that had been that rainbow necktie, had the funniest look of idiotic joy on it that ever I see. In a minute everybody else shut up. We didn't know what to make of it.

'Twas Beriah that spoke first.

"He! he! he!" he chuckled. "He! he! he! Wasn't it kind of wet comin' through the woods, Mr. Cobb? What does Mrs. Kelly think of the day her beau picked out to go to camp-meetin' in?"

Then Eben came out of his trance.

"Beriah," says he, holdin' out a drip-pin' flipper, "shake!"

But Beriah didn't shake. Just stood still.

"I've got a s'prise for you, shipmate,"

said—and even a dummy could take that hint.

I found Beriah at the weather-shanty about an hour afterwards with his head on his arms. He looked up when I come in.

"Mr. Wingate," he says, "I'm a fool, but for the land's sake don't think I'm such a fool as not to know that this here storm was bound to strike to-day. I lied," he says; "I lied about the weather for the first time in my life; lied right up and down so as to git her mad with him. My repertation's gone forever. There's a feller in the Bible that sold his—his birthday, I think 'twas—for a mess of porridge. I'm him; only," and he groaned awful, "they've cheated me out of the porridge."

But you ought to have read the letters Peter got next day from subscribers that had trusted to the prophecy and had gone on picnics and such like. The South



GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

The veteran premier of France chosen chairman of the Peace Conference on the motion of President Wilson, seconded by Mr. Lloyd George, both of whom paid a high tribute to the great services rendered to civilization by his ability and energies during the period of the war.

goes on Eben. "Who did you say that lady was?"

Beriah didn't answer. I begun to think that some of the wet had soaked through the assistant prophet's skull and had give him water on the brain.

"You called her Mis' Kelly, didn't you?" gurgled Eben. "Wall, that ain't her name. Her and me stopped at the Baptist parsonage over to East Harniss when we was on the way home and got married. She's Mis' Cobb now," he says.

Well, the queerest part of it was that 'twas the bad weather was reely what brought things to a head so sudden. Eben hadn't spunked up anywhere nigh enough courage to propose, but they stopped at Ostable so long, waitin' for the rain to let up, that 'twas after dark when they was ha'f way home. The Emma—oh, she was a slick one!—said that her reputation would be ruined, out that way with a man that wa'n't her husband. If they was married now, she

Shore Weather Bureau went out of bus'ness right then.

The Hunters

A man went out looking for gladness one day;

He travelled o'er seas and through many a land;

It might have been found ere he started away,

But he hunted in vain and could not understand.

A man went out looking for trouble one day;

He came to a corner and hurried around;

And there, to his utter surprise and dismay,

A supply of the thing that he searched for was found.

—S. E. Kiser.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ In Lighter Vein ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Irish Ingenuity

Several years ago, a friend of mine spent the summer in a lonely part of northern Ireland. She had most of her supplies sent from London, for there were no good shops in the neighborhood.

On one occasion my friend ordered a small box of groceries—only a few dollars' worth—from London. It was very long in coming, and after the lady had made several fruitless visits to the station she traced the parcel to another little station not far away, to which it had been misssent.

So she hired a young Irishman, Johnny Alger by name, to take her over in his cart. When she arrived at the station she discovered that she had left her bill of lading at home, but supposed that she would have no trouble, since she and the station master had corresponded about the parcel. But the agent, an old man with a great sense of his authority, shook his head.

"And I can't be after letting yez have it without the bill of ladin'," he said.

"But," my friend protested, "we have corresponded about this box. You know it is mine."

"I know nothin' but that without the bill of ladin' yez can't have the box."

"I forgot my bill of lading; I left it at home," explained the lady, whose patience was ebbing.

A Touching Farewell

Private Doherty, says the New York Mail, was six feet four in his socks; his sergeant was about a foot shorter. The sergeant looked along the line. "Head up, there, Doherty!" he cried. Doherty raised his head. "Higher!" said the little sergeant. "There, that's better! Don't let me see your head down again!"

"Am I to be always like this?" asked Doherty, staring above the little sergeant's head.

"You are."

"Thin I'll say good-bye to ye, sergint, dear, for I'll never see ye again in this world."

Coasting

One cold, wintry morning a man of tall and angular build was walking down a steep hill at a quick pace. A treacherous piece of ice under the snow caused him to lose control of his feet. With arms outspread and an expression of acute surprise on his face, he began to slide, and was unable to stop.

At a cross street half way down the decline he encountered a large, heavy woman, with her arms full of bundles. The meeting was sudden, and before either realised it a collision ensued, and both were sliding down hill, a grand ensemble—the thin man underneath, the



Sir Douglas Haig and his valiant fellow generals. From left to right: Generals Plumer and Byng, Marshall Haig, Generals Birdwood, Rawlinson and Horne.

"It's against the rules to deliver a package without it. Yez can't have it."

"But I have already paid Johnny Alger twice what the groceries are worth to bring me over after them. I can't come again. Won't you please give the box to me? I must have it."

"Ah, and I'll read the rules again, but yez can't have it, that I know," said the agent as he stepped back into his tiny office. Presently he reappeared with a radiant face.

"Would it hurt the box now to open it and take out the things?" he asked.

"No, of course not."

"Well, the rules say yez can't take the box with out the bill of ladin', but they don't say nothing about the things in it."

So the box was opened, and ten minutes later my friend was driving home with its contents and the station master was congratulating himself on the ease with which he had satisfied both the lady caller and his own conscience. What subsequently became of the box my friend never learned.

A Stoic's Revenge

One morning the teacher found little Harry sitting on a public seat in the park, wearing an exceedingly pained countenance.

"What is the matter?" asked teacher.

"Are you hurt?"

"No," answered Harry.

"Have you lost anything?"

"No."

"Well, Harry," insisted teacher, "what is the matter with you?"

"I'm sitting on a wasp."

"A wasp!" exclaimed teacher. "Why in the world don't you get up?"

"I'm thinking," said the boy, "that maybe I'm hurting the wasp as much as he's hurting me."

fat woman and bundles on top. When the bottom was reached and the woman was trying in vain to recover her breath and her feet she heard a little voice, and these faint words were borne to her ear:

"Pardon me, madam, but I am afraid you will have to get off here. This is as far as I go."

He Had a Suggestion

Two doctors were operating on a man for appendicitis. After the operation was completed one of the nurses who had charge of the instruments called out to the doctor that one of the little sponges was missing. The patient was reopened, the sponge found within and the man sewed up again. Immediately the second doctor missed a needle. Again the patient was put under chloroform, opened and closed up again.

"Gentlemen," said the victim, when they had closed him up again, "for Heaven's sake, if you're going to keep this up, put buttons on me."

Don't Meet Them Half-Way

"Be good to your grandmother, Tommy; she has a lot of troubles to bear," the departing neighbour admonished the small boy whom she found on the steps.

And Tommy, eager to add to the family glory, responded proudly, "Yes, and she's flicted with lots more of 'em that ain't come yet!"

It would almost seem as if troubles were veritable wealth, so eagerly are they borrowed from the future and so weighted is mankind with those that "haven't come yet" and may never arrive.



Gophers Obey
No Food Regu-
lations—They
Take Big Toll of
the Crop—

**Kill 'Em
Quick!**

For a Bumper Crop

To get a bumper crop you must protect it from gophers, from seed time to harvest. That will increase any normal crop from 1 to 5 bushels per acre and often much more! *And it's easy to do!*

THE
TIME-TESTED
GUARANTEED

Kill-Em-Quick

GOPHER
POISON

will keep your land free from gophers, will increase your crop and your profits. Use it often from early Spring until Fall—it pays.

Kill-Em-Quick as shown by government test is the strongest gopher poison, so strong that even the tiniest particle instantly kills any gopher that picks it up. Because of its odor gophers always find and eat it if it's where they can get to it. They'll follow the odor for rods.

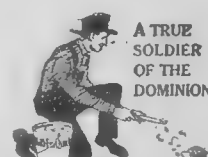
The Manitoba Agricultural College recommends Kill-Em-Quick as "the most effective gopher poison"—they tested poisons and know!

Better be safe than sorry. Get Kill-Em-Quick and be protected by our Money-Back Guarantee.

40 acre size, 60c; 100 acre size, \$1.20. Buy Kill-Em-Quick through your local Association and get wholesale prices.

Kill-Em-Quick Co., Ltd.

Dept. G Regina Canada



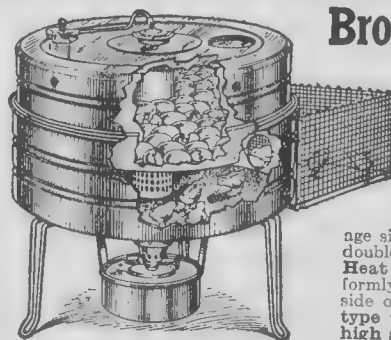
A TRUE
SOLDIER
OF THE
DOMINION

Every farmer who continually poisons Gophers Spring, Summer and Fall serves his country well for he increases crops.

Little Brown Hen Incubator and Brooder Combined \$9.95

A Wonderful Hatcher
Easily Understood

A SUCCESS—Not an EXPERIMENT
Wonderful Value At This Price



Order Direct To-day

Instructions for operating furnished. The brooder part is 4 inches deep. A cage or yard of galvanized wire screen, with galvanized bottom 10x12 inches attaches to side of machine and gives the chicks opportunity for exercise and fresh air. Many thousands of this type of machine have been marketed with satisfactory results.

No. WHM 20. LITTLE BROWN HEN INCUBATOR AND BROODER.

Weight, 20 lbs. Price...

\$9.95

Send for our new Money-saving
Catalog of Farm Supplies

MACLEOD'S

LIMITED
WINNIPEG

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

One Man Alone Pulls Big Stumps



With the Mighty **Kirstin** ONE-MAN Stump Puller

Here's the Puller that you and thousands of others have long been waiting for. Ten thousand now in use. Letters from everywhere tell of sensational results. Pronounced a big success by Government Officials, University Experts and Land Clearing Contractors. Pulls ordinary run of stumps or trees out of the soil so easy—it's almost play.

One man can clear an acre a day—costs about 4c. a stump. Think of clearing land so cheaply. Think of pulling all your stumps by hand—and alone—no horses or extra help required—a stump every three or four minutes. It's true, every word of it.

The Kirstin is

The Quick, Cheap, Easy Way to Clear Your Land

No other stump puller is so economical to buy or so easy to operate. Just a few pounds pull on the handle means tons on the stump. When stump starts, throw machine into high speed and out comes the biggest stump, roots and all.

The Kirstin Pullers are remarkably easy to get into the field and easy to handle among the stumps, too. They do the work—where horses can't go. They do it cheap and stand up under hard usage, under all conditions.

Get all the FACTS. Learn about our Liberal Offer—our Actual 30 Days' Free Trial—3 Years' Guarantee, etc.

30 Days' Free Trial

We call this an Actual 30 Days' Free Trial, because no matter when you order or when your Puller arrives, you can actually use it for 30 days before you decide to keep it.

If the Puller doesn't please you in every way—if it doesn't do the work satisfactorily and economically—it can be returned at our expense and every cent of your money will be refunded. In addition to this wonderful free trial offer we give you

4 Easy Ways to Pay

If you like you can order on a No-Money-In-Advance Plan—Pay Cash and get discount—\$10.00 Deposit Plan—or on the Installment Plan, which gives you 6 months TO PAY. No other offers so liberal.

Now send for Free Book and read about the wonderful KIRSTIN Puller with the Single, Double, Triple Power Features. Any man would

A. J. KIRSTIN CANADIAN COMPANY, 1109 Dennis Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

rather have a KIRSTIN with its money-saving and time-saving superiorities, than an ordinary puller. Get our Special Low Prices, Terms, etc., without delay.

3 Years' Guarantee Flaw or No Flaw

We guarantee perfect satisfaction or money will be refunded, according to our 30 Day Free Trial Offer. We further guarantee to replace free of charge any casting that may break—flaw or no flaw—within 3 years. The big, strong Kirstin organization is behind the guarantee. Send for copy.

Get This Book FREE

Read how farmers make \$240.00 net profits on one acre, the first year. How others make from \$300 to \$500 from a few acres of newly cleared land. Increases of 50 to 100 per cent. land valuation are not unusual. The book is filled with letters telling all about it.

Book also gives full particulars of Kirstin Free Land Clearing Service worth many dollars to any farmer. Contains pictures and describes all sizes and types of Kirstin Pullers—One-Man and Horse-Power Pullers—from \$50.00 and up. Get it NOW. Send letter or postal. 13-1-19



ADVERTISING RATES

in *The Western Home Monthly* are \$2.80 per inch, and there is no better value among Western advertising mediums.

SEED GRAIN FOR SALE

ATTENTION FARMERS! Do you want to increase your yields and grow grains that have proven surer and better for WESTERN CONDITIONS? Then try out these lines of mine.

KITCHENER WHEAT—Exceeded Marquis in many tests as high as 10 bushels per acre. Carefully selected seed for 3 years at \$13.00 per bag, pure, and cleaned heavily.

TAYLOR'S WONDER—A small stock of this MARVELLOUS PRODUCER at \$50.00 per 10 bushels.

NORWAY KING OATS—Many customers claim these have doubled their common oats this year. Outyielded Banner Oats 22.19 bushels, and Wheeler's Victory Oats 20.61 bushels at Montana Agricultural College. Must clear my stock before February end at \$6.50 a bag, or ten bushels at \$31.60. A few very choice plot-grown ones from hand selected seed for 2 years at \$10.50 per 2 bushel bag.

GOLD QUEEN OATS to clear at \$6.00 a bag, 10 bushels at \$29.50. A 4 lbs. sample of these oats yielded 5½ bushels, and a 11 lbs. lot turned out 22 bushels.

A very select car of **ABUNDANCE OATS**, also one of **ENGLISH BANNER OATS** to clear at a right price.

VICTORY and BANNER OATS, SELECT STOCKS, 10 bush. \$17.75.

MENSURY BARLEY from Registered Seed, breaking grown, \$2.25 per bush.

None of my seed oats are frosted, all heavily cleaned.
Sample heads and grain of new varieties, 25 cents.

J. W. BROATCH, Box 786, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Sunday Reading

The Faithful Friend

Oh! the blessing it is to have a friend to whom we can speak fearlessly on any subject; with one whom one's deepest, as well as one's most foolish thoughts come out simply and safely. Oh! the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out just as they come, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.—Dinah Mulock Craik.

A Bit of Experience

"I had just passed my sixteenth birthday when I joined the church," a middle-aged business man said recently, "and I took the step as thoughtfully as could be expected of a boy of that age. I rather prided myself on the fact that I accepted Christ coolly and intelligently, without a particle of excitement to sway my choice. God did a great deal for me every day, and it was only honest and manly in me to acknowledge it. The kind of life God wanted me to live was the best kind of life, and I believed that by getting into closer touch with Him I should have help and guidance in living it. I had heard some church people say that they were 'great sinners,' but I did not feel that way about myself, although I knew I did and said a good many things that would not seem right to a holy God.

"After the Sunday that I was taken into the church I read a few verses from the Bible each night and morning, and prayed for the strength I needed to live a Christian life. My prayers weren't a mere form of words, either, for I varied them according to circumstances. If I had a school examination coming on, I asked God to help me prepare for it as I should, and if I had done something during the day that I felt was wrong, I mentioned it, and prayed God to forgive me and keep me from doing it again.

"After a year or so I began to have the disquieting suspicion that I was not 'making good' in my Christian life. I didn't do things to bring reproach on my profession, and I was regular in my prayers and my church attendance. But I seemed to be losing interest. When I entered college it wasn't easy to 'take a stand' in my new surroundings, and for some time I didn't let it be known that I was a church member.

"One afternoon the fellow I roomed with had a bad fall in the gymnasium. There was no infirmary then; so he was carried to our room, more dead than alive. The injury didn't prove very serious in the end, but the blood gushed out of his nose and mouth, and the physician we called wasn't the reassuring sort. I shall never forget the terror in my roommate's wide eyes as he put out his hand to me and whispered:

"Wilson, I—I wish you'd pray for me."
"We were alone, and I knelt down and said something aloud to God about helping my friend, and he seconded it with a hearty 'Amen.' I was surprised to see the change in him from that moment, but I

was more surprised at the change in myself. That faltering prayer—not two minutes long—seemed to open to me the whole wide vista of intercession. I saw that my Christian faith had languished because I had shut it into myself and had never prayed enough for others. Every Christian ought to be sustained by the prayers of all other Christian people, and I had not borne my share. That was for me a real spiritual discovery, and I believe that the frightened request of my classmate saved me from losing my grip and sinking into apathy and indifference."

Perilous Transportation

More than once, says Mr. John H. Weeks in his book, "Among the Primitive Bakongo," I had in my San Salvador journey a strong "Kroo-boy," a part of whose duty it was to carry me over the many streams and swamps that crossed the path. His name was a remarkable one. I do not know how he came by it; but the first time I met him I asked him his name, and he replied in "Kroo-boy" English, "My name, massa, be Napoleon Bonaparte."

Sometimes Napoleon would have me on his shoulders in the middle of a river, and feeling the rush of water against his legs, he would begin to quake, and say, "Massa, I no fit for carry you. I go let you fall."

I would reply, "Napoleon, I fit for give you one cup of rice suppose you no drop me."

He would then take a few more careful paces, and feeling the swirl of water more strongly about his legs, and the stones slipping beneath his feet, he would nervously call out in his curious English, "Massa, massa, I no fit! I bound fo let you fall."

Napoleon often received from me the promise of two or three cups of rice to steady him before he landed me high and dry upon the farther bank. At times we were not so fortunate; then both of us went down into the water, and we congratulated ourselves when it was a stream and not a nasty, muddy swamp.

Brothers in the Trenches

To illustrate the fact that soldiers of very different social classes, after fighting side by side, often become affectionate friends, the author of *Notes on the War*, a Frenchman, tells the following story:

A very jovial young soldier used to entertain his companions most delightfully by his irrepressible gaiety. One day his spirits failed. When one of his comrades asked the reason, he said:

"In time of peace I am a clown in a music hall. It's my business to entertain people; but to-day I got a letter from my wife telling of the illness of our two children. She can't go out to work, and things look black. That's why I can't joke to-day."

Some days later the same comrade said, "You are merry to-day. What's happened?"

"Why, a letter from my wife says a man called and handed her three hundred-franc notes from his client, M. Jean Breton; so things are bright again for us. But who can M. Breton be?"

The other soldier was silent for a moment, but finally said, "Don't worry, mate. I am Jean Breton. I am rich enough to afford it. Now cheer us with one of your comic songs, please."

Do Your Best

When the days are dark and dreary,
And the heart is sad and weary,
Look to Him, keep sweet and cheery,
Do your best.

Be the duties great or small,
Though you falter, often fall;
He will hear whenever you call,
Do your best.

Give a loving word of cheer,
Bear your burdens, never fear;
He will strengthen, He is near,
Do your best.

Look to Him in all you do,
For some work He's planned for you
And be faithful, loyal, true;
Do your best.

—Jewel Camp Foetz.

Overworked

Certain shopkeepers have a remarkable proficiency in finding excuses. The customer in a certain shop was plainly indignant. "Look here," he fumed, "that barometer you sold me a month ago has got out of order! It won't work."

"No wonder, sir," said the cheerful shopkeeper. "Just look what a lot of weather it's 'ad lately."

A Doubtful Improvement

Mrs. Jayle had been quite worried about her niece, who had been very ill with typhoid, and when the doctor told her that the girl's temperature had fallen to normal, her delight knew no bounds.

"Your niece is better, I understand," said someone to her that morning.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" beamed Mrs. Jayle. "Her temperature is down to zero."

They Are Not Lost

To admire what is admirable, to adore what is adorable, to follow what is noble, to remember any such examples that have crossed our earthly pilgrimage, that have brightened its darkness and cheered its dullness—this keeps alive before us the ideal of human nature and the essence of the divine nature.

The good thoughts, the good deeds, the good memories, of those who have been the salt and the light of the earth, do not perish with their departure. They live on still, and those who have wrought them live in them.

Out of the Darkness

A poor man in China, wanting some evil averted or blessing granted, went to the temple and promised to give his cow to the idol if his prayer were granted. The dreaded danger passed, but the man was in sore trouble over his vow. He did not know how he could keep his family, or till his bit of ground, without the aid of the cow, and he went again to the temple to see if he could beg a release.

But the god was dumb, and at last, in despair, he tethered the animal to the image and left it there. The cow, however, soon tired of its new quarters and followed its master home, dragging the idol behind it; and the family were fervent in thanksgiving because their deity had relented and brought back the treasure.

They looked no higher than that, for they knew nothing beyond; but shall we say that the prayers were unanswered because misdirected? Doubtless many a cry out of darkness and the deepest superstition reaches the ear of the Merciful

The Secret of Confidence

A long train, with its precious freight of human lives, was starting out from the station of a great city. Steadily and surely the engineer threaded his course amidst the maze of terminal tracks out into the open country. He went on with confidence, because he knew that the track had been cleared before him. Timetables had been worked out with care and precision. The train dispatcher had so arranged that all other trains should be out of the way. The engineer had but to obey his orders, and he would reach his destination in safety.

With equal confidence may we go on in the path of duty. Difficulties and perplexities may surround us, but the God who has commanded us to advance has, we may be certain, cleared a track for us. Take the case of the brave and resourceful Gideon and his band of three hundred—every one of them a hero. Right across their path was that countless host of the Midianites. But Israel's Divine Leader had made a way through.

They had but to obey him and their foes were put to rout.

In every command of God there is wrapped up a pledge, in every precept a promise. Whatever He bids us do, He will enable us to accomplish. It matters not how powerful are our foes, or how great the obstacles that confront us, once He gives us our battle to fight, our task to perform, we move forward with the confident step of the conqueror.

Some folks run off from duty to vainly

UNION BANK

OF CANADA

54th Annual Statement--30th November, 1918

The Fifty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Union Bank of Canada was held at the Head Office of the Bank, in the City of Winnipeg, at twelve noon, on Wednesday, the 8th instant.

The President, MR. JOHN GALT, in the chair.

DIRECTORS' REPORT

The Directors have pleasure in presenting their report showing the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending November 30th, 1918.

During the year, owing to the depletion of the staff caused by enlistment for military service, the following offices were closed:—Coatsworth, Eastons Corners and Toledo in the Province of Ontario; Adanac, Guernsey, Jansen, Major, Netherhill and Salvador in the Province of Saskatchewan; of which all except Adanac have since been reopened.

The number of Branches and Agencies in operation on November 30th, 1918, was 299.

The usual inspection of all Branches and Agencies has been made.

Mr. S. E. Elkin, M.P., of St. John, N.B., has been elected to fill a vacancy on the Board of Directors.

JOHN GALT, President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance at credit of account, 30th November, 1917	\$106,624.34
Net profits, for the year, after deducting expenses of management, interest due deposits, reserving for interest and exchange, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts and for rebate on bills under discount, have amounted to	824,174.56
	\$930,798.90

Which has been applied as follows:—

Dividend No. 124, 2¼ per cent, paid 1st March, 1918	\$112,500.00
Dividend No. 125, 2¼ per cent, paid 1st June, 1918	112,500.00
Dividend No. 126, 2¼ per cent, paid 3rd September, 1918	112,500.00
Dividend No. 127, 2¼ per cent, payable 2nd December, 1918	112,500.00
Transferred to Rest Account	200,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account	75,000.00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	10,000.00
Contribution to Halifax Relief Fund	5,000.00
Contribution to Canadian Red Cross, Manitoba Branch	5,000.00
Contribution to Young Men's Christian Association Overseas	3,000.00
Contribution to Salvation Army Overseas	2,000.00
Contribution to Belgian Relief Fund	1,000.00
Contribution to Knights of Columbus, Army Hut Appeal	1,000.00
Contribution to Navy League of Canada, Sailors' Week	2,500.00
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation to 30th November, 1918	50,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	126,298.90
	\$930,798.90

General Statement of Liabilities and Assets as on 30th November, 1918

LIABILITIES		
Capital Stock		\$ 5,000,000.00
Rest Account	\$ 3,600,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	126,298.90	
	\$ 3,726,298.90	
Unclaimed Dividends	10,261.43	
Dividend No. 127, payable 2nd December, 1918	112,500.00	
	3,849,060.33	
	8,849,060.33	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	12,134,649.00	
Deposits not bearing interest	58,805,207.86	
Deposits bearing interest	68,437,490.47	
Deposits due to other Banks in Canada	424,601.94	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	1,751,177.75	
	141,553,127.02	
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	2,706,467.06	
Liabilities not included in the foregoing	72,797.11	
	\$153,181,451.52	
ASSETS		
Gold and Silver Coin	\$ 940,446.58	
Dominion Government Notes	15,113,307.00	
	\$ 16,053,753.58	
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	260,000.00	
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	7,800,000.00	
Notes of other Banks	763,793.00	
Cheques on other Banks	3,817,392.16	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	92,051.67	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	2,933,356.72	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding market value	12,527,937.82	
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	15,720,338.76	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks not exceeding market value	2,501,824.71	
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	6,508,728.64	
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada	3,389,150.00	
	72,368,327.06	
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	74,021,028.40	
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	1,944,112.28	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	268,152.80	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	141,656.39	
Overdue Debts, estimated loss provided for	327,941.58	
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off	1,237,606.70	
Liabilities of customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra	2,706,467.06	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	186,159.25	
	\$153,181,451.52	

JOHN GALT, President.

H. B. SHAW, General Manager.

Report of the Auditors to the Shareholders of the Union Bank of Canada.

In accordance with the provisions of subsections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act, we report to the Shareholders as follows:—

We have audited the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches.

We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and are of the opinion that the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.

In addition to our verification at the 30th November, we have, during the year, checked the cash and verified the securities representing the investments of the Bank at its chief office and principal branches and found them to be in agreement with the entries in the books of the Bank relating thereto.

In our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the affairs of the Bank, according to the best of our information, and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

T. HARRY WEBB, E. S. READ, C. R. HEGAN,

Winnipeg, 20th December, 1918.

Auditors of the firm of WEBB, READ, HEGAN & CO., Chartered Accountants.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED

I say that I can conquer rheumatism with a simple home treatment, without electrical treatment, stringent diet, weakening baths or in fact any other of the usual treatments recommended for the cure of rheumatism.

Don't shut your eyes and say "Impossible." But put me to the test.



You may have tried everything you ever heard of and have spent your money right and left. I say "well and good; let me prove my claims without expense to you."

Let me send you without charge, a trial treatment of DELANO'S RHEUMATIC CONQUEROR. I am willing to take the chance and surely the test will tell.

So send me your name and the test treatment will be sent you at once. When I send you this, I will write you more fully, and will show you that my treatment is not only for banishing rheumatism, but should also cleanse the system of Uric Acid and give great benefit in kidney trouble and help the general health.

This special offer will not be held open indefinitely. It will be necessary for you to make your application quickly. As soon as this discovery becomes better known, I shall cease sending free treatments and shall then charge the price for this discovery which will be in proportion to its great value. So take advantage of this offer before it is too late. Remember the test costs you absolutely nothing. F. H. Delano, 328-T Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

NOTE—Orders for Delano's Rheumatic Conqueror will be filled from their Canadian Laboratories without duty.

I CAN HELP YOU

if you suffer from Piles, I can tell you how to treat yourself at home to get rid of

PILES FREE TREATMENT

A free treatment of my new absorption method will give early relief and prove to you its value.

Send no money, but write me to-day, and tell your friends about the free trial treatment.

MRS. M. SUMMERS,
Box 86 WINDSOR, ONT.

DON'T CUT OUT A Shoe Boil, Capped Hock or Bursitis

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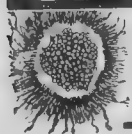
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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. & CAN. PAT. OFF.

will reduce them and leave no blemishes! Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Book 6 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, the antiseptic Uniment for Bolls, Bruises, Sores, Swellings, Varicose Veins, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Price \$1.25 a bottle at drugists or delivered. Will tell you more if you write.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 183 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.
Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

CANCER



and Tumors successfully treated (removed) without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come, or write for free Sanatorium book. Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM 3023 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

Work for Busy Fingers

Embroidery Stitches—Described and Illustrated

A "stitch" as applied to embroidery should convey quite a different idea from that of a "stitch" as commonly considered by the sewer. We learn very early that the beauty of sewing consists in hiding the stitches. The object of sewing does not lie in the stitches themselves, but in embroidery the stitches themselves are of especial interest. The object of the embroiderer should be to express form and lay on color in stitches so regularly and skillfully placed that they will themselves be things of beauty.

How to Make Kensington Stitch or "Solid Embroidery"

1a.—Simple Long and Short Stitch. This stitch is the first step and is well described by its name. The method is one long and one alternate short stitch laid side by side on the surface. Having our linen centerpiece or doily "drum tight" in a frame or hoop, these stitches should be commenced on the outline or edge of the design which they are intended to define, and carried through the linen within the form, leaf, or petal. The



Fig. 1a. Long and Short Stitch.

points of especial care in this work should be to make the outline or edge perfectly true and unbroken, and to see to it that the stitches laid side by side form a smooth surface. In order to succeed in the first essential, the needle must be brought up every time in exactly the right place, which is a shade beyond the stamped line. If the stitches are taken through the stamped line itself or a shade within it, the stamping will show. Nothing could be more undesirable than this.

While every other stitch should be long and every other one should be short, all the long stitches should not be the same length, nor all the short ones. They should vary in themselves.

The length of the stitches must be determined by the size of the leaf or petal they are to border. When the petals are very small they are likely to cover the larger part of it; if they are from one to three inches about one-third will be covered. This rule must, however, be held in a very tentative way indeed, as the possible variety of form suggests so many exceptions as to make it almost impossible to make a definite statement as to the length of stitches. A proper proportion to the size of the form should be the guide, with the reassuring fact in mind that if the stitches are correctly placed they may

be from $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch to an inch long and still lie well. The illustration shows clearly the method of the long and short stitch. See Fig. 1a.

1b.—Feather Stitch, or Solid Embroidery. The long and short stitch is the first step in this, the most beautiful of embroidery. When the long and short work has been carried around a form or petal, or over one section of it, lay over this row another series of stitches long and short, placed exactly in the same direction

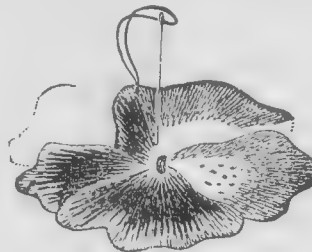


Fig. 1b (1).

as the first, and covering the first about two-thirds its width. See Fig. 1b (1). It will seem to the amateur an extravagance of time and material to cover these rows so fully one over the other, but it is just this point which is the way to beauty in the work: it raises the surface slightly and makes it very rich. Besides, one row blends with the next because the alternating long and short stitches of the over row allow very little of the preceding to show. They appear only because of the difference in length of the upper edge of the covering row. Commence the first stitch of the second layer by bringing up the needle about one-sixteenth of an inch below the first stitch of the first row, between it and the second stitch of the first row, send it down about one-fourth inch below the finish of the first stitch of the first row. Take the next stitch, which will be a short one, in the same way in regard to its relation to the first row. Continue these stitches, thus forming a second row over the first, covering it at

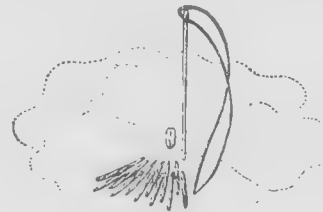
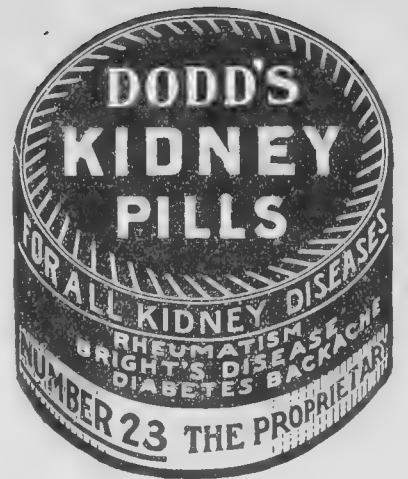


Fig. 1b (2).

least two-thirds its length. The first row is of course perfectly even on its upper edge, that is, it coincides with the stamped outline, but the second row is necessarily long and short on both edges, as it is worked over the first. Fig 1b (2) shows this second row in detail, unrelated to the first. This illustration will make plain what is meant by long and short on both edges. In this way one shade is made to blend into the next, not gradually so that the stitches are invisible, but in such a way as to produce a strong and clear effect. This is embroidery and not an imitation of painting. Continue these rows until



they cover the form; the length of the stitches should be determined by the size of the form to be embroidered. The last row must of course conform to the design as it is finished off, as must all stitches wherever they come in contact with the outline. See Fig. 1b (3).

(To be Continued)

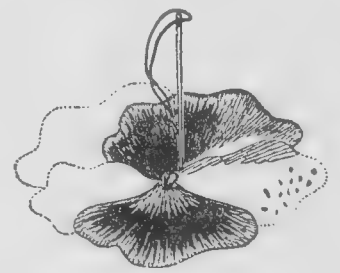


Fig. 1b (3)

Child's Crocheted Silk Cap

This cap is a very handsome one and is suitable for either warm or cool weather, since the instructions include directions for a wool lining which may be used or not as desired.

Make a chain of 6 and join. Do 12 single crochets into the ring and join with a slip stitch.

1st round—Draw silk up well on needle and fasten with a sl. st. *Throw silk over needle 16 times and insert needle in first s. c., draw through all loops on needle and fasten with sl. st. *Repeat in same hole. Continue throughout the round by putting two such stitches into every s. c. of foundation ring. This should give 24 cone-shaped stitches in circle. Then join with a sl. st.

2d round—*Crochet chain of 3 and do a d. c. between first two cone stitches, chain 3 and fasten with a sl. st. in top of d. c. just made, chain 4. and fasten in same hole, chain 3 and fasten in same hole, chain 3 and do a s. c. between next two cones.* Repeat throughout the round. This should give 12 points. See Fig. 186.

3d round—Carry silk up the side of the first point by doing s. c., fasten in top



A British "Surprise Boat" deals the death blow to a German Submarine.

point,* chain 7 and fasten in next top point.* Repeat.

4th round—*Do a d. c. in each of the 7 chains and a s. c. in the next.* Repeat.

5th round—Chain 6 and *do a d. c. in the 2d stitch of previous round, chain 1 between and do a d. c. into 4th, chain 1 and do a d. c. into 6th, chain 1 and do a d. c. in same hole.* Repeat.

6th round—Same as 2d round, only you should now have 30 points in circle.

7th round—Same as 3d, only chain 6 between instead of 7.

8th round—*Throw silk over needle 16 times, insert needle in first s. c. of previous round, draw through all loops on needle and fasten with a sl. st. Repeat in same hole 6 times. Do a s. c. into the next s. c. of previous round.* Repeat. This should give you 15 groups of 6 cone-shaped stitches, or shells.

9th round—Chain 8 and *do a s. c. in middle of first group of cones, chain 5 and do a d. c. in the next s. c. of previous round.* Repeat



Fig. 186.

10th round—*Do a d. c. into 5 of the chains and a s. c. into the next.* Repeat.

11th round—Chain 6 and *do a d. c. in every other stitch with a chain of one between.* Repeat.

12th round—Same as 2d, only you should now have 48 points.

13th round—Same as 3d, only chain 4 between instead of 7.

14th round—Same as 8th round, only you should now have 24 groups of 6 cone stitches, or shells.

15th round—Same as 9th, only chain 4 between instead of 5.

16th round—Same as 2d, leaving off to within 5 groups of shell. This leaves you 38 points.

Turn and crochet now in rows.

1st row—Chain 8 and do a s. c. in first point. *Chain 4 and do a s. c. in the next.* Repeat.

2d row— Throw silk over needle 16 times and insert needle in first s. c., draw through all loops on needle and fasten with a sl. st., repeat in same hole 6 times, then do a s. c. in next s. c.* Repeat, should give 19 groups of 6 cones, or shells.

(To be continued.)

Our Nation Builders

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by M. R. C.

TEACHERS of Canada! Do you realize to what a great extent the future of our country depends on you?

Is Canada to become a nation worthy of our incomparable Mother Country, and worthy of those best and bravest men in the world, so many of whom have died to save their country from the horde of murderers who have long been casting envious eyes toward it?

Teachers! Are you teaching our future men and women to love their country and to honor it? Honor it so sincerely that not one, whatever his station in life, whether a day laborer or premier, would do aught that his conscience told him was detrimental to his country's welfare or to its standing in the eyes of the world?

You young girl-teachers, not long ago yourselves mere school-girls, and perhaps chiefly regretting the war because so many of the nice boys you know are gone away, do not waste your time and money on dress and so-called pleasure.

Buy Victory Bonds with your spare cash, not forgetting the Red Cross, and in your spare time read the newspapers.

Look at the different nations as men on a chess or checker board; watch each move and try and understand the motive

behind and form your own opinion as to whether it is a good move or a bad one; you will soon find it far more exciting than studying changes of fashion in apparel.

Then when you begin to understand the why and wherefore of the Great Conflict, teach it to your scholars, try and make them as interested in it all as you are. What an opportunity to teach them something of the rise and fall of nations! What an opportunity to plant the seeds which, growing to be a part of themselves will become, not the spirit which has been instilled into young Germany for so many years, that of world domination, but the spirit of a people who love their own country, their own home, and are trying to make them the best home and the bravest, most honorable nation on earth, a rising nation, not a falling one!

Teach the children to honor the

pioneers of our country by having them study something of the hardships endured by the early settlers of both the eastern and western parts.

Mere historical facts and dates will not impress on a boy's mind the fact that perhaps his own grandfather lived in a log shanty in a small clearing in the forest, putting in his crops of oats, potatoes and barley with the hoe, a bit of "wheaten bread" being an almost unknown luxury, and having neither horse nor wagon must, if he could spare a sheep or pig, kill it, and carry it to market on his own back, bringing home in exchange a few pounds of tea and sugar. Teach them also of the trials, the cold and hunger often endured by those who laid the foundations of a great country to the west of the Great Lakes.

All these hardships were necessary to the building of this new country to which we and our children are the heirs,

and it is our duty—we teachers and parents—to cherish and fulfil the trust which is our inheritance from those who have blazed and are blazing the trail for us (theirs the hard and dangerous part), and follow closely, tearing down obstacles, building up, never losing sight of our object—the building of a strong foundation for a great and Christian nation.

Is there not a danger in these days of fiction that life will prove a fiction?

If there be any true religion in us, it is much more likely to be discovered and drawn into actual exercise by an exhibition of the glory and grace of Christ than by searching for it in the rubbish of our past feelings. To discover the small grains of steel mixed among a quantity of dust, it were much better to make use of a magnet than a microscope.—Andrew Fuller.



Youth and Age

"SO this is your birthday, grandmother."

"Yes, dearie, I am seventy-five years old to-day. It doesn't seem possible, for I don't feel old."

"And you certainly do not look old. Besides, you are always so happy and cheerful that you do not seem at all old."

"A woman is only as old as she looks you know, and I have always tried to keep young and healthy."

"And were you never sick, grandmother?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, there was a time in my life when I never expected to live to be fifty, say nothing about seventy-five. When your mother and my other children were small I had my hands full and got run down in health. I got so nervous that I could not sleep and had frequent headaches. Every little thing the children would do seemed to annoy and worry me until, finally, I gave out entirely, and was in bed for months with nervous prostration."

"Did you have a doctor?"

"Yes, dearie, I had two or three doctors, but they only told me that it would take a long time for me to regain strength. One day your grandfather came in with some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. He said some one told him that it would cure me, and he went away to the drug store and bought half a dozen boxes."

"What did your doctor say about using it?"

"Well, what could he say? He only said that he had done all he could, and that he had run across a great many cases in which the Nerve Food had been used with excellent results. So I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it was not long before I was on the way to health and strength."

"And did it cure you?"

"Well, the best evidence is that I am here to-day, well and happy, after all these years. And I am more than ever enthusiastic for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I have used it several times during the last few years when I felt that I needed some assistance to keep up vitality. As a person gets older I think their blood gets thinner, and they seem to need something like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to increase their strength and vigor."

"That is something worth knowing, grandmother."

"If you will take my advice, dearie, you will not forget about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when you get run down, tired out and nervous. This has been my advice to a great many people, and I know that it has done them good."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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Fashions and Patterns

A Neat Dress for the Little Girl. 2732—This dainty little model could be made of percale, gingham or seersucker, with facings of pique or drill. The model is also good for lawn, batiste, repp, poplin, serge and gabardine. The sleeve may be finished with a cuff at wrist length, or loose in elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Ladies' Costume. 2729—This will make a splendid street or calling dress. It is nice for velvet, corduroy, serge, poplin, duvetyne, satin and taffeta. It will lend itself effectively to combinations of materials. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1½ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

velvet, cheviot and khaki are nice for the trousers. The blouse may be of percale, linen, soisette or flannel. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Here is a Good Style for a School Dress 2722—Mother's girl will be pleased with a dress like this in serge, gabardine, satin, jersey cloth, velveteen or in any of the nice ginghams or linens. The dress may be worn with or without a shield, and the sleeve finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 3½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ideal House Dress. 2569—This model is unique and practical. It is made with reversible closing, and its fullness is held by a belt that fastens at the centre back. The sleeve may be in wrist or



Waist 2724, and Skirt 2734—Here is a smart afternoon frock, for which velvet or satin could be used, combined with Georgette crepe. It would also be fine in serge with satin for cuffs and collar. The tunic portions are fitted with pocket sections. Pattern No. 2724 supplies the waist design; it is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut from pattern 2734, also in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make the dress for a medium size will require 6¾ yards of 36-inch material for the entire costume. The skirt measures 1½ yard at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Suit for the Small Boy. 2486—As here illustrated, striped gingham was used for the trousers, and madras for the blouse. The suit may be of one material. Serge, galatea, drill, corduroy,

elbow length. Deep, ample pockets trim the fronts. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, 6½ yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about 2½ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Apron. 2711—This model is good for gingham, seersucker, lawn, sateen, khaki, drill and percale. The belt holds the fullness over the back. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small 32-34; medium 36-38, large 40-42, and extra large 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Boudoir Set. 2530—Comprising a smart cap and dainty nightgown, both of which are suitable for lawn, batiste,

dimity, nainsook, crepe, washable satin and silk. The cap could be of net, lace, or embroidery. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material for the gown. The cap requires $\frac{1}{8}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 2719—Serge or gabardine would be nice for this model, with cuffs and collar of pique, drill or satin. Plaid or check suiting may be combined for this dress. The sleeve is cut for wrist or elbow length finish. The pattern is in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ideal Business Costume. Waist 2737, and Skirt 2727—Green and brown plaid woolen for the skirt, and white crepe de chine for the waist, was employed in this instance. Both waist and skirt portrays new style features. One could

illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Model for a School Dress. 2730—Brown poplin was selected for this design, with green and brown plaid for trimming. Blue serge trimmed with braid would make a serviceable dress. All wash materials are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Day Dress. 2707—This will develop well in serge, with trimming of satin or silk. It is nice also for jersey cloth, velour, mixtures, and plaid or check suiting. This is a "slip on" style. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge is about $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

This design is ideal for serge, gabardine or velveteen. The blouse is shaped at its lower edge. The sleeve may be in wrist length, and close fitting, or finished in elbow length, with a turn-back cuff. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material. The skirt measures about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

"A Cover All Apron." 2723—This style is fine for gingham, seersucker, lawn, percale and calico, also for sateen, drill and khaki. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small 32-34, medium 36-38, large 40-42, extra large 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material. This would make a good service uniform in tan or blue galatea with pipings of red or white. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Day Dress. 2721—This will be a good model for serge, gabardine, satin, velveteen, tricotine or jersey cloth. Blue serge, with mauve or taupe satin would be good. The vest could be embroidered or made of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch

material. Width of dress at lower edge is about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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make a "dressy" gown in the style here combined, of velvet or satin, using Georgette crepe for sleeves if desired. The waist pattern 2737 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 2727 is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards for the waist of 36-inch material, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 48-inch material for the skirt, the width of which is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the foot with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Good Model for a First Short Dress. 2710—This simple style is nice for cambric, muslin, lawn, batiste, cashmere, flannelette, gingham or seersucker. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 mos., 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 2 will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this

A Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. 2349—This will be nice in brown serge with soutache braid for trimming, or in blue gabardine, with collar and cuffs of plaid or checked material. The front closes at the side. The skirt is straight and gathered. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dress for the Growing Girl. 2725—This will be pleasing in blue or brown serge, with braid for trimming. It is a good model for velvet and corduroy, also for satin and silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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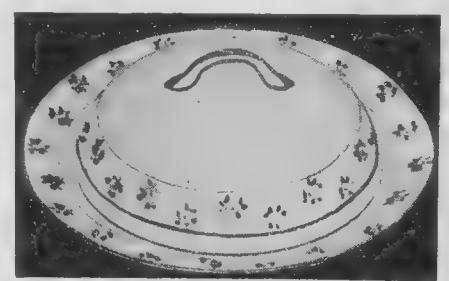
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Announcement

The advent of peace, welcomed with joy in every home in the Dominion, brings to every one of us Canadians a new meaning, new opportunity, new responsibility, as regards our citizenship in this great and growing Nation.

To carry on during these reconstruction days, to build and rebuild for permanency, in everything that makes for peace, plenty and perpetual prosperity, is the ambition of every one of us. Every farm home in Canada must be made pleasant and comfortable. Every field, garden and lawn must be substantially, conveniently and pleasingly fenced. Our greeting to you at this time is to remind you of our part in Canadian development in the past and ask your co-operation and continued patronage for the future. May we, therefore, direct your attention to some of the fence facts that should be known and rightly understood by every patriotic citizen desirous of making Canada a better place to live in these days of well-earned and well-deserved peace.

FIRST, the time to buy and build fencing is now. Our improved and enlarged facilities, giving us the largest Fence Factory in Canada, enable us to render for Canadian farmers a superior, prompt, honest and efficient service—we are the "farmer's friend," first, last and all the time. Why? Because the farmer is our customer. We manufacture just such fencing as best meets the needs of the farmer.

SECOND, the purchasing power of every farmer is the highest ever. The farmer's medium of exchange—the crops he produces—is comparatively large. A bushel of wheat or a ton of hay will buy more fencing now than ever before. Prices will not—cannot—be lower for a long time to come. We mean prices of farm products. What the farmer produces and has to sell, that which represents his buying power, the world needs badly and must pay the price to get it. Nor will the price of materials used in manufacturing fencing be lower for a long time to come. Wire prices across the border are dependably fixed. That fixes the price for Canada. What real difference does it make as long as the parity is maintained? When the price of farm products is lowered, then and not until then will wire prices be lessened. It is to your advantage, therefore, to buy and build now.

THIRD, the Sarnia Fence Company has saved the farmers of Canada thousands upon thousands of dollars in actual money saved. Our plan of saving money for you is made possible under our selling system of direct dealing from factory to farm. Just two profits in the transaction—yours and ours. We are partners in the fence business. You buy and buy again, and others do the same. Satisfied customers mean a growing business. We pay nothing for your patronage, besides a good service rendered. You save by dealing directly with us on our direct dealing plan. It is a mutual co-operation between manufacturer and user of fencing that produces real fence satisfaction.

FOURTH, our price is always low—very low. If you could save twenty percent by buying from us, would you do it? We always quote lowest prices for just the kind of fencing you may need. Write us before you buy. Tell us your plan. Our expert advice may lead you to a wise selection and, perhaps, mean a great saving of money. It is a great pleasure to know the truth about fencing before you act. Remember, we are fence manufacturers. Our one moderate profit added to actual cost of production leaves a larger profit for you.

FIFTH, our business is built upon the service basis—a real service to our customers—the satisfaction kind, the kind that lasts and brings repeat orders and induces your neighbors to do likewise. We owe the farmers of Canada the best fence service we are capable of giving. The farmers of Canada owe us their patronage as a consequence.

SIXTH, the Sarnia Fence Company saves money to every farmer who patronizes us. Our improved facilities, enlarged working capital, together with the fact that we have recently added to our management and working force the best fence talent obtainable, puts us way in advance in fence production. Our guarantee is back of every product we make. Everything is just as represented in our advertising literature. Thousands of farmers testify as to the good quality of our fencing. The money you save and the satisfaction you get in dealing direct with us will be your compensation.

SEVENTH, we prepay freight on all fence orders over 200 lbs. Our prices are quoted on fencing delivered at your nearest station. You pay but once. That covers the price of the fence and the transportation to your home town, excepting electric lines and on steamboats.

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About the Farm

A LITTLE HORSE SENSE

By Allan Campbell

In the history of colonization, the horse has been the deciding factor. Difficulties of transportation, evading dangerous enemies and the hunting down of game for food have all been possible by the use of the horse. From the earliest periods to the present time he has been king of the field. Gasoline power has appeared in the form of a useful ally rather than a rival to the horse. As the improvements in farm machinery have taken a good deal of the slavery out of farming, so in a like measure has gasoline power emancipated the horse.

The possession of a horse is a good or bad investment according to the use or abuse he receives from the hands of his owner. It is not a hard task to keep a horse in good condition if he is worked and fed normally, but it is much harder to bring an abused horse back into condition. Manner of feeding counts more than amount of feeding. Keep the curry comb and brush busy if the best is to be expected. A horse with a perpetually dirty coat is in no better condition for work than a man in a dirty shirt, as both are likely to be handicapped by a constant irritation. The horse has many points in common with man, inasmuch as he is a loyal servant

as possible. Do not strive to get the horse "hog fat," for in that condition he becomes an extra burden for his own legs and not in the best of condition for steady work, as any extra exertion will cause excessive sweating.

Let the horse have a good chance of remaining in health by giving him a pinch of salt in his oats every evening and a teaspoonful of saltpeter once a week. This practice will save periodical dosings from the medicine chest because he is off his feed. Freedom is a fine natural tonic and it will pay to let him have a free run and liberty to roll as often as possible both in summer and winter. In the winter, of course, there are stormy days when it is not advisable to leave horses standing out in an open paddock, but on other days it pays well to give the idle horses two or three hours free run outside; this will harden them up, let them work off any superfluous energy that they might otherwise employ in kicking their stalls, and will help keep their appetites up to the standard. Do not forget that the indoor habit is one of the evils of modern civilization both for man and beast.

Care of Vegetables

There is a right and a wrong way about so simple a matter as providing outdoor protection for vegetables. After



Rare specimen of the Shetland and their young master.

or a rebel according to the treatment he receives. The harness should fit and fit well, otherwise his service becomes penal servitude in shackles. In regard to handling, it is not advisable to adopt the method of shouting, as in time it will become a necessity to adhere to this practice on all occasions and a normal tone of voice will be unheeded. By training his team to act in response to a quiet tone of voice, the teamster will finish his day's work in a far less exhausted condition than the man who fills the air with his yells.

In regard to feeding it is a good plan to see that every morsel is cleaned up and waste should be avoided as much

piling up a suitable quantity in the shallow pit that has been provided, cover first with a good blanket of clean, dry straw; then throw on a few inches of earth and follow with another layer of straw, finishing with an outer layer of earth. Make this thick enough to be certain that the contents will not be frozen. This method will shut out the frost much better than a single layer of earth, or even one of straw and one of earth, and it will be easier to break into the pit when the ground is frozen. With small pits such as are here recommended, it is not necessary to make any provision for ventilation.

Cabbage and all kinds of root crops will keep better if buried in outdoor pits than anywhere else, but are hard to get out when the ground is frozen. For this reason a vegetable cellar or cave is most convenient and if winter storage is to be regularly required it is economy, in the long run, to provide some such facilities. If the vegetables are to be pitted do not make the pit too deep and see that the drainage is good so that there will be no danger of water standing in the bottom. Make several small piles rather than one large one. Small, round pits are more easily emptied. Long, narrow pits that have to be broken down foot by foot as the roots are taken out are worst of all, if they are to be opened when the ground is frozen.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and there is nothing better for driving worms from the system.



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In War Time

I've knitted socks for the soldiers,
Wool helmets, and mittens, too;
And, oh, yards upon yards of mufflers,
Of khaki and navy blue.

My dolls are all in the cupboard,
My toys piled up on the shelf,
And even if there was time for games,
I'd have to play by myself.

For Doris is making bandages,
And Rex is practising drill,
And every moment the twins can spare
They're scouting upon the hill.

We felt that we all must "do our bit,"
Like grown-up women and men,
But I am glad the war is past
To be just a child again.

Cookery Hints for Farm Housewife
(From the Food Controller's Office.)

Potato and Tomato Pie.—One-half lb. cooked potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 1 cup cheese sauce, egg or brown sauce (made with milk and flour, or gravy and flour cooked with seasonings), 1 tablespoon chopped nuts or browned crumbs, 1 tablespoon dripping. Grease a pie dish, fill with layers of potato and tomato, the chopped onion and parsley. Season, pour the hot sauce over, and shake the browned crumbs on top. Put a few scraps of dripping here and there on top and bake until hot and brown. Serve at once.

Salad Dressings

French Dressing.— $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 4 tablespoons olive oil. Mix ingredients and stir until well blended or put into a bottle and shake well before using.

Mayonnaise Dressing No. 1.—1 teaspoon mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, cayenne, 1 cup olive oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar or 2 tablespoons lemon juice, yolks of 2 eggs. Mix the mustard, salt and cayenne; when well blended add the unbeaten yolks and beat well with a wooden spoon. Add a few drops of oil and stir steadily. Repeat until one-half the oil has been used, then add vinegar or lemon juice alternately until all has been used. If the vinegar is very acid it should be diluted with water. It is a thick dressing and should not be put upon the meat until ready to serve. Marinate first with French Dressing, allowing sufficient time to season thoroughly. The Mayonnaise may be served separately. If the dressing curdles try to whip smooth with Dover beater, or dressing may be added gradually to the yolk of an egg. Beaten whites of eggs may be added before serving.

Boiled Dressing.— $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, cayenne, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg or yolks of 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar. Mix dry ingredients, add butter, water and vinegar slowly. Cook over boiling water until mixture thickens, add eggs slightly beaten; strain, and cook. If desired dressing may be thinned with cream.

Uncooked Salad Dressing.—Yolk of 1



British prisoners released by the Turks from guard to President Wilson at Constantinople

Potato Biscuits.—Two cups flour, 1 cup potato, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 teaspoon sugar, liquid to make a soft dough. Sift flour, baking-powder, salt and sugar together. Work fat into flour. Add mashed potato, then milk to make a soft dough. Roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, cut into square cakes and bake 15 minutes in a quick oven.

Carrot Pudding.—One and one-half cups flour, 1 large cup suet, 1 cup each of brown sugar, raisins, grated raw carrot, currants, grated raw potatoes, 1 teaspoon each of mixed spice, salt, and soda dissolved in milk enough to mix all to a stiff batter. Steam $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Boiled Onions.—Remove skins under cold water to prevent eyes from smarting. Drain, put in saucepan and cover with boiling salted water. Cook an hour or until soft. Drain, add some milk and cook 5 minutes, adding butter, salt and pepper.

Baked Cabbage.—Mix some boiled chopped cabbage with a cream sauce. Put in a buttered baking-dish. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs (buttered) and grated cheese if you have it and bake in the oven until slightly browned.

Cream of Carrot Soup.—Cook $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups carrots (sliced) and save water. Put through a sieve. Make a thin, white sauce of 1 cup of the carrot water, 1 cup milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon grated onion; seasoning. Add the carrot pulp to this, reheat and serve.

egg, 1 teaspoon mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream. Beat yolk, add mustard, salt, pepper, vinegar and lastly, the cream. Mix just before serving. Sour cream may be used.

Sweet Salad Dressing.— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, thin shaving lemon rind, yolks 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Make a syrup by boiling water, sugar and lemon rind 3 minutes. Add yolks of eggs and cook as a soft custard; add lemon juice; strain and cook.

How Life Looks
To the Pessimist

Keep out.
Dangerous.
No admission.
Beware of the dog.
Keep off the grass.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Not responsible for hats and coats.

To the Optimist

Come in.
Take one.
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Money back if not satisfied.

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Get It. Gombault's Caustic Balsam will give you immediate Relief. A Marvelous Human Flesh Healer and a never failing remedy for every known pain that can be relieved or cured by external applications. Thousands testify to the wonderful healing and curing powers of this great French Remedy. A Liniment that will soothe, heal and cure your every day pains, wounds and bruises.

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The Great French Remedy
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It Helps Nature to Heal and Cure. Penetrates, acts quickly, yet is perfectly harmless. Kills all Germs and prevents Blood Poison. Nothing so good known as an application for Sores, Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Burns, Carbuncles and Swellings.

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—Ed. Rosenberg, St. Ansgat, Ia.

Mrs. James McKenzie, Edina, Mo., says: "Just ten applications of Caustic Balsam relieved me of gottle. My husband also cured eczema with it, and we use it for corns, bunions, colds, sore throat and pain in the chest."

A Safe, Reliable Remedy for Sore Throat, Chest Cold, Backache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Rheumatism and Stiff Joints. Whenever and wherever a Liniment is needed Caustic Balsam has no Equal.

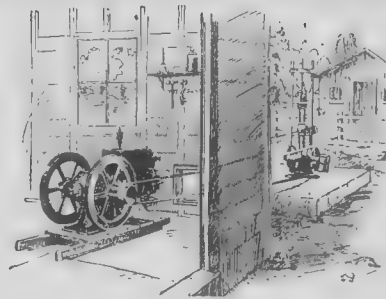
Dr. Higley, Whitewater, Wis., writes: "I have been using Caustic Balsam for ten years for different ailments. It has never failed me yet."

A liniment that not only heals and cures Human Flesh, but for years the accepted Standard veterinary remedy of the world.

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It is a blessing that there is such a reliable remedy as Burdock Blood Bitters to relieve the sufferer from the continual torture and who can get no relief from their misery.

Apply it externally and it takes out the fire and itch and aids in the healing process. Take it internally and it purifies the blood of all those poisons which are the source of skin eruptions.

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B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Leaks and Holes in Kitchen Utensils, Granite Ware, Aluminum, Enamelware, Linware, etc., quickly repaired. Easy to use—just like putty. Hardens in two minutes. Each mend only 15¢. Package, at your dealer or post paid by Vol-Peek Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 2024, Montreal, Can. Agents Wanted.

Young People

THE PROBLEM

Written for The Western Home Monthly by R. G. Chase

If there was any one thing that the Diamond Willow School District prided itself on more than another, it was its prowess in the field of mathematics.

We had met the Cornville School District on various occasions and had felt an easy victim to them in more than one spelling match, and were about evenly divided in all our contests, with the one exception of mathematics, and in this we held supreme sway.

The winter was fast drawing to a close, and it was agreed that we would have one more and final contest before spring was ushered in and the older boys left their studies for work upon the farm.

Committees from the two districts met to arrange the details of the contest, and it was decided to hold it on the last Friday evening in March at the Cornville school-house. It was to be a mathematical contest. Each side was to present the other with a single problem, as hard and difficult as might be obtainable, and the side first solving their opponents' problem was to be declared the winner with all honors.

When the news of the coming battle was wafted through our neighborhood, our joy knew no bounds, and we immediately set about our arrangements for the great struggle. We held a meeting, at which I was appointed captain, and it devolved upon me to produce the terrible weapon which was to create havoc in the ranks of the enemy.

All the arithmetics in our district, as well as some from outlying points, were gathered up and placed at my disposal, and I commenced an exhaustive search for the one problem that would be the means of covering us with glory.

Now, in order to be qualified to take a part in this contest, it had been agreed that all were welcome, providing they were actual residents of the district they sought to uphold, for at least one week prior to the contest.

We thought in this way to shut out either side from bringing in formidable help at the last minute, but our uneasiness can well be imagined when there arrived in Cornville eight days before the contest, a young professor of an eastern college, ostensibly to visit a brother, who resided there, but who, in fact, as we afterwards learned, had been imported for the purpose of winning for them the mathematical honors they so much desired.

When it became known that this new man was to be the captain of the Cornville team, and when it became noised around that he was a truly expert mathematician, our hearts began to sink. There was some talk of trying to disqualify him from taking part in the contest, but nothing was done in this regard, and with the contest only one day off, I was still delving in my arithmetics, but without any success in finding any problem which I considered intricate enough for the momentous occasion, when it suddenly occurred to me that I might devise my own problem, and in this way be sure that it was one entirely unfamiliar to the dwellers of Cornville.

With this end in view I set to work and finally turned out the following:

A gentleman divided \$12.25 among his seven sons, giving each son a purse on every day for seven days. Of the 49 purses no two contained the same amount of money, but after the seventh day, when the boys added up their separate amounts, it was found that they all shared alike.

Each of the boys then traded one purse with each one of his brothers, leaving therein the same amount as when received from his father, and retained one purse as first received, when it was found upon counting their money that they still all shared alike.

There are two answers required to this problem. In the first it is required to be known what were the seven separate amounts which each boy received from his father, and in the second it is required to be known what were the seven separate amounts which each boy had after exchanging with his brothers, it

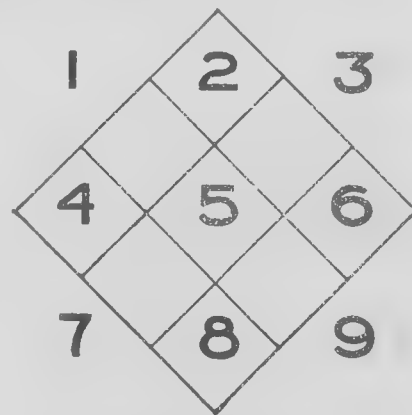
being understood that the first answer may be substituted for the second, providing the second is substituted for the first, as it has been shown that the boys had the same sum total before and after the exchange.

The contest was a grand success for our district, and although the problem that I devised for this occasion is easily solved, by one understanding how, I have never yet met anyone who could solve it without my assistance.

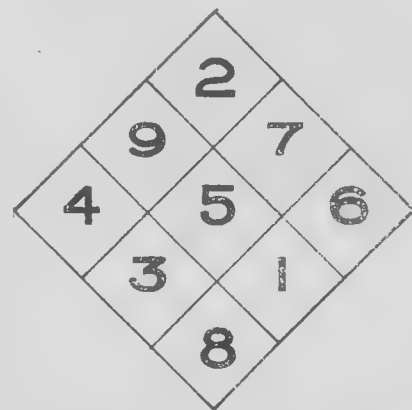
Solution by the Editor

This is a pretty good form for an old problem of arranging the numbers from 1 to 49 so that they will add horizontally, vertically and diagonally to the same amount, namely, 175. In the same way the numbers 1 to 9 might be arranged, the sum being 15, or the numbers 1 to 25, the sum being 65.

The answer to the question proposed by Mr. Chase is as follows, and the method of obtaining it can be found by a little close inspection or by a diagonal squaring device, illustrated in the following scheme, in which only the first nine numbers are used:



The numbers are written in order. The diagonal square is then drawn, and the outside numbers transposed as shown in figure two:



The answer for the problem proposed may be worked out similarly. Here it is:

4	29	12	37	20	45	28
35	11	36	19	44	27	3
10	42	18	43	26	2	34
41	17	49	25	1	33	9
16	48	24	7	32	8	40
47	23	6	31	14	39	15
22	5	30	13	38	21	46

The Ugly Buffalo

Goldie Robertson Funk

Tom and Frank are two little country boys. One day they went to the city to visit their uncle Peter.

Uncle Peter owned a big park in which he kept all kinds of animals.

The very first day the boys asked Uncle Peter to take them to the park.

"I want to see the deer and the little fawn," said Tom.

"I don't care about the deer," said Frank. "I want to see the eagle in the big wire cage, and the wild cat, and the bear, and the monkey. And, oh, Uncle Peter, let's get some peanuts to drop down into the bear's mouth. It's such fun to see the big fat bear sit up and catch them."

When both the boys had filled their pockets with peanuts for the bear Uncle Peter said, "I have a new animal. I am

GOT UP IN MORNING WITH HEADACHE AND SICK STOMACH.

Mr. P. M. Phelps, Stanbridge East, Que., writes:—"I have been taking Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills with such good results I thought I would write you. I had stomach and liver trouble, and would get up in the morning with a headache, stomach sick and feel dizzy. After taking two vials I was cured of these troubles, and constipation as well."

Carelessness and neglect, and often-times willful disregard of nature's laws will put the system all out of sorts. The stomach becomes upset, the bowels clogged, and the liver inactive. To bring the system back to its normal state must be the object of those who wish to be well. This can quickly be done by using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They loosen up the liver, get the bowels back to their normal condition and tone up the stomach, making the entire system sweet and clean.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Toronto, Ont.

Cured His RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 750E Marcellus Avenue, Manassas, N.J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, One of Thousands of Such Cases.

Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my housework. I had the best doctors in Eau Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. BIZER, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Bizer that has made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, ulceration, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularities or "the blues" should not rest until she has given it a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

8 BIG FAMILY GAMES 10c

consisting of Checkers, Chess, Dominoes, New Game of Authors, Fox and Geese, Nine Men Morris, The Spanish Prison, and the Game of Flirtation, all for 10c. Best value Supreme Novelty Co., Dept. 1 TORONTO

sure you never saw anything like him before."

"Is it an alligator," asked Frank, "or a big snake?"

"It's neither; you couldn't guess. He's the worst looking animal you ever saw," and Uncle Peter smiled but wouldn't give another hint.

When they reached the park gates this is what they saw.

"A buffalo!" cried Tom, who had seen pictures of buffaloes.

"Oh, isn't he a sight!" exclaimed Frank.

"Uncle Peter," asked Tom, "What are these spots on him?"

"Why, he is shedding his hair," exclaimed Uncle Peter. "Those spots are what is left of his last year's coat of fur. It covered him all through the cold winter, and now that it is summer he is losing it. Sometimes he goes to a tree and rubs himself against it. That helps to rub the fur off."

"Do you think it hurts him?" asked Tom. Uncle Peter laughed. "Oh, no! It is too warm for him and he is glad to get rid of it, for he has a nice new coat growing all over him. But come, boys, let's go and feed the bear."

The Homing Instinct of Bees

In the Fortnightly Review, Henri Fabre, the naturalist, tells a characteristic story about Darwin and himself. Darwin wished to explain the homing instinct of bees, and he induced Fabre to begin a series of experiments with that purpose in view. A regular plan of campaign was drawn up. Marked bees were placed in a dark box, and were carried away from the hive in an opposite direction from that in which they were finally liberated. The box was repeatedly turned about, so that the inmates should lose all sense of direction. Every possible means was taken to render useless any known or conceivable method of obtaining their bearings. The bees were even placed within an induction coil in the effort to confuse them.

The long and elaborate series of tests was without value, so far as getting any explanation of the homing power was concerned. In every case, from thirty to forty per cent of the bees found their way home without apparent trouble, no matter how confusing the trip away from home had been made.

The Fairy of the Fountain

By Antoinette DeC. Patterson

The Fairy of the Fountain and the Little Boy of the Fountain are not the same. The Little Boy of the Fountain is a small image who sits by the waters, day in and day out, with uplifted finger, beckoning the birds to drink or bathe in the basin that he holds in his lap.

And how many, many birds come at his mute call! Freda could tell you, for she is always watching for such things. But how the fairy got there, or where she really came from, Freda never knew.

According to the little girl herself, it all happened in this way: As she was sitting one morning by the fountain, feeding the goldfish, she fell to wondering what it was that made the water bubble up in the basin in such a queer way. Of course grandmother could explain it all; but then that would stop the wondering, which in itself was such fun! Suddenly a wild canary flew toward her, and perched on the finger of the Little Boy of the Fountain; but the strangest thing was that, instead of singing Freda a song, it began to speak to her!

"Little girl," it said, "shut your eyes for just a moment."

Freda did so, and when she opened them again, behold, standing right on the edge of the basin, was the tiniest and the loveliest little figure that you can imagine!

"I am the Fairy of the Fountain," the little creature said at once. "You were wondering what made the water bubble up in such a funny way. It is I who make it do that, with my little golden churn. If you don't believe me, just notice how still the water is now, while I am talking to you!" And sure enough, the rippling sound had quite ceased.

At first Freda felt very shy in the presence of so strange a visitor, but at last she found her voice and asked the fairy a question.

"Will you let me play some day with your little golden churn?"

"I wish I could," said the fairy good-naturedly, "but you would never be able to get down through such a tiny little hole. Still, you may try it if you wish."

But Freda could only succeed in getting the end of one finger down the water pipe.

"Can't you bring your churn up here?" she asked, as she shook the water from her finger.

The fairy shook her head. "I should be afraid of losing it, and then all my fun would be spoiled forever and ever and ever."

"I'm sure that if you did lose it my grandmother would let me get you another one," argued Freda.

But the fairy remained firm. "There isn't another one like it to be found outside of fairyland," she said, "and they are scarce enough there."

"How big is it?" asked Freda. "And is it all bright and shining?"

"It's bigger than a thimble," said the fairy, "and brighter than any star."

"Oh, how I wish I could see it!" exclaimed Freda, clasping her hands.

"Well," said the fairy, relenting, "I'll bring it just for a moment to the top of the basin if, as soon as you have seen it,

you will shut your eyes again while you count ten."

Freda promised, and before she could have believed it possible, the fairy drew to the top of the water pipe the most wonderful little churn—just a little bigger than a thimble and brighter than any star. "Now close your eyes," she said to Freda.

Freda did as she had promised; and when she opened her eyes once more there was no fairy anywhere to be seen—only a wee yellow bird perched on the finger of the Little Boy of the Fountain. The bird trilled forth a sweet note or two and then disappeared. And almost immediately the water began to ripple again in the basin where the goldfish were at play.

So Freda will tell you that now she knows just how it happens that the water comes bubbling up: that it is a little fairy churning away at a golden churn. If anyone tells Freda that she must have been asleep and dreaming, she answers that if she had been asleep she would surely have fallen into the fountain and got most dreadfully wet.

Gloom and Gloom

The re's gloom enough to keep you glum,
And sorrows will ever crowding come;
If signals for storms you always fly
There'll be matter enough to make you cry.

There's gleam enough to keep you glad,
Though the skies are heavy and times are bad,

And blessings will follow on apace
The one who gives with a smiling face.

So banish the gloom that keeps you glum
To the farthest corner of Christendom,
And cherish the gleam that keeps you glad

As the best little comrade you ever had.

Relief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They revive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.



Your Hosiery

DOES it mean anything to you that your hosiery is made by the "Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada?" It should.

By giving true value, dollar-for-dollar value, the manufacturers of "Sunshine" hosiery attained this enviable position.

You are well acquainted with **Three Eighty** stockings, the popular "Sunshine" hose for women.

Now try **Little Darling** or **Little Daisy** for the girls. Put **Buster Brown** or **Rock Rib** on the boys. Get hubby to try **Marathon** or **Pedestrian**.

You will then understand why the manufacturers of "Sunshine" hosiery are the largest in Canada

The CHIPMAN-HOLTON KNITTING CO. Limited - **Hamilton, Ont.**
Mills also at Welland Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

Sunshine Hosiery

REGISTERED

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.

CONSULTATION FREE

Mrs. COATES COLEMAN

PHONE MAIN 996

224 SMITH STREET

A Big Special!

The Western Home Monthly

FOR ONE YEAR

The Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer

FOR ONE YEAR, AND

The Parisienne Embroidery Outfit

ALL
FOR \$1.25

THE PARISIENNE EMBROIDERY OUTFIT is one of the most complete and up-to-date collections of its kind. It consists of 154 transfer designs, 186 letters, and instruction book illustrated in colors.

USE THIS COUPON

Date.....

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and The Parisienne Embroidery Outfit.

Name.....

Address.....

Woman and The Home

THE CHILDREN'S FOOD

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

Most mothers are very particular about what their children eat while they are infants. They measure their drinks and are careful not to give them too much, and if they find that plain milk does not agree with them, they add lime water or perhaps put the baby on a diet of some milk preparation. But when a child is two years old, all this precaution suddenly stops. The child comes to table, eats meat, has a bite of cake here, a sip of coffee there, and maybe, also a slice of pie! As for regularity, that is a thing of the past. If the father be a farmer, the breakfast and dinner hour are pretty punctual, but as for the supper, especially during seeding and harvest, this is scarcely ever at the same time two days running. A man wants to finish his "piece," or his "stooking" or his "stack" before he returns to the house. Often it is dark when he begins his supper, and the little children are tired and cross.

A child should have its supper at the same time every evening, preferably about six, and it should not wait up for the father. What does it matter if this means two separate tables? The gain to the child is enormous, far exceeding any little extra trouble on the mother's part.

to have known. We all ought to know what our children eat. If not, we need not be surprised when they get some sudden illness. If the children were taught from infancy that they must not eat unless mother knows what they have, they will never fall into the bad habit of taking things themselves. If Johnny asks for something, don't say: "Oh, see what there is in the cupboard," but go and see yourself, and be careful what you give him.

We hear of far too many cases of appendicitis now-a-days, and I cannot help thinking that, with a little care, these could have been avoided. For instance are all women careful about cleaning the rice? I have noticed little dark stones in rice—stones just the size to lodge in the appendix and to remain there. It is not much trouble to clean rice. One has only to put a little at a time on a white plate, and the black and brown stones show at once, as the rice is spread out.

Then, with regard to raisins. Why will people go on buying raisins with seeds when there are so many "seedless" and "seeded" raisins on the market?

And oranges, too. If you give a little child of four a whole orange, it is pretty sure to eat a few pips. An orange should be divided into quarters, and every single

The Old Mansion

By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing

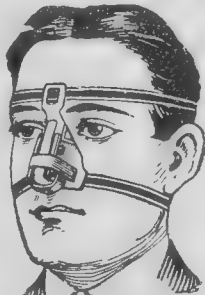
Sole of its kind, it lifts its head
In this mean neighborhood,
As if a duchess visited
Her poor to do them good,
Closed, oh, so long! Its fanlight blind
Its graceful railing web-entwined.

No need to have its history told!
No need to send its bell
Clanging through barren rooms. Unrolled
Is all it has to tell
In its mere gateway, carriage-wide;
Its fine old air of vanished pride.

Gone are the coaches from the door;
Gone is the music's beat.
The satin shoe that touched the floor
As tread a dove's pink feet.
Outside, the wheezing organs chime,
And ragged children dance in time.

But lady-wise, the old house sits,
A gracious almoner,
Dispensing still some benefits—
Since grass-plots bear for her
Bright dandelions as of old:
She heaps the children's hands with gold!

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Write to-day for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.
M. TRILETY, Face Specialist

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper, "Tranos" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

505 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

CHILBLAINS POSITIVELY CURED.

Do not poultice your chilblains. Grasshopper Ointment draws out the inflammation as easily as a sponge absorbs water. Just try a box, and see if it does not do so in your case. Grasshopper Ointment contains no injurious substances. Please refuse all substitutes. Sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores throughout Canada.

For, by preparing the children's supper beforehand, we are also likely to give them healthier and lighter suppers than if they ate with the grown-ups. And, if they are not in bed on the father's return, we must be careful not to let them have little mouthfuls from the table. It is very bad for a child to eat late at night. It gives indigestion and bad dreams, and changes a good-tempered child into a cross, disagreeable one. Children do not know why they are cross, but it is mostly because they have eaten something which was not good for them. I have seen a parent hit, shake and push a child about, when it was cross and troublesome, when, after all, it was the mother's fault that this was so, because she had given it the wrong kind of food. How often children are blamed when it is the parents, themselves, who were at fault!

There is another bad habit practised in the country. It is that of letting little boys and girls go berrying alone. In this case, they often eat far more than they bring home, and sometimes they pick up the wrong kind of berries and get very sick. If an older girl were with the little ones, it would be much safer.

One other thing which mothers often do is to allow children to go to the cupboard, as soon as they can reach it, and take out something to eat at all moments. I once heard a mother say: "I never know what the children pick up to eat." This did not show her good sense for she ought

pip taken out, before it is given to a very small child. Sometimes a mother hands a child an orange—just to keep it quiet! This is not a good reason for giving food of any sort, when it is not the right time for the child to eat. If women think these little things—such as taking pips out of oranges and lemons—are too much trouble, they may find they have a great deal more trouble later on, through their carelessness, when the child gets sick and the mother "cannot imagine how it happened!" And what is worse, she may even lose a precious life.

One idea which some women have is that it is not polite to leave anything on the plate, and so a child, who has no appetite, is obliged to sit at table and try to force down food which can do it no good, but may do it much harm. It is quite right that "grown-ups" should be polite and eat what they take, because they serve themselves, and should know exactly what they want. But we generally help our children, and we may put more on their plates than they can eat, so is it fair to force them to finish what they did not take? Some women are so unreasonable where children are concerned and they exact a blind obedience in everything, without telling the why and the wherefore. But in a house where the mother talks to children and explains things, the little mites learn to eat and drink just what is good for them, because they take their meals reasonably, and do

not gobble everything up, as if they were animals.

At children's meals, there should not be a variety of courses to choose from. There should be only the courses which we know they need, and they should be given a little of each dish. Otherwise, they will only eat what they fancy, and they may eat a plateful of rice and too much starchy food, when we know that what they need most at that time is fruit.

Children, even those who do not go to school, should be taught the relative value of food. Some women, alas, do not know this themselves! Then the best thing they can do is to learn. There are so many books and papers where they can pick up this knowledge, that, once a woman knows how to read, she has no further excuse for ignorance. Ignorance on the part of the dispenser of the food is almost criminal. A life may depend on the woman's knowledge of how and what foods to serve at different times.

Now, during the war, when we had to make considerable changes in our diet, and even in the way we made bread, it was not surprising if, at the beginning, some of us got a little sick, because we did not understand. But this is just the reason why we should apply our brains and study more; for we want to raise strong, healthy children for the Empire, and no woman can do this when she is culpably ignorant of such an important subject as: "How she should feed her household."

The New World

When the business matter was settled, the merchant leaned back in his chair and looked at young Harding. There were hard lines about the young man's mouth, bitterness in his eyes.

"John," the old merchant said quietly, "you know what your father was to me. May I say a word to his son?"

The young man hesitated a moment—then nodded; but it was manifestly only courtesy to his father's friend that made him yield. The old merchant looked past him out across the city.

"You were only a boy when your father died; he never told you about my black year, did he?"

"No, sir," John Harding answered, wincing.

"It was a black year. First, I failed. It took ten years to climb back again; but I lost a whole year through my own weakness. Nervous breakdown, the doctor said; it was really spiritual worry and lack of grit. And in the midst of that, Amy died."

"I know, sir," John Harding said in a low voice. It had been a lonely house ever since he could remember.

The old man did not seem to hear. He went on slowly: "Your father stood by. I never can tell you how he stood by me through it all or of the patience with which he met my rebellion. One night he was staying at the house with me when a heavy electric storm came up. In the midst of it there was a tremendous crash and two great oaks in front of the house went down. My grandfather had planted those oaks and I had inherited a love for them. It seemed to me then, warped as I was by my illness, another real calamity. But in the morning Jack called to me suddenly, 'Look at your view, man, look at your view!' And there before us lay the city, a thing of magic beauty in the early light, and beyond, the hills—miles and miles of them. Jack turned to me with deep eyes.

"It's a parable of life, old fellow," he said. "There's a whole world waiting."

"I knew what he meant, and I resented it. But I couldn't get away from that view and the parable of it. All my life I had been shut in by my own possessions. God had to strip me of them to open my eyes. It was a hard battle, but I surrendered at last and went out to discover the world."

"You've found it, sir; everyone knows that," John Harding said.

"What I want to say to you, Jack, is that it is worth it. Looking back now, I would not dare give up what sorrow and trouble have given me. I wanted to tell you that God's ways are big, Jack, even with our little lives. Trust Him, and find your new world. It will be greater than the old."

The two gripped hands, and then the young man was gone.

Dried Vegetables Will Reduce Freight and Save Tonnage

This has been rather carefully worked out by George T. Renke of New York, and other food and transportation experts, who have calculated that the saving in freight charges alone, following the sensible and utilitarian plan of leaving the water at home, and adding it to the dried vegetables in France, or in the camps, barracks or ship messes as needed, would amount to nineteen millions of dollars annually.

Mr. Renke estimates that one ship loaded with desiccated vegetables, would carry as much actual food as would fifty ships, loaded with vegetable substance plus the eighty-five per cent or ninety per cent of water with which it was originally saturated.

In view of the paramount necessity of providing transportation for the food supplied our armies, and for the provision needs of our Allies, the vital importance of this fact can readily be understood.

The saving in motor lorries and in men at present engaged in handling the oceans of water we are now shipping and dragging around with our vegetables, would put an added punch into our war-work that would inevitably increase the efficiency of our efforts in democratizing the world.

And our soldiers would be fed with an ample supply of vegetables and fruit, which, under the present conditions, there is no possible means of furnishing.

Thus the adoption of this modern system of supplying vegetables would serve to "help win the war," while at the same time enabling those left behind to serve our soldiers.

Whole Wheat Gems

Separate two eggs; to the yolks add half a pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and a cup and a half of whole wheat flour; beat thoroughly. Now add a teaspoonful of baking powder beat again, and then fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs; bake at once in hot gem-pans in a moderately quick oven for twenty minutes.

To Make a Meringue

The frosting, on the top of a baker's lemon meringue pie is nothing but a meringue. Beat the whites of the eggs until they are light, not stiff; add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar to each white and beat until fine and stiff. Spread this over the pie; dust thickly with powdered sugar and brown in a slow oven.

Raisin Pie

One cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of water, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Wash the raisins; add cold water, bring slowly to a boil; add the sugar, salt and the cornstarch, which has been mixed with a little cold water; boil for three minutes; pour into a pie tin, lined with crust, while hot, cover with crust and brush the top with cold milk.

Apple and Sago Pudding

Soak overnight one teacupful of seed sago in 1 pint of cold water (after washing the sago in several waters). Next day, peel two pounds of apples. Grease a pie-dish, and fill it with alternate layers of sago and sliced apples, sprinkling with sugar and grated lemon-rind. Press the juice of the lemon into 1 quart of boiling water, and pour over the contents of the dish. Cover with one of equal size, and bake until the sago is clear. If this pudding is served with custard, less sugar is required.

Removing Fruit Stains

Whenever you find a fruit stain on your table linen or napkins, wet it with a little camphor. If this is done before the stain has been wet with water the stain will entirely disappear when the article is laundered.

Sweet Apple Custard Pi

Pare and grate sweet apples. Add rich milk—the better part cream—until about the thickness for pumpkin pie. Sugar to give a pleasant taste. This depends upon the sweetness of the apples. Lastly add a pinch of salt and a little cinnamon. Bake in one crust. No eggs are to be used.

Corns cause much suffering, but Holloway's Corn Cure offers a speedy, sure, and satisfactory relief.

Good News for Canadians Health Specialist SPROULE

Specialist in Catarrh, Explains HIS METHOD OF TREATMENT



THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University; formerly Surgeon
British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Has Cured all Forms of Catarrh

Thirty odd years ago a young but highly honored surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service astonished his friends by suddenly leaving, and entering on private practice. That surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist Sproule. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease, Catarrh, a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Specialist Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Specialist Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Thirty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age or sex is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. Altogether too many cases of incurable disease have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point. Catarrh Specialist Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected a scientific, constitutional treatment which has cured all varieties of Catarrh. Many hundreds of Canadian people, throughout the provinces, bless the day they saw his advertisement fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years ago.

The widely advertised so-called "Catarrh cures" often do more harm than good, by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system. Painful stomach disorders and even more serious troubles have thus originated.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by remedies prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Specialist Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hawking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy, and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in numberless homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh the Specialist earnestly invites you to write him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be serious.

CATARRH of the HEAD and THROAT

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

- 1 Do you spit up slime?
- 2 Are your eyes watery?
- 3 Does your nose feel full?
- 4 Does your nose discharge?
- 5 Do you sneeze a good deal?
- 6 Do crusts form in the nose?
- 7 Do you have pain across the eyes?
- 8 Does your breath smell offensive?
- 9 Is your hearing beginning to fail?
- 10 Are you losing your sense of smell?
- 11 Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
- 12 Are there buzzing noises in your ears?
- 13 Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
- 14 Do you feel a dropping in back part of throat?

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is Catarrh of the head and throat.

Answer the questions, yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE
117 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON

Be sure and write to-day.

DISEASES of BRONCHIAL TUBES

When Catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the wind-pipe into the bronchial tubes and may in time attack the lungs.

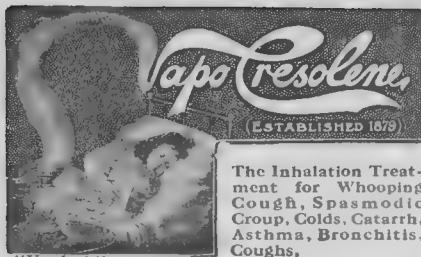
- 1 Do you take cold easily?
- 2 Is your breathing too quick?
- 3 Do you raise frothy material?
- 4 Is your voice hoarse and husky?
- 5 Have you a dry, hacking cough?
- 6 Do you feel worn out on rising?
- 7 Do you feel all stuffed up inside?
- 8 Are you gradually losing strength?
- 9 Have you a disgust for fatty foods?
- 10 Have you a sense of weight on chest?
- 11 Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?
- 12 Do you cough worse night and morning?
- 13 Do you get short of breath when walking?

If you have some of these symptoms you have Catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

FULL
NAME

ADDRESS

The Best Magazine Value Available—
The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 a Year



The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs,

"Used while you sleep." Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

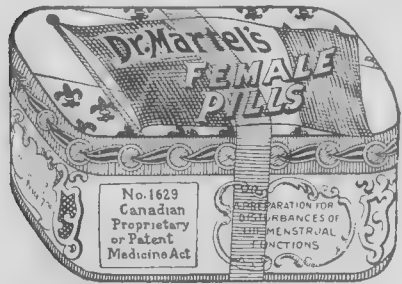
The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use. Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortland St., N.Y. or Leeming-Miles Building Montreal, Canada



Dr. Martel's Female Pills

Prescribed and recommended by Physicians, sold for half a century in Patented Tin Box with signature "Knickerbocker Remedy Co." At your druggist. ——— Accept no other.



The Auto-Knitter

No experience essential, easily learnt. Sets on any table. Does the work of about twenty hand knitters. We want more workers as there is always a good demand for hosiery and woolen goods. If you will consider spending part of your time in a profitable, fascinating employment, send us 3c stamp for interesting full particulars. Address:

Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Can.) Co., Ltd. Dept. 333 G, 607 College St., Toronto, Ont.

Catalog Notice

Send 10c. in silver or stamps for our Up-to-Date **FALL AND WINTER 1918-1919 CATALOG**, containing 550 designs of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns, a **CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESS-MAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE** illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches, all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

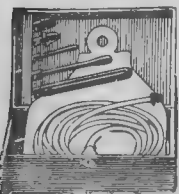
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Manufacturer of **ARTIFICIAL LIMBS**

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Established 1900

The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed



If It's Made of **RUBBER** We Have It

Camera Supply Co. P.O. Box 2704 Montreal

Correspondence

Lives Far from Town

Dear Editor:—I haven't had an opportunity to see a Western Home Monthly all summer, but last night I found one and believe me, I did some reading. There are so many subjects open to discussion, and I am rather afraid I couldn't argue some of them. Why are some of you so hard on dancing? Really if it weren't for an occasional dance, the folks in this part would not have much enjoyment. Usually dances are all the entertainment there is. I see "Kentish Hop" advises to "help all lame dogs over stiles." I have been doing that all summer and by all appearances shall be doing so this winter. We have had a little snow, and the weather is quite cold. We have also had quite a time with the influenza, but it is being checked somewhat, possibly on account of the colder weather. "Irish Blue Eyes," I should like to hear from you. I too find it rather lonely out on the prairie, especially during the winter. We live so far from the town that we don't go there very often. If any of the members would care to write to me I would be glad. At present I am away from home, and have considerable spare time. My address is with the Editor.

"Marjory Daw."

Opposes Dancing

Dear Editor:—I have been a silent reader of your valuable paper for the past four years. I do not take it myself, but my sister takes it, and I get it from her. As this is my first letter to your page I hope the Editor will have patience with me and not put it into the W.P.B. I must say I have been very interested in the letters of "Kentish Hop." She is very good at writing, but I am sorry I can't agree with her last letter. She seems to have a great "pick" at every one who opposes dancing. Well, I oppose it "Kentish Hop," so start in on me if you care to. I am young, but have a good understanding (shoes, size nine). You say "you do not have to associate with every Tom, Dick and Harry," yet again you say to "help all lame dogs over stiles." This is a very good motto to go by, but do you mean to say by going to dances you can benefit those with the "blackest character?" It is quite true that such persons wish amusement some times, but that is what our reformers are at, and my opinion of the dance hall is that it tends to make the work of these noble people much harder. You say that where there are no shows or rinks, that the dance is a necessary amusement. I say, cut out the dance and you will find that it will be very soon that more beneficial means of amusement will be provided.

Now, "Phyllis," do not think that you need to come West to get your mind broadened. I have lived here all my life and have never seen the East, but I have seen a good many intelligent people from the East, and as far as I can see, they are quite equal to those of the West. I most certainly enjoy the Western freedom. Do not be afraid to blush. Blushing has never hurt any noble minded girl or woman. Do not be afraid of getting too proud from being reserved, that won't make one proud, but it is not good to be too reserved on some occasions.

No, "Sky Scraper," we are not meant to go around with a long face, you just go right on calling down dancing and your face will be all right. There are other means of helping Tommy, and by no means think yourself narrow minded.

Now a favorite quotation from Cicero: "You must use your own judgment on yourself. Great is the weight of conscience in deciding on your own virtues or vices; if that be taken away all is lost."

I would like to correspond with "Francis" if she cares to write first.

Tom, Dick or Harry.

Plays the Violin

Dear Editor:—Having been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for a long time, especially of the Correspondence column, I thought I would write and help to keep the interesting corner going. I have lived on the farm all my life. Am nineteen, nearly twenty, years old, and registered for the nineteen class when the proclamation came out, but don't expect to be called up now. Have had three brothers in the army, but two

were turned down after training for several months.

After reading the November number, I certainly agree with "Kentish Hop's" letter on having pleasure in the shape of skating, motoring and social dances. I am very fond of music and can play the violin a little. I enjoy dancing very much, as it is the only pastime around this district in the winter. Some of the readers object to dances; I guess these people do not live in the country where you can only see yourself week in and week out. You do not meet your friends on your way to the straw stacks to have a chat with, but in the city or town you can just run across the street to see your pals. You can also go to a theatre when you like, besides all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

My address is with the Editor.

True Canadian.

Farming is Lonesome

Dear Editor:—Having come across some old copies of your paper of 1910, I find it a very interesting magazine. I see the price at that time was 75 cents, but for fear it has gone up in price, like everything else, I am sending you a dollar.

The Correspondence page is well worth the price of the paper as it gives the views of other people.

I am a bachelor from Western Ontario. I have a nice brick house and good barn, and 125 acres of land, and with the rest, own a car. How could a bachelor do without one? Farming is a lonesome life all right. I have not been a year at it yet, but am tired of it. If any of the girls would care to write to me I would gladly answer all letters.

I am 30 years of age, 5 feet 9½ inches high, and weigh 165 pounds.

Will write again.

Lonesome Willie.

Thinks "Happy" a Model Farmer

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of your page for quite a few years, but have never found courage enough before to write. I think there could not be a better paper printed than The Western Home Monthly. I find the letters very interesting. I think all the girls should have a good word for the soldier boys. There are a large number of boys returning wounded and disfigured, but girls, those are the boys who deserve all credit. They gave up home and loved ones for King and country. "Gunshot Bill" has the same opinion as myself about wearing overalls. I think they are just the thing for girls to wear when doing outside work. I am speaking from experience, as I have worn them all summer, doing such work as haying, stooking, digging potatoes and cleaning grain. Some think they are not the proper dress for a girl of my age, but I find them the easiest to work in. I think that "Happy" is quite a model farmer. There are not many farmers that work all week and still attend church and Sunday school on Sunday. Most (not all) say they are too tired to go, or have other such excuses when Sunday comes. Like most young readers, I am very fond of dancing, and think it is not wrong to go to a dance in aid of the Red Cross. It is very hard to get up a dance here, as the young men are scarce and the married men would rather sit and talk than dance with the young girls. Now I must stop as this is my first letter.

Lively Seventeen.

Fancies "Lonely Boy"

Dear Editor:—Seeing that my first letter to "The Page" in your magazine was successful, I will try another. It seems to me that many of the old correspondents have stopped writing to this page but I hope they will soon resume their writing. "Cheerio" seems to have been a busy girl during the working months. I only wish that I could give such a large account of my hard work, but I am afraid I've been an "idler." I only worked two days picking potatoes, and my only regret is that I didn't work all the days that I have idled away. "A Lonely Boy" is very courageous in his farm work. I am sure if I endured half his hardships I would have given up and gone to the "front." I like his idea of dancing. I like his whole letter. In fact,

"ALL IN" AS HE THOUGHT

Could Not Work or Walk Any Distance.

The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart. The strain of business, the cares of home and social life, cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles.

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Mr. Oscar Tracy, Postmaster, Tracy Station, N.B., writes:—"Two years ago I was 'all in' as I thought; could not do any work, nor walk any distance. I had taken no medicine, but tried your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and found such benefit from the first box that I continued taking them. I am sixty years of age, am able to work every day, and feel fine now."

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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand. I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

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Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

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Mrs. Angus McKinnon, Richmond, P.E.I., writes:—"Last winter my baby was just two months old, when he took a bad cold. He could not keep anything on his stomach with the cough. I tried doctor's medicine, but it gave no relief. I told my husband I would try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and I must say it saved his life. I just used four bottles and now he is perfectly cured, and I can't help but express my thanks to you for curing my baby.

Two years ago I used it for one of my girls. She had a cold and cough, but the doctor's medicine was no good for her. I got six bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and it gave her a perfect cure. I can not praise it half enough."

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he and his letter are a "dream." I think all the girls and boys of the Correspondence Page are full of "pep," and my wish is that they keep up the page in order to give pluck and nerve to the timid. Since my last letter I have been to New Westminster to school, and am home on my Christmas holidays just now, and will be going back to the college in a few days. Would "A Lonely Boy" please drop me a few lines? His letter is so interesting that it has taken my whole fancy. Now, remember that my address is with the editor. Good luck and good wishes to all.

Red Cross Rose.

W. H. M. Makes Nice Gift

Dear Editor:—I am not a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly. A friend sends it to me, and it certainly is a very nice gift. I have often wanted to write to the Correspondence Page, and at last have made a start. I see a letter in the last issue from "over there." It seems to bring our boys so much nearer home when their letters come. Nothing would please me more than to receive some letters, so if someone will write I will answer. My address is with the Editor.

Maple Leaf.

A Lover of Outdoor Life

Dear Editor and Readers:—At last I have plucked up enough courage to write to your interesting page. I think The Western Home Monthly one of the best magazines going. I am a lover of books and outdoor sports and dances. I have worn three pairs of overalls and wouldn't be without them. I have read bushels of books, but some of the best I have ever read are Zane Grey's "Cow Puncher" books. I just think they're "it." Dances I think for patriotic and Red Cross purposes are just the thing. We made \$575 at a dance and sale of donations at our school not long ago. Don't you think that is fine? I do. "Cheerio," I think you really ought to learn to dance. Believe me you'd say it was great. I like outdoor sports, such as sleigh riding, skating, ski-ing, riding, etc. I get plenty of riding too, as I live on a large ranch with some eight hundred cattle and nearly three hundred horses. "Cutie Curls" and "Restless" seem to be quite the centre of attraction. I wish "Cutie Curls" would send me one of her cute curls. Never mind, cutie, you just expressed my opinion exactly in everything. I'd like to correspond with any boy or girl between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, if they would care to write. My address is with the Editor.

Smiles.

A Student of The Western Home Monthly

Dear Editor:—I have been a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for several years, and I think it is a fine magazine. I think it would not do some of the girls any harm if they would take the trouble to read "The Young Woman and Her Problem," as I know a good many of the young girls to-day do not read that which will help to broaden their minds, and I am not saying the boys are any better. I know that they could find some good hints in "The Young Man and His Problem," and it will not do them any harm to read the "Philosopher." Well, I am not a preacher's son but a farmer's son, living in Alberta. I have a half section of land, six horses, two cows, 18 pigs and a "Tin Lizzie." If any of the girls care to write, my address is with the Editor. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success.

Hay Seed.

The Best Life of All

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for a long time, and consider it the very best paper of its kind printed in Canada at the present time. The stories are always good, and the Correspondence Page, where we may exchange views, is very interesting. I am a farmer living in a western part of Manitoba, where I have lived all my life, and think that while farming may be a bit "heavy," as some say

at times, still to me it is the best life of all. We can always enjoy the fresh air, and see Nature in all its beauties. At present we have beautiful sunsets, and then in summer we have the birds singing in the trees, the flowers blooming all around us, the waving fields of grain, and so on. These are only a few of the many things that those living in the cities cannot enjoy. Isn't it grand to know the war is over, and we may soon have some of our friends back home again, but I am sorry to say many of them we will see no more. I would have liked very much to have gone, but home ties kept me from joining up, as my father was called away some time ago, and I was left to take care of those at home. I was to have gone the first of November, but I have had no orders yet to report so I guess they won't call me now, if things remain quiet.

Winter is coming, and with it skating, sleighing, hockey and lots of winter sports, all of which I enjoy. In winter I also enjoy reading good books in the evenings, and I have quite a collection. I also very much like taking pictures. If any of the fair sex will write a western farmer I will answer all letters promptly.

Valley Farmer.

Sympathy for the Red Man

Dear Editor:—Having been fortunate in securing several numbers of your valuable paper from a friend, and since reading all the correspondence pages I have been tempted very much to write a letter. I was particularly interested in "Strides" and "Soldier's Sister's" letters. I think they have expressed my opinion on all the subjects which they have entered upon much better than I could have done it myself, so we must be pretty much of the same mind. In regard to the Indians degenerating, I think it is a shame the way they have been pushed back until they are almost out of existence to-day. I wonder how we would have liked to have been pushed back the way they have been. Of course I will admit they are rather odd in their ways, but it does not seem fair the way they have been used. I have spent two summers out west with my brothers where there is an Indian reserve only two miles away. This is where the Reil Rebellion was fought some years ago and the bullet holes still remain to be seen in some of those old buildings along the Saskatchewan River at a place called Matosh where we passed many times during the two summers I spent in that district.

I am sure there has been great rejoicing throughout the whole world during the past month over the news of victory. It did seem very hard to realize at first that the war was really ended. I think there will be a lot of home-sick boys over in France and England now. The only brother that I have in khaki is now in England. He had just been drafted for France when the war ended, so his trip was postponed for an indefinite time. He is still in England and does not know whether he will have to go to France or not.

I might say that I was raised on a farm in Old Ontario and have followed farming until six months ago when I took a position on the C.P.R. where I am now operating a pumping plant which elevates water into a large supply tank. I have been out as far as Edmonton three times, but I would like to go as far as Victoria some day. Now, Mr. Editor, I know this letter is altogether too lengthy, so will have to ask you to pardon me for using up so much space. I am enclosing one dollar for one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly. Would be pleased to hear from any of the readers. My address is with the Editor.

Pumpman.

A Boon for the Bilious.—The liver is a very sensitive organ and easily deranged. When this occurs there is undue secretion of bile and the acid liquid flows into the stomach and sours it. It is a most distressing ailment, and many are prone to it. In this condition a man finds the best remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are warranted to speedily correct the disorder. There is no better medicine in the entire list of pill preparations.

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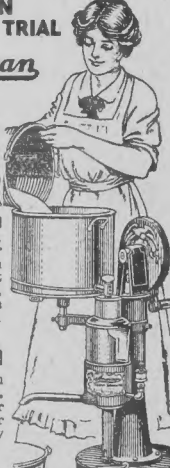
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What the World is Saying

More Ships Needed

Get the boys home quickly, they are marrying in England at the rate of 1,200 a month.—Kingston Standard.

A Community Advantage

No Canadian community, however small, should rest content till it has a collection of good books which it can call its own.—Canadian Bookman.

The Two Georges

Both in parliament and monarchially the British people seem inclined to "let George do it."—Ottawa Citizen.

The New Canada

It cannot be otherwise than that Canada will fill a great place in the eyes of the world during the years that are next to come.—Canadian Finance.

True

The worst punishment that could befall Germans would be a civil war in which they treated one another as they treated other peoples.—Boston Transcript.

The Cost of the War in Money

A band of dollar bills 240 feet wide around the world was the cost of the war—some two hundred billions of dollars.—Monetary Times.

The Irreparable Losses

What do indemnities amount to, even though they run into the billions, when they are placed beside the casualty totals?—Christian Guardian.

The Blinkered Huns

Some Teutons are kicking because the new Premier is a former harness maker, forgetting that Germany travelled in blinkers these forty years back.—Saskatoon Star.

The One Thing Lacking

Germany had over two hundred thousand spies in the United States. There was nothing lacking in the German Intelligence system except intelligence.—Vancouver Province.

Retribution

Germany needs a strong man, but Germany must suffer the results of a system which discouraged strong men unless they worshipped the sword.—London Truth.

A Just Demand

The mothers of Lille demand the prosecution of the German Commanders who carried away their daughters. And who would dare refuse the mothers of Lille such a petition?—Duluth Herald.

One Point of View

In war chivalry is the best policy, not only because it is decent and right, but because there is such a thing as getting licked. Germany is sorry now that it overlooked this important point.—New York Globe.

Last Year and This Year

Last year was one of the most wonderful years in recorded history. This year is one which it is in the power of men to make equally wonderful.—Minneapolis Journal.

Not to Have Been Foreseen

Edmund Burke denied that a whole nation could be indicted, but he could not foresee that such a nation as modern Germany could be evolved after centuries of so-called civilization.—London Daily Mail.

Typically Hunnish

Herr Ebert complained that Joffe, the Russian Bolshevik Ambassador, carried on propaganda at Berlin. Times have changed since Bernstorff was decorated for his operations at Washington.—Providence Journal.

Not As He Meant It

German ships are now landing troops in the United States, as the Kaiser predicted they would do, but they are not exactly the kind of troops the All-Highest had in mind when he made the boast.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Adaptable Rabbit-skin

The 6,000,000 rabbit pelts auctioned at St. Louis, Mo., for \$500,000, will duly be transformed into seal coats, collars, muffs, and other garments. There will never be a scarcity of high-cass furs while the humble rabbit is in existence. And he increases famously.—Regina Leader.

The Plain Truth

The German rich lived well while the German poor starved. As the German poor stood this for four years without lifting a hand in self-defense, and applauded all the infamies of German warfare, their woes cannot now wring tears from other countries.—New York Tribune.

"Relics of Barbarism" in Ontario

The Province has purchased the Cobourg and Port Hope toll road, about five miles, for \$8,000. There are still about sixty miles of toll road in Ontario, and about forty miles of these relics of barbarism radiate from Ottawa.—Toronto Globe.

A Hope of Kitchener's

Congressman Little of Kansas, formerly diplomatic agent in Egypt, has a letter received from the late Lord Kitchener in 1894 in which the latter said: "I still look forward to the time when the English-speaking races be so drawn together by mutual interest that we shall just stop any nonsense going on anywhere."—Kansas City Star.

A Nobly Devoted Life

A welcome visitor to Canada will be Sir Arthur Pearson, the blind friend of the blind. The loss of his sight gave him a vision of the needs of the sightless, and he has dedicated himself and his fortune to the work of putting a new hope into the lives of those afflicted like himself.—Toronto World.

A Question

Would the tender-hearted people who say the Allies should do unto Germany as they would be done by, have the jury free every murderer because the jurymen themselves would not like to be hanged or go to jail for life?—Victoria Colonist.

The Returning Soldiers

The return of 20,000 soldiers a month will present great social and economic problems to civilian Canada. It would be if we could solve them as well as the soldiers solved the military problem.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Hard to Tell

It is hard to tell whether the Germans are more indignant with their imperialistic and military leaders for not obliterating the Allied Governments or for wrecking their own fatherland.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Tribute to British Justice

The Zionist Congress of the United States has petitioned for a Jewish State in Palestine under the trusteeship of Great Britain. It is a remarkable testimony to Great Britain's reputation for fairness and justice in dealing with other races.—New York Outlook.

To Fly Across the Atlantic

The aviation record at the front of Lieut.-Col. Collishaw justifies Canadians in the hope that when he ventures on his flight across the Atlantic in April, he will be successful. The great pioneer journey promises soon to be accomplished.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Problems of Reconstruction

The advent of the period of reconstruction places heavy responsibility upon the shoulders of the Federal and Provincial Governments. If they, as leaders, do not well and faithfully perform their duties a day of reckoning will ultimately come to them.—Halifax Herald.

The Case of Turkey

Subsequent events have proved conclusively the truth of the assertion of Turkey's new Sultan that it entered "unwisely" into the war; but when he adds that it was "an accident," it creates a strong suspicion that he is a descendant of Ananias as well as Mahomet.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Democracy's Foundation

Democracy rests upon enlightened intelligence, and the food of intelligence is information. Canada belongs in the list of democratic nations; it is clear, therefore, that the lamp of knowledge must be kept ever burning in our midst, or one of the necessary safeguards of national life will be wanting.—Journal of Commerce.

Looking to the Future

The future progress of mankind is to be sought, not through the strifes and hatreds of the nations, but rather by their friendly co-operation in the healing and enlightening works of peace and in the growth of a spirit of friendship and mutual confidence which may remove the causes of war.—London Nation.

Canada's Response

General Mewburn's statement that more than 600,000 men had passed through the hands of the Canadian military organization is proof that the men of the Dominion responded well to the call of war. It indicates that comparatively few of the fit of military age evaded duty. Canada's total population—men, women and children—is not over 8,000,000.—Montreal Gazette.

Destined to Failure

Royalists have started an active propaganda in both Germany and Austria. The movement is in keeping with past history, and it will fail. France, Portugal, and even China, are modern proofs that it is well-nigh impossible to effect a restoration of monarchy once a dynasty is defeated and thrown out for its follies.—London Saturday Review.

The Riders of the Plains

Every Canadian will rejoice to hear that the Northwest Mounted Police will have a new lease of life with an extended sphere of duty. That magnificent force has written some of the finest chapters of Canadian history, and its disappearance would leave a vacancy which nothing could fill until the country ceased to need its services. But the millennium may be a long way off.—Hamilton Herald.

They Warred Against Civilization

The discovery through Captain von Papen's papers that in October, 1916, Germany planned submarine warfare against Holland and the Scandinavian nations is far from startling. The German undersea boat men were sinking Dutch and Norwegian vessels right along, and ships of other neutral lands also. They hit at everything that sailed. They were at war with the world.—London Times.

An Injustice

In some recent news despatches recording petty crimes it has been noted that the person accused was a "returned soldier." This practice ought not to be continued. It is unjust to the bulk of the returned men, who are just as honest, and perhaps a little more honest, than those who stayed at home. No one would think of saying that "John Smith, who did not go to the war, is accused of," and so forth.—Brantford Expositor.

Savageries Long Prepared

Prof. Richard Norton, who organized the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance corps and whose death in Paris has been recently announced, disclosed the fact in the Champagne battle in October, 1915, that the German gas apparatus captured at that time dated as far back as 1908. Evidently these delectable people were at work on their barbarous devices six long years before the war broke out.—New York World.

A Craven-hearted Surrender

Preferring almost certain defeat to surrender, the French navy came out of Toulon in 1805 to meet defeat at Trafalgar; the Spanish fleet came out of Santiago in 1898 to certain defeat, and the Russian Baltic fleet gave battle to the Japs in 1905, although it knew it was doomed. It remained only for the German fleet to make a sheeplike surrender to the British navy on November 21st, rather than stand up and fight it out. Little wonder the British officers and men looked upon the humiliating scene with disgust.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Tragic Tapestry

There is for sale in a New York store a Persian Royal tapestry fourteen feet square, valued at \$100,000, which is believed to have required for its making the work of a hundred women for ten years. This sounds big in the bulk, but it means that these wonderful Persian artists in tapestry earned about two dollars a week and probably got nothing but their food and scanty clothing. The world will soon have to do without works of art produced in that fashion.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Teuton Generals

The German ambassador to Constantinople told Ambassador Morgenthau, of the United States, during the first days of the war, that the German military machine could never be defeated. "It takes thirty years to produce the sort of generals now leading the German army," said he. This opens a field of speculation; were the Teuton generals overdone or underdone when the war broke out? We know now that they would have been done brown by Foch, Haig and the rest but would they have improved with age, like other cheese? Here is a question for post bellum controversy for years to come.—Vancouver Sun.

The New Era

We have lived through a terrible period. We have seen our own country perform its full share in that conflict, we have learned the lessons which can be taught only by suffering and sacrifice glorified by a noble cause, and we have seen the conflict end, as any long-drawn-out conflict of the kind must end, in the victory of the side whose force was backed up by the moral strength of a high and noble principle. And we stand to-day, along with the other great nations of a purified world, at the beginning of a new era which will certainly be vastly different from both the era of force and the era of materialism which preceded it.—St. John Telegraph.

Europe Wants Our Beef

Supply Her Now—Prepare for the Future

IN Europe 100,000,000 people face either a shortage of food or actual starvation. In many countries the foundation herds and flocks have been sacrificed. It would take many times the total number of cattle, sheep and hogs in Canada to restore Europe's present shortage which amounts to approximately 115,005,000 animals.

Canada's Opportunity

During the war Canada's meat exports grew by leaps and bounds. We have the opportunity of continuing and increasing our war time exports of meats to Great Britain. Our products have become favorably known in France, Italy and Belgium, and it is likely that new trade connections will be formed. But we must have volume and we must have quality. Canada has the opportunity and Canadians can meet it.

But the question is, will the production of meat products continue to be profitable? The Canadian farmer who pinned his faith to live stock during the ups and downs of the past twenty-five years has prospered. This policy has been proved in the United States, Great Britain, Denmark and many other countries.

Canada has the foundation stock and can produce the necessary feed. Considering the present European conditions, should the future hold any fear for us?

Competition from Other Countries

Canada's opportunity is equalled by that of no other country. The United States may be regarded as a strong competitor but it is probable that before long her full production of beef will be required again for home consumption. The beef exports of the United States declined steadily from nearly 1,200,000,000 pounds in 1906 until in 1914 to supply home consumption it became necessary to import 300,000,000 pounds. Although it is true that during the war the United States exported immense quantities of beef, that situation was due, largely, to the saving of meat by American people in order that Europe might be fed rather than to any considerable increase in production.

Canada is nearer to Great Britain than any other great beef producing country. Her superior position offers opportunity for the chilled meat trade.

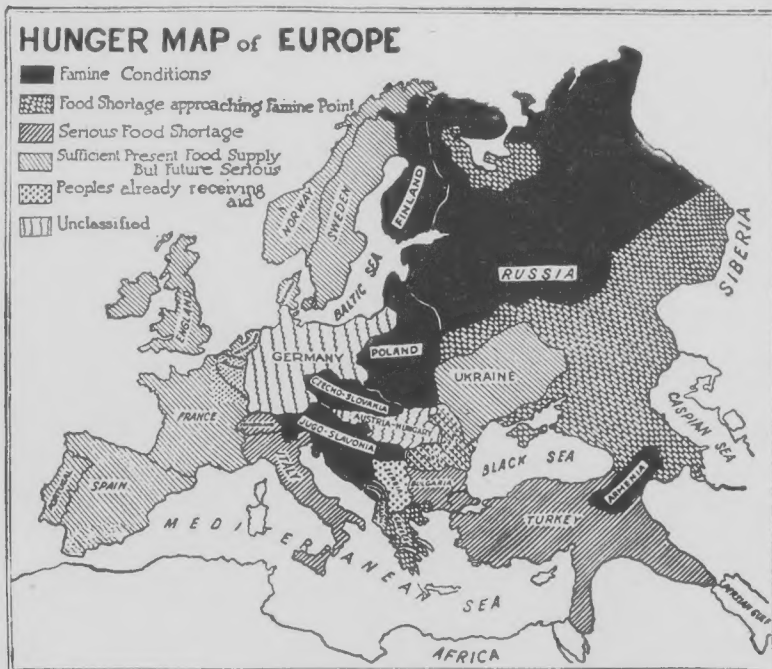
Develop the Chilled Meat Trade

To realize full market value, chilled meat must be consumed within six weeks of time of killing. If the distance from market be too great, the meat has to be frozen. Frozen meat brings a much lower price than the same quality in a first class chilled condition. Time and distance favor Canada, and these are the deciding factors.

The European situation means that for years there cannot be any danger of over production of beef. Therefore,—

Conserve and build up the herds—improve quality—finish thoroughly.

Beef and Bacon for Canada's Permanent Prosperity.



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Dominion of Canada, Department of Agriculture
OTTAWA, CANADA

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better bread”**

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